April 9, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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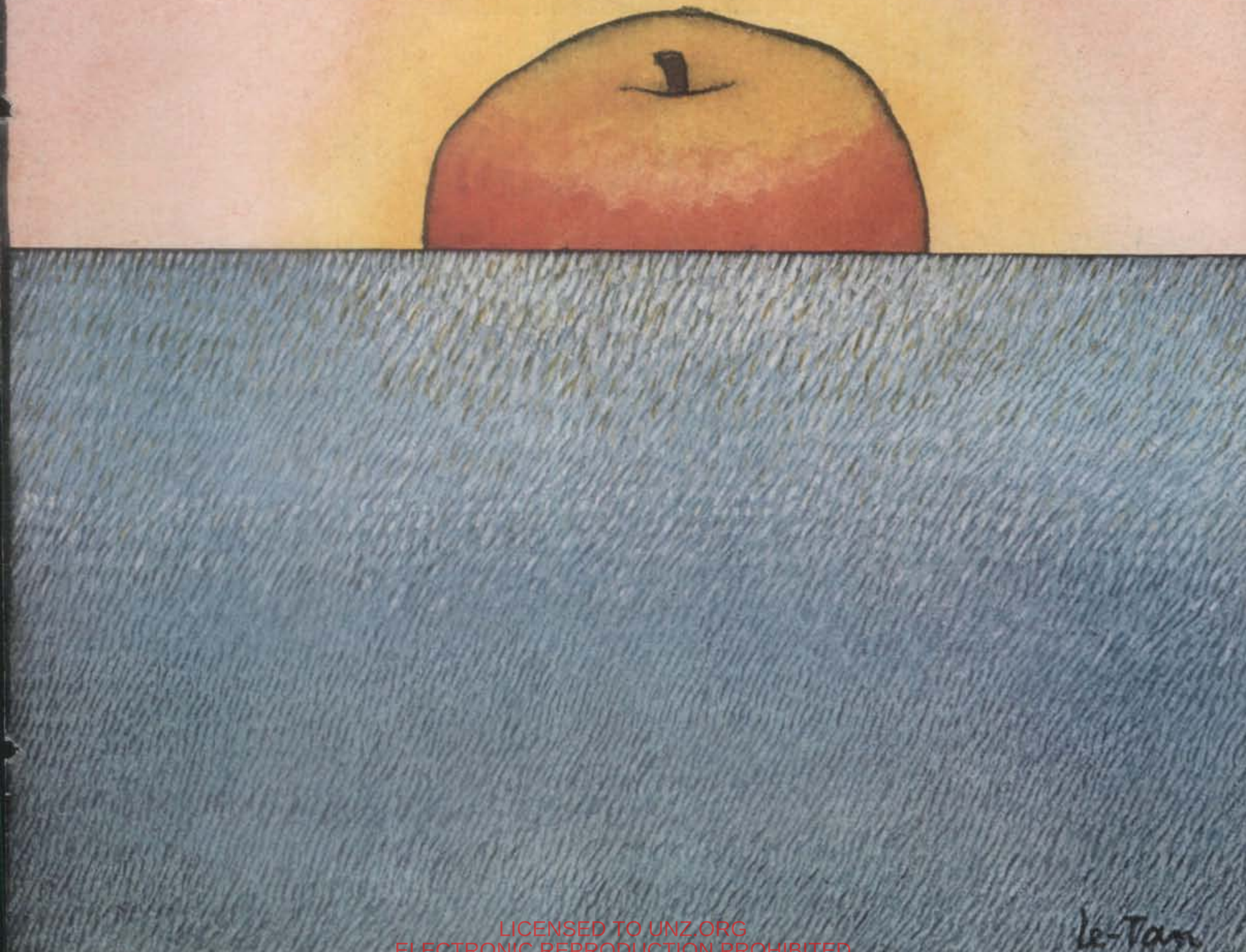

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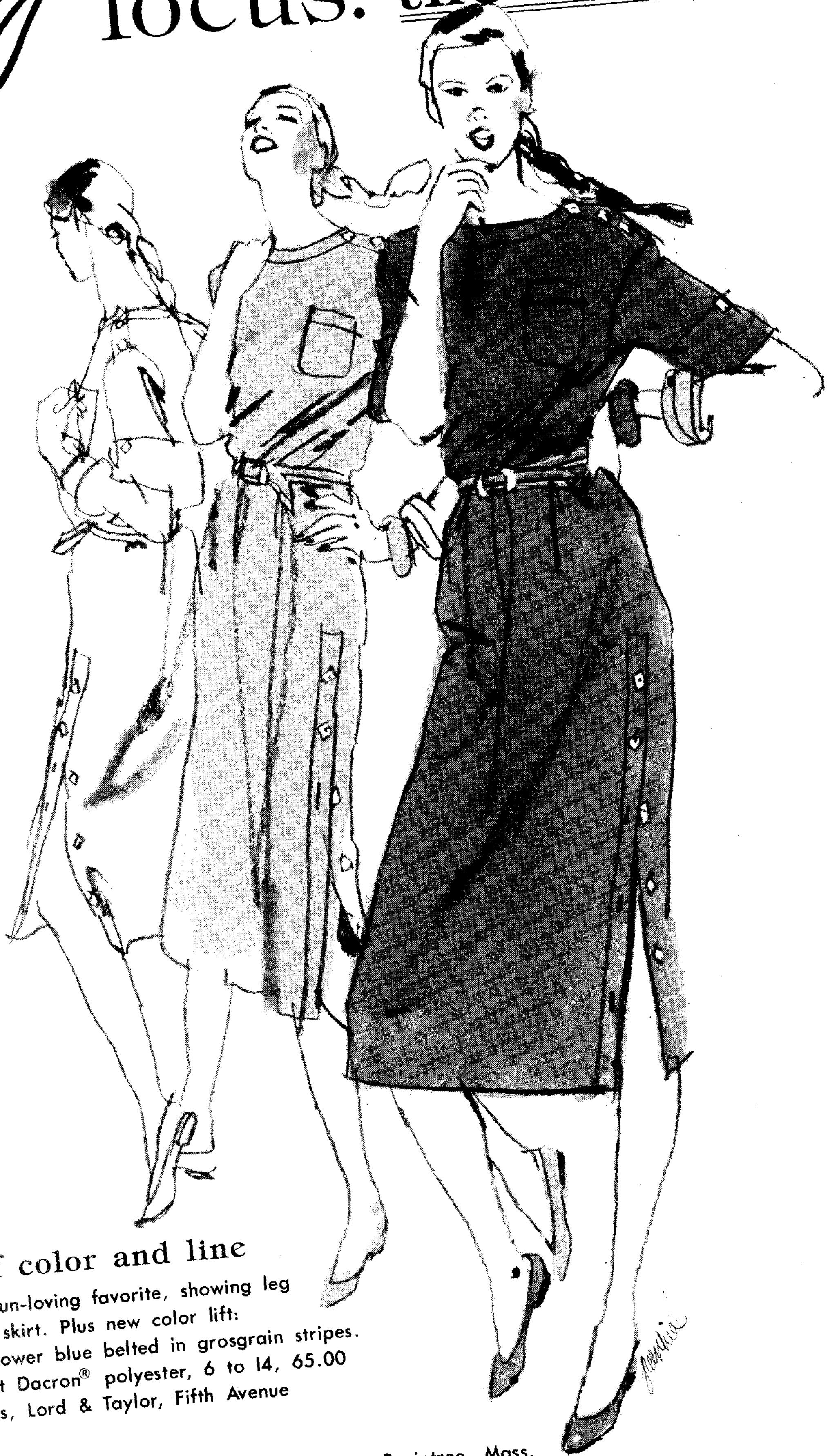

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A very funny play by Alan Ayckbourn, about four married couples of assorted ages and appetites. A superlative cast is well directed by the author and Peter Hall. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big and Little—Barbara Barrie heads the cast of a play by Botho Strauss, translated from the German by Anne Cattaneo, with a musical score by Paul Alan Levi. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Biography: A Game—Max Frisch's Swiss comedy, translated by Michael Bullock. Previews Wednesday, April 4. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5, and will run through Sunday, April 29. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Carmelina—Georgia Brown and Cesare Siepi in a musical suggested by the film "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell." Burton Lane composed the score, Alan Jay Lerner wrote the lyrics, and the book is by Mr. Lerner and Joseph Stein. Directed by José Ferrer. Previews Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7. Opens officially on Sunday, April 8. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, April 5, at 2.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Paxton Whitehead makes a splendidly crisp and authoritative Sherlock Holmes in this clever pastiche of A. Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Elocution of Benjamin—Gordon Chater in a one-man show about a homosexual transvestite. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, April 4. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5, and will run through Sunday, April 22. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Eubie!—A captivating old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. This music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-six. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Faith Healer—A play by Brian Friel, starring James Mason, Clarissa Kaye, and Donal Donnelly. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Wednesday, April 4. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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Jacques Brel Is . . .—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell return to their original roles in the last two of four performances (the first performances since Jacques Brel's death) of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 8.)

The Kingfisher—Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose have a fine time showing off in this insubstantial but amusing comedy about a writer deciding, after fifty years, to marry a woman whom he once upon a time wished only to make love to. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, April 15: THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Moves on Thursday, April 12, to 22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St., 541-6162. Nightly, except Monday through Wednesday, April 9-11, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

National Youth Theatre of Great Britain—In its

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31

"MR. WINSTON" . . . . . *Berry Morgan* 36

"GHOSTS" . . . . . *Edna O'Brien* 38

"SITTING ON THE BEACH WITH NACHMAN" (POEM) . . . . . *Vickie Karp* 42

"BUDGET MUNCHIES" . . . . . *Jack Ziegler* 45

THE SPORTING SCENE (WOMEN REPORTERS) . . . . . *Roger Angell* 46

"A MARRIED COUPLE DISCOVERS IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCES" (POEM) . . . . . *Elizabeth Macklin* 48

THE THEATRE . . . . . *Brendan Gill* 97

OFF BROADWAY . . . . . *Edith Oliver* 98

A REPORTER AT LARGE (WASHINGTON, D.C.) . . . . . *Elizabeth Drew* 101

U.S. JOURNAL: MAMOU, LA. . . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 119

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . . *Andrew Porter* 125

"GRASS" (POEM) . . . . . *Alfred Corn* 129

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 130

THE AIR . . . . . *Michael J. Arlen* 135

DANCING . . . . . *Arlene Croce* 147

BOOKS . . . . . *Susan Lardner* 154

BRIEFLY NOTED 156

COVER: *Pierre Le-Tan*

DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Sam Gross, Charles Barsotti, George Price, Douglas Florian, Dana Fradon, Gahan Wilson, Barney Tobey, Ed Fisher, Edward Frascino, Warren Miller, Dean Vietor, Niculae Asciu, Al Ross, Lee Lorenz, Arnie Levin, James Mulligan, Edward Koren, Robert Weber, J. B. Handelsman, Roz Chast*

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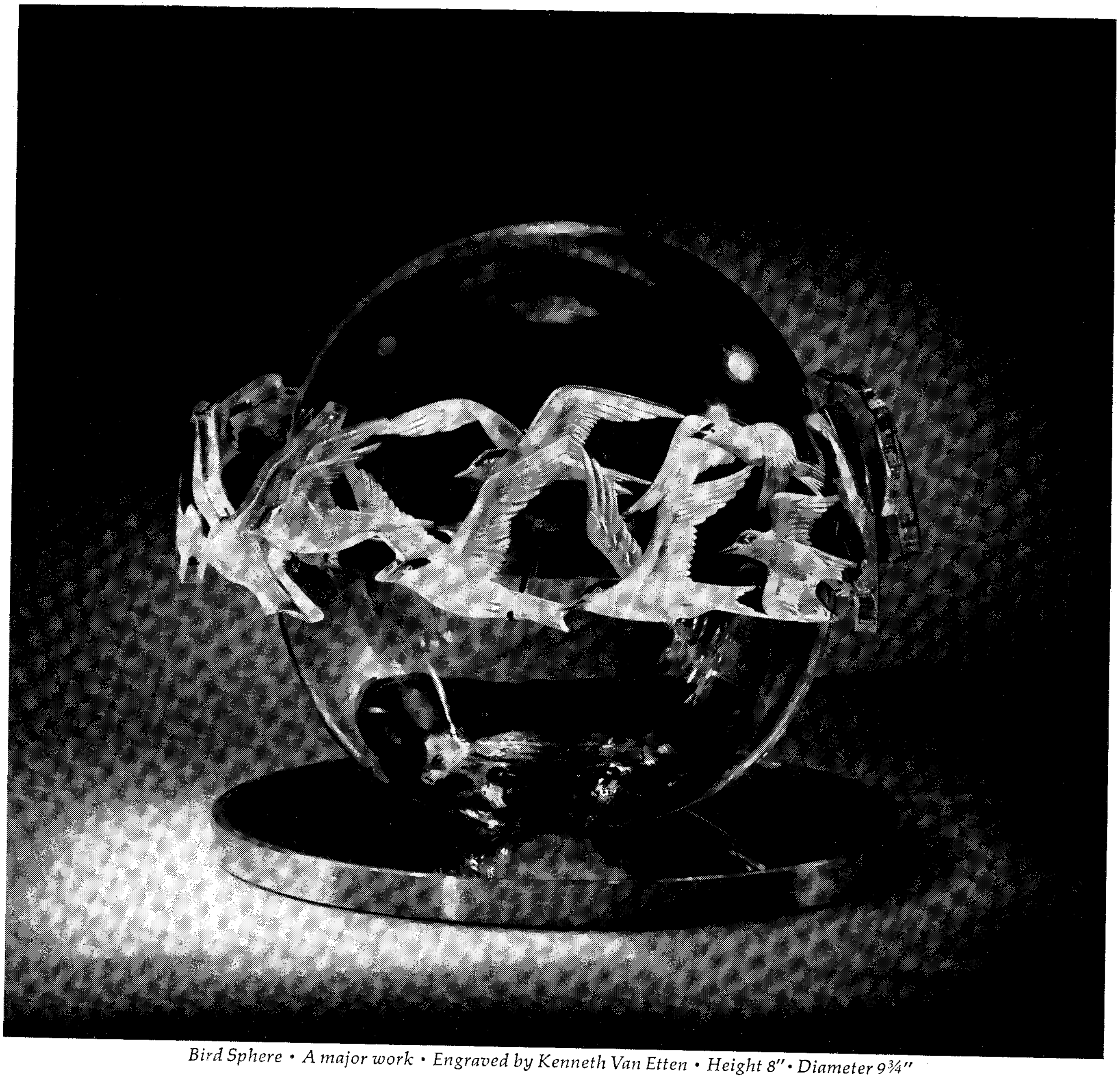


Bird Sphere • A major work • Engraved by Kenneth Van Etten • Height 8" • Diameter 9¾"

A personal interpretation of space
by Lloyd Atkins

Bird Sphere is a major work in crystal, conceived by Steuben designer Lloyd Atkins. His object was to translate an abstract idea—*space*—into tangible form. The result is an essay in glass design.

Bird Sphere embraces each of Steuben's three glassmaking disciplines—glassblowing, cutting, and engraving. It has both translucent and transparent qualities and uses light in controlled, premeditated ways. It is limited to a single work.

A flight of crystal terns, encircling a blown, heavy-walled sphere, suggests the mastery of space characteristic of these far-ranging birds. The terns were engraved by copper wheel on the reverse side of three overlapping glass segments, which are supported by a 14 karat gold fixture. A heavy mirror reflects the design.

The conception and step-by-step execution of Bird Sphere were studied in a recent film by Elliott Erwitt—as were two other Steuben designs on the same subject.

All three works are on display now in the Steuben Gallery, located at Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works, and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

first appearance here, presenting a two-week engagement of **GOOD LADS AT HEART**, a play by Peter Terson. Michael Croft is the director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 4 and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

1,000 Years of Jazz—A New Orleans revue, with the Legends of Jazz, the Hoofers, and Denise Delapenha—whose total ages provide the title. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson *is the admirable director. Originally* presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Saravá—Can a woman find happiness with two concurrent husbands, especially if one is a ghost? Not according to this oversized and overheated musical, which stars Tovah Feldshuh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (4/2/79) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

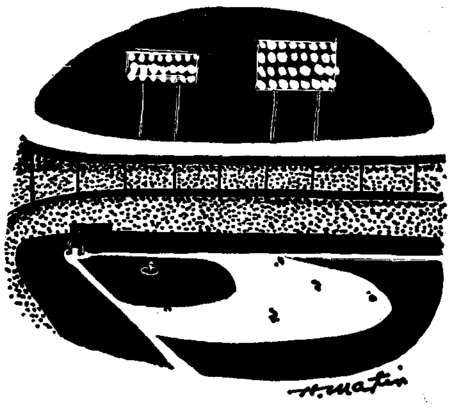
Spokesong—A sunny-minded young proprietor of a bicycle shop in Belfast falls in love with a stern woman who teaches school, is taken advantage of by an unpleasant brother, and is given advice by a droll figure who twinkles about on a unicycle. Written by Stewart Parker, and starring John Lithgow and Joseph Maher. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweeney Todd—A mass murderer in nineteenth-century London is the peculiar protagonist of this boisterous musical, to which Stephen Sondheim has contributed something like twenty-five songs. With Len Cariou as the murderer and Angela Lansbury as his contented accomplice. Harold Prince directed. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-speed musical with Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz, in the course of which two nearly mindless young people meet and bicker. Neil Simon is the author of the book, Marvin Hamlisch wrote the music, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tip-Toes—A revival of the musical, first done here in 1925, with beguiling songs by George and Ira Gershwin and a merry book by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson. The production has its weaknesses, but Georgia Engel is just right as the ingenuous heroine, and Russ Thacker—hoofer, singer, and actor—is splendid as the hero. (Reviewed in this issue, under both "Theatre" and "Dancing.") (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Whoopee!—A musical that is over half a century old, and looks and sounds its age. Poor little Charles Repole is its hapless star, in the role once played by once-famous Eddie Cantor. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Wings—Constance Cummings gives a superlative performance as an old lady who has suffered a stroke and is determined to regain her place in the world. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zoot Suit—A big, deafening show, full of canned music and canned sentiments. The subject matter is the social injustice practiced upon Chicanos in Southern California in the nineteen-forties. The tone is radically anti-feminist. (4/2/79) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A well-nigh perfect show based on the performing career of Fats Waller. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE**: A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO**: A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Laurence Luckinbill plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary *is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late* Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN'**: Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP**: A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is Stacy Keach. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,872 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE**: Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD**: A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, in their hundred-and-ninth year, tenting on Eighth Avenue. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday, April 6, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sunday, April 8, at 1; Monday, April 9, at 10:30 and 7:30; and Friday, April 13, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Because of hockey playoffs, the evening performance on Saturday, April 14, may be cancelled. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music pro-

Designed by Lulu Roody
Leon Levin
498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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gram about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Irish Ballet Company—In its first appearance here, presenting a two-week engagement of a dance version of J. M. Synge's comedy "The Playboy of the Western World" which starts Wednesday, April 4, and will run through Sunday, April 15. The Chieftains, an Irish folk group, will perform the musical score. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, April 4 (for tickets, call 247-4230); Friday, April 6; and Sunday, April 8, at 7:30: "Fantasies & Fugues" "Concerto in E" and "Little Red Riding Hood."... ¶ Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 8, at 3: "Fantasies & Fugues," "By Dawn's Early Light" (première), and "Four Temperaments." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160.)

Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—A program that includes "Mirage Blanc," "Guerrero," "Musical Suite," and "Essence." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, April 8, at 2 and 8.)

Pirin, the Bulgarian National Folk Ensemble—A company of seventy dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—In two one-hour programs. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, April 8, at 1 and 3. Free tickets will be available at the museum on a first-come, first-served basis on the day of the performances.)

Festival of Russian Dance—A company of ninety dancers and musicians from seven republics of the U.S.S.R. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Monday, April 9, at 7; Tuesday through Friday, April 10-13, at 8; Saturday, April 14, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

Andy DeGroat and Dancers—The première of "Red Notes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12, at 7 and 8:30.)

Chiang Ching Dance Company—A program that includes "Orison," "Landscape," "Interpretation," and "Surfacing." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This is SoHo, and the dark, brooding, cobblestone streets around here are among the most fashionable in the city. **RASHIED ALI**, an impressive drummer and the proprietor of this place, is on the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays with a quartet featuring guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and tenor saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT**. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A comfortable glassed-in corner restaurant. The interior is one large room that covers three levels and includes a bar; consequently, there is a bit too much going on for one to be able to see and hear the wonderful singer and pianist **DARDANELLE** from any but a few tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Singer Karen Mason is appearing here through Saturday, April 7, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Patti Pickens, who has just resumed her singing career, will take over on Tuesday, April 10; her hours will be Tuesday through Thursday at eight-thirty, and Friday and Saturday at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Marie Santell will do the vocal chores Tuesday through Thursday at ten-thirty. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. Vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** share a quartet through Saturday, April 7. Wednesday through Saturday, April 11-14, pianist Richard Sussman will lead a quintet. Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A rock trio known as Police is here on Wednesday, April 4; Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, will be set aside for the Horslips, an Irish rock combo; Thursday, April 12, has been reserved for folksinger **JUDY COLLINS**; and Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, mandolin player David Grisman will direct a quintet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—It seems as though Bradley's is everybody's favorite neighborhood bar, even people who don't live in the neighborhood. The musicians are pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, April 7, and pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **SAM JONES** beginning Monday, April 9. Sundays belong to pianist and singer **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Nightly homage to Brazil's Tin Pan Alley, which, with composers like Jobim, Bonfa, Gil, and Gilberto, is more like a *rua d'ouro*. The room is chic and urbane, cleverly done up with mirrors, plants, and subtle lighting—it all somehow suggests a nighttime view of Rio. A capable trio and a singer perform bossa nova and other sambas from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** holds court, which includes his two aides, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**, in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.... ¶ The Bemelmans Bar belongs to pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and elegant, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the great instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This punk-rock headquarters is known affectionately to its patrons as CBGB's, but very few of them probably remember that CBGB stands for country, bluegrass, and blues, since there has been little if any bluegrass or country music played here in years. Nightly, from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are now given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Clarinettist **JOHNNY MINCE** is currently ensconced in this New Orleans-style restaurant with his trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer, holds forth in this singer-pianist's room—all the tables are close to the piano, and all the customers are usually very attentive. He works from nine to two Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A traditional-jazz sextet plays every night but Sunday from nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 8, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head a quintet featuring tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY**, from eight-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays here have been allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a neglected, all but unknown jazz guitarist. He works with two other fine players—**DON FRIEDMAN**, a pianist and composer, and **HARVIE SWARTZ** on bass. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, guitarist **JOE PUMA** holds down the fort with **HOD O'BRIEN** on piano, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. On Sundays, O'Brien and Sherman begin at seven. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards team up on the tiny bandstand.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—A view with a room. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** is in charge of a trio that plays for listening, dancing, and rubbernecking out the windows. Guitarist **AL GAFA'S** trio will succeed Napoleon on Tuesday, April 10. Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—A big, second-floor loft space with live and taped new-wave rock and rock and roll, and dancing to both. Visiting Hurrah is like attending a large, relaxed party in SoHo where one doesn't know the other guests. Music nightly after eleven. Dancing.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—A carpeted jazz loft with a living-room atmosphere. It may not look like *everybody's* living room, but there are a working fireplace, couches, chairs, and pillow furniture: one just stretches out while the musicians—competent unknowns and some famous ones, too—perform on the stand. The guest artist on Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, will be clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON**; on the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

following Friday and Saturday (April 13-14), it will be pianist **MIKE ABENE.** Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine. Soft drinks and snacks.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the house legend, is propelled by a willing Dixieland-style quintet. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner piano-bass depot. Pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** are back in their home base, working Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten. Dining. No music on Sundays or Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A dense concentration of Texas accents, Lone Star beer bottles, and good, solid country and rock music. Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, belong to the Red Neck Jazz Explosion (featuring Buddy Emmons on steel guitar) and the Downchild Blues Band; the Cobble Mountain Band will play on Friday and Saturday, April 6-7; Sunday, April 8, will be Kinky Friedman night; Monday and Tuesday, April 9-10, folksinger Eric Andersen will perform; **BOBBY BLUE BLAND,** a rhythm-and-blues singer, will show up on Wednesday and Thursday, April 11-12; and Chuck McDermott and Wheatstraw will appear on Friday and Saturday, April 13-14. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. Seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** is teamed up with bassist **SLAM STEWART** through Saturday, April 7. On Monday, April 9, pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will come in. Nightly, except Sundays, at nine-fifteen and eleven. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. Rock bands perform nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Fran Warren is giving a tribute to lyricist Sammy Cahn through Saturday, April 7; on Tuesday, April 10, vocalist **SYLVIA SYMS** will begin a salute to Cy Coleman. Music from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Singer Carol Cass will be here on Wednesday, April 4, and pianist **DANNY MIXON** and his foursome will be present Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown hangout with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist every night except Monday and Friday. Mondays and Fridays are claimed by the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional-jazz sextet that features drummer **FREDDIE MOORE,** who worked with King Oliver a season or two ago and who is about to pounce on his eightieth year. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Joe Ely, a country singer from Lubbock, Texas, will be onstage with his band Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7; Monday, April 9, belongs to Grover, Margret & Za Zu Zaz, a quartet that plays forties jump music; folksingers Ellen McIlwaine and Chris Smither will alternate on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 10-11; and Catskill folk musicians **ARTIE TRAUM, PAT ALGER,** and the **JOHN HERALD BAND** will perform on Friday and Saturday, April 13-14. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room. **SY OLIVER** directs a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

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RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—For the mere price of a ginger ale—in the bar area—one can watch the likes of singer Barbara Cook, who is currently performing in the next room Wednesdays and Thursdays at eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven. Dining. Mondays are showcase nights.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, airy second-floor jazz club, in which most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned. Pianist Richard Sussman heads a quintet on Wednesday, April 4, and trumpeter Mike Lawrence will lead a funk-jazz quintet Thursday through Sunday, April 5-8. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, **CAROL SLOANE,** whose singing style comes right out of Ella, will be here with pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his trio. On Friday and Saturday, saxophonist **AL COHN** will sit in with the trio. Wednesday through Saturday, April 11-14, **JUNIOR MANCE,** a former Dizzy Gillespie associate and an ever-bluesy pianist, will be present with a quintet. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**CHICO HAMILTON,** a subtle, beguiling drummer, is in charge of a fine young quintet through Saturday, April 7; on Sundays, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** drops by; and Tuesday through Saturday, April 10-14, **JOHN CLARK,** a wonderful French-horn soloist, will work with a combo. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A relaxed, informal musicians' and listeners' hangout with a fine out-there and in-there lineup: Conga player Ray Mantilla will head a quintet Friday through Sunday, April 6-8; on Monday, April 9, pianist Sadik Hakim will lead a foursome; bassist **RONNIE BOYKINS** and his quartet will play on Wednesday, April 11; on Thursday, April 12, pianist Charles Eubanks will be on hand; and Friday through Sunday, April 13-15, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will perform with his group. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY,** a neo-vaudevillian duo, perform slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime; Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings. Wednesday, April 4, and Monday through Wednesday, April 9-11, at eight. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—This place is primarily a showcase for unestablished rock bands, but sometimes established performers make their way onto the stage, too. The understated entrance is easy to miss. Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Pianist **MC COY TYNER** heads a septet on Fridays and Saturdays in the sprawling downstairs space. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Sundays at seven, Bob January directs a dance band in the Top of the Gate, and jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work in the sidewalk lounge on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Pianist **HORACE SILVER** and his quintet play through Sunday, April 8. On Tuesday, April 10, tenor saxophonist **ZOOT SIMS** and his foursome will begin a six-night stand. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Most of the patrons of this comfortable bar and soul-food restaurant make a special point of coming—they don't just stroll by and decide to drop in. After all, this isn't a Village club, which thrives on a casual passerby clientele; this is a dark, gloomy, out-of-the-way (unless one is a trucker or in the slaughterhouse business) corner. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Sadik Hakim. Music from eight to two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans are here through Sunday, April 8; tenor saxophonist Bennie Waters and his band will be onstage Tuesday through Thursday, April 10-12; and the **COUNTSMEN** will move in for three nights on Friday, April 13. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CHIC and SARAH DASH—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 7, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

HEAVENLY JAZZ CONCERT SERIES—The last in a series of benefit concerts, this one performed by Roland Hanna, Frank Wess, George Mraz, Grady Tate, and Clark Terry. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, April 8, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The fourth in a series of five programs entitled "Great Lyricists Remembered" (in this case Andy Razaf), with Richard Maltby, Jr., Murray Horwitz, and members of the company of "Ain't Misbehavin'." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, April 8-9, at 8.)

ART BLAKEY AND THE JAZZ MESSENGERS—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, April 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 866-9000.)

FIRST CHOICE and CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR—Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Monday, April 9, at 8 and 11.

CLIFTON CHENIER, JOHN LEE HOOKER, LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS, and DAVID (HONEYBOY) EDWARDS—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.

RON CARTER QUARTET, SAM JONES BAND, BUCKY PIZZARELLI, and ATTILA ZOLLER QUARTET—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.

RAPHAEL—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 11, at 8.

MCGUINN, CLARK & HILLMAN—With Steve Forbert. (Palladium. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

JUDY COLLINS—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8:30.

OLD TIME COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL—Friday, April 13, at 8:30: Maple Sugar and Bob Paisley & Southern Mountain Boys. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8:30: Tracy & Eloise Schwarz

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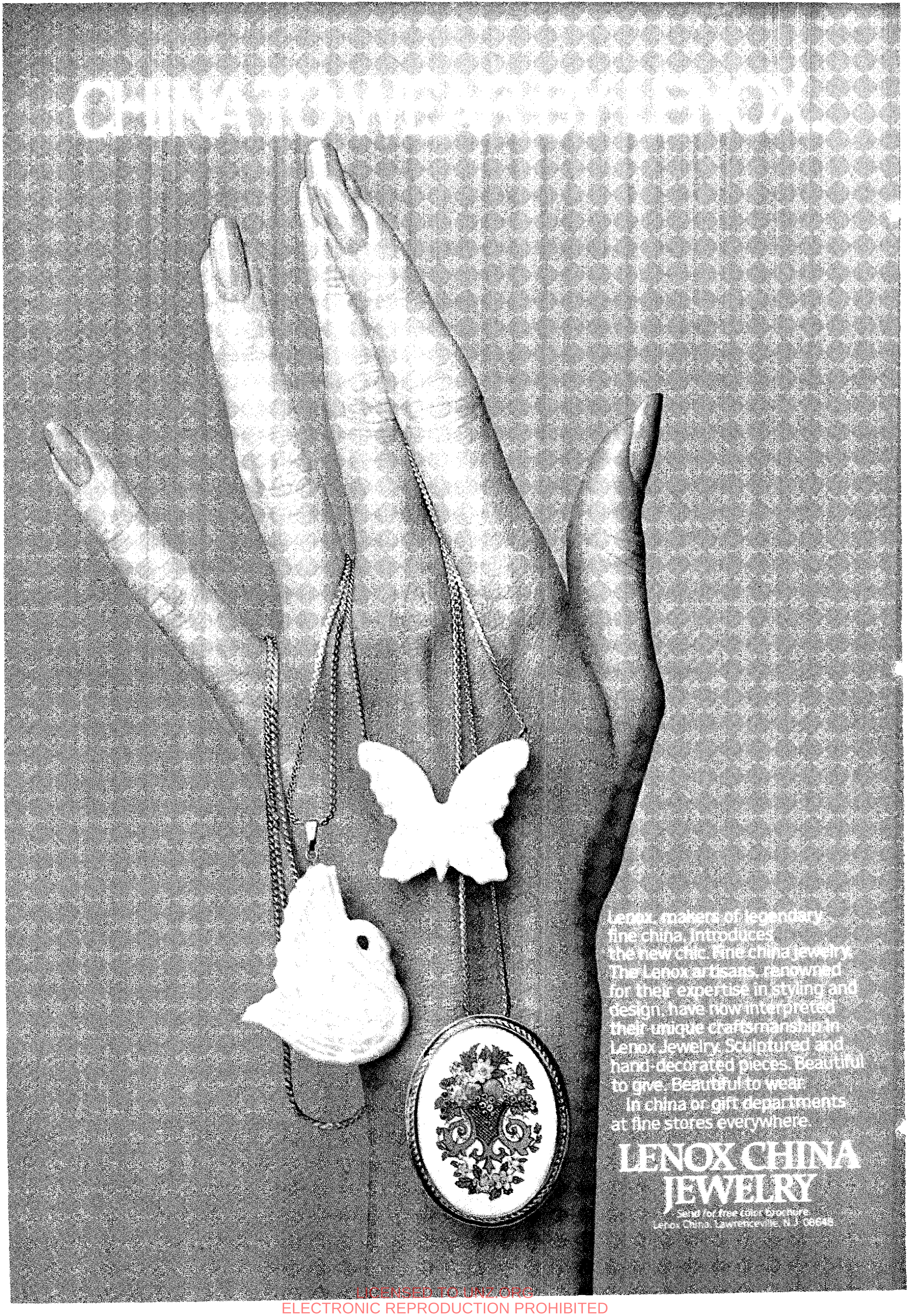

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and Martin, Bogan & Armstrong. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Ella Fitzgerald, Oscar Peterson, Joe Pass, and **the Paul Smith Trio**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 7 and 10.

Heath Brothers—Plus the Jazzmobile Workshop Orchestra, conducted by Ernie Wilkins. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. For information about tickets, call 866-4900.)

The Jam and **Dwight Twilley**—Palladium. Saturday, April 14, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Shusaku Arakawa—Two exhibits: painted diagrams dated 1961-62, at the Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (open Mondays), and recent works (one of them a huge canvas eight and a half feet high and thirty-four feet long), crowded with diagrams, projections, and reading material, at 420 West Broadway (fifth floor). Both shows through April 21.

Patricia Broderick / Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Oils and crayon paintings. Through April 28. / Oil paintings, mostly of well-heeled, prominent-looking people taking their ease, plus a few landscapes and a scattering of drawings. The artist was a well-known critic. Through May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturday, April 14.)

Martin Chirino—Abstract forged-steel sculptures. Through April 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Daniel Cytron—Very large abstract paintings (one diptych is nearly nine feet tall and twenty feet long) done in riotous colors that this Los Angeles artist makes himself from basic pigments suspended in acrylic. They glisten as if they were fresh from the tube (or the bucket). First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, April 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ron Davis—Large oil paintings in which a single solid, geometric form is seen resting on a tilted checkerboard floor that recedes clear out of the picture plane. Through April 26. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Niki de Saint Phalle—A new crop of her gaudily painted sculptural fantasies, which she now casts in polyester. Many of the pieces are maquettes for enormous works, on the scale of her celebrated "Nanas," and include playground monsters whose protruding tongues are slides for children. Through May 23. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Color-field paintings. Through April 19. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Arshile Gorky (1904-48)—Major paintings and drawings dating from 1929 to 1947. Through April 28. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Gertrude Glass Greene (1904-56) **and Balcomb Greene**—Early geometric works by two artists who were founding members of the American Abstract Artists, in 1936. Through April 21. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Salvatore Grippi—Crayon depictions of paper bags, with an occasional pastry box thrown in, and sometimes a small section of a flag. Through Saturday, April 7. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Harmony Hammond—Wrapped wall and floor pieces, generally fabric over wood; also mixed mediums on paper. Through April 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils, which are about as disparate as can be, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of the master who made them. The occasion is the centennial of Klee's birth. Through May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Leo Lionni—Forty movable bronze sections fitted together and entitled "Project for an Imaginary Garden." Also drawings and other sculptures. Through Saturday, April 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Todd McKie—Striking new watercolors, done with a surrealist flavor, sometimes tongue-in-cheek, as with the introduction of clichés like Dali's limp watch into a couple of the compositions. Through April 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Carl Morris—Large and richly colored abstract paintings by an Oregon artist whose inspiration is said to derive from the rocks and forests of the Northwest. Through Saturday, April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Elliot Offner—Animal and human figures in bronze and carved wood. Through April 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Katherine Porter—Large new abstract paintings in which the artist has freed herself from the restrictions of her usual grid pattern and has established an order of her own, based on architectural forms. Through Saturday, April 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Susan Rothenberg—This artist's preoccupation with horses continues, but she now rearranges them anatomically to suit her fancy. The work is Minimalist, in acrylic on gesso. Through April 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Allen Saalburg—Nineteenth-century French and English cookbooks were the source material for these elegant silk screens, printed in reverse on glass, depicting desserts, fancy breads, vegetables, and so on. Through Saturday, April 7. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antonio Segui—A series of paintings in which this satirical Argentine artist plays pranks with Rembrandt's famous anatomy lesson. In his parodies, Segui puts false faces on the members of the cast, and sometimes seems to be substituting the body of Christ for the dissectee. Through April 28. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

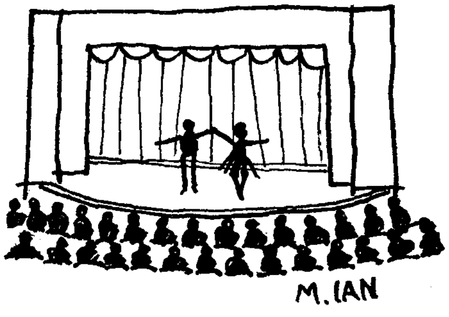
Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Works on paper, some of them never shown before, including portrait heads, landscapes, single flowers and plants, and imaginary architecture. Through April 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Early works on paper. Through April 21. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Three Contemporary Russians—Strangely bloated surrealist figures by Oleg Tselkov; bronzes of mythological creatures by Ernst Neizvestny; and grid compositions involving organic shapes by Mihail Chemiakin. Through April 20. (Nakhamkin, a new gallery at 1070 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Open Sundays, noon to 4.)

African Sculpture—Wooden carvings—standing figures, masks, fetishes, ancestors—from Nigeria, Mali, Madagascar, Zaire, and the Ivory Coast, the personal collection of Arne Ekstrom. Through April 21. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Group Shows—At the **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "A Century of Venezuelan Landscapes: 1845-1945" begins with a watercolor by Camille Pissarro and includes forty paintings by twenty artists. Through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings (forty-five) and drawings (twenty-two) by French artists. The works, by La Tour, Boucher, Renoir, and others, are in the collections of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings devoted to the centered square. Through Saturday, April 14. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Siah Armajani—A carpentered installation of Shaker-like plainness; also, models of covered bridges and open trestles, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, April 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Beck & Jung—Acrylic paintings by two Swedish artists (Holger Bäckström and Bo Ljungberg) who have been painting as a team since the mid-sixties. Through Saturday, April 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—This San Francisco artist, whose paintings constitute a sort of diary, is now telling us about her trip to South America. Through Friday, April 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Jean Dubuffet—New additions to his "Théâtres de Mémoire" series, these being oils on canvas and black-and-white drawings. Through April 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Another facet of this artist's work—a twenty-two-foot-high painted-steel sculpture—can be seen at the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Ave. and 60th St.

Chuck Forsman—Large realist landscapes painted in Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and Utah—not only mountain scenes but small-town vistas and one of a worn-out highway with a dog loping along the verge. Through April 19. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Nancy Goldring—This artist superimposes a photograph of a window seen from the outside over a drawing of the same window, and then photographs the ensemble. Through May 5. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Shaggy wall pieces made of raw wool, jute, hemp, silk, and other weaving materials. Through April 18. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Hamwi—New drawings, watercolors, and collages. Through April 21. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bunny Harvey—Archeological references can be discerned in the abstract paintings by this Rhode Island woman who recently spent some time in Egypt. Through April 20. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Heller—Clean-cut abstract paintings, done in acrylics on canvas, which are sometimes confined to a grid and sometimes to a circular design, and almost always involve mystical symbols. Through April 30. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Daily, except Saturdays, noon to 6.)

R. B. Kitaj—This Ohio-born artist is one of the members of the School of London, which includes Hockney, Bacon, and Freud. Fifty of his pastels and drawings are on view here, expertly brought off but some of them rather gamy. Through April 28. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Primroses, monkshood, cineraria, impatiens, cardinal flowers, foxgloves, and so on, rendered in watercolors by an associate professor in the Yale School of Art. Through April 26. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

William McCartin—Abstract paintings based on architectural shapes. Through April 26. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Monhegan Island and the coast of Maine are the subjects of most of the watercolors in this exhibit, but there are also a couple of self-portraits in which the artist is seen surrounded by bees (as big as sparrows) and blackface sheep. Through April 28. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Eliza Moore—An exuberant show of mixed mediums (mostly sculptural) and techniques: a city is represented by a freestanding wooden tower rising from a base of tiny abstract buildings; wall pieces are made of jagged panes of Plexiglas backed with plywood and tracing paper, or of rectangular sheets of steel plate into which geometric patterns are cut, as if with scissors; constructions are made of wooden strips. Also assorted drawings. Through Saturday, April 14. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Small bronze sculptures, draw-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ings, and graphics. Through Friday, April 6. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St.)

Ed Moses—Panels of intense solid colors, including several that are done in automobile enamel. They are all recent works. Through April 21. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Judith Murray—Hard-edge geometrical shapes painted with a good deal of dash in red, black, white, and ochre. Through April 21. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Gigantic enlargements of irises, tulips, lilies, and roses, done in oil. The roses seem to suffer least from such magnification. Through Saturday, April 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Bruce Robbins—Pilasters and lintels are the current interest of an artist who was previously attracted to ladders and seesaws. Through Saturday, April 7. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michelle Stuart—Wall and floor pieces, most of them consisting of sections of paper that have been rubbed with earth and rocks. Through April 28. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Wilson—Paintings, drawings, and objects made in connection with a theatre piece, "Death, Destruction, and Detroit," Wilson produced in Berlin this season. Through April 30. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Small, colorful works on paper by an American artist who worked in the traditions of Mondrian and Klee. Through Saturday, April 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Wilfrid Zogbaum (1915-1965)—Abstract painted-steel sculptures. Through May 5. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER**, 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Martha Diamond, Margo Margolis, and Rodney Ripps. Through Saturday, April 7. . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Early Russian nonobjective art dated 1912-25. A two-sided Malevich pencil drawing on graph paper, a large gouache by Vesin, and a watercolor by Rodchenko are three of the works. Through Saturday, April 7. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings of still-lifes by Americans, among them Burchfield, Knaths, and Kuhn. Through April 28. . . . **LEVER HOUSE**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: A show by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Through April 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **SEAGRAM BUILDING** (fourth floor), 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St: A small collection of drawings, prints, and photographs dealing with space-age landscapes includes a fanciful, colored map of Mars by Nancy Graves; prints by Hockney and Oldenburg; and an O'Keeffe charcoal drawing. Through April 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except April 13, from 10 to 4.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jon Borofsky—Drawings, paintings, and editorial comment, some of it done directly on the gallery wall, by an artist who tries to record every notion that passes through his consciousness, or even his unconsciousness (he paints his dreams, too), and numbers the results. (He's well along toward No. 3,000,000.) Through Saturday, April 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Joan Gardner / Emily Fuller—Collages of painted-linen cutouts suggesting interiors. Also hand-colored pages from a printed book of the artist's drawings. / Abstract paintings, works on paper, and small wood houses that are lined with sewn and colored paper. Through Saturday, April 7. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Shirley Gorelick—Portraits of a single family, plus silverpoint drawings of the same subjects. Through April 18. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum—Three sculptures, one of them a vast curtain made up of strips of blued spring steel an inch and a quarter wide which hangs in an eighty-five-foot crescent across this big gallery. Through Saturday, April 7. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Jack Mendenhall / Tony King—Flossy interiors—living room, bedroom, bathroom, mirrored dressing room, and so on—done with Photo-Realist exactitude on a large scale. / Big canvases given over to his customary designs based on the diamond shape; they look as if they were carved in deep relief but it's all a trick of perspective. Through April 21. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

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Mario Merz—An exhibit of works by this Italian conceptual sculptor includes an igloo five feet high and ten feet in diameter encased in a glass dome ten feet high and twenty feet in diameter—a construction worked out in accordance with natural growth as reflected by the Fibonacci progression. Through April 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Rosemary Naegele / Theo Coates—Paintings of Venetian canals and architecture. / Paintings done in and around SoHo. Through April 19. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon, and Sundays at 2.)

Joseph Raffael—Outsize watercolors and oils of fish (mostly carp, seen just below the surface), water lilies, sea birds, and swampy ponds. Through April 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Oleg Sohanievich—"Stress sculpture": sculptural pieces made up of large sections of industrial steel (I-beams, heavy rails, thick slabs of armor plate) bolted together and then forced apart and twisted by the inexorable turn of a jackscrew. Through Saturday, April 14. (Marino, 489 Broome St.)

William Canavan Tucker—Stylized oil paintings, three of them triptychs, of landscapes, mythological figures, and primitive symbols. Through April 19. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Alan Turner—This artist zeroed in on a small bit of upstate landscape last summer and painted it over and over on large canvases in various moods and in different styles, and the results make a cheerful spring exhibition. Through April 28. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Helene Valentin—Very large canvases (the biggest is nine feet by almost twenty-two) depicting the darkness to be found inside a mountain—a deep-blue and purple stillness, with the occasional glimmering of a smoldering ember. Through Saturday, April 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

William Wegman—Black-and-white photographs elaborated with black ink. Also cartoon-like drawings. Through April 18. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Lawrence Weiner / Mia Westerlund—This Conceptualist writes sentences on the gallery wall using stencilling and cutout vinyl. / Concrete-and-metal sculptures. Through April 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches. Through May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

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OTHER GALLERIES

John Digby—Recent collages. Through April 27. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Margo Hoff—Abstract paintings done with acrylics on unstretched canvas and sometimes filled in with collage cut from the same sort of canvas. Also crayon drawings. The artist's visit to Morocco last year is reflected in several of the works. Through Saturday, April 14. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 35 E. 20th St.)

Dody Müller—Two enormous triptychs, painted on both sides, are among the works on view. Through April 15. (NoHo, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933)—A show that centers on the realist paintings of the designer. There are landscapes of New Jersey and Long Island as well as scenes from his travels to North Africa. Through May 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Hap Tivey—"Asian Eclipse" is the title of an installation in which the gallery room is lighted by sodium lamps placed behind a screen. Through April 20. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Open Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, and Monday, April 9, from noon to 9, and Friday, April 6, from 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Charles Clifford / Arnold Genthe—Clifford was commissioned by the Prado in 1856 to record the arms and armor housed there. Fifty examples, all of them precisionist in detail, are on view. / Platinum and silver prints of dancers Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and others, done in the early twenties in the soft-focus pictorial style of the Photo-Secession. Through April 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Don Cyr—Recent color prints made with a Polaroid SX-70 and a Diana camera. Through May 1. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6, and Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Earl Dotter—A portrayal of textile workers in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, mostly, by a photographer whose previous efforts centered on Kentucky coal miners. Through April 27. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes, in addition to photographs that reveal aspects of s-m. Through April 18. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Another selection of Mr. Mapplethorpe's works is on view at the International Center of Photography (see below, under "Group Shows").

Tom Millea—Palladium prints of landscapes and nudes. Through May 4. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Giorgio Sommer—Sharply defined landscapes and architectural views made by a German-born Italian photographer in the eighteen-sixties and seventies. Through May 5. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 9.)

New York Seen—The Museum of the City of New York has mounted an ambitious show of two hundred photographs ranging from early daguerreotypes of Brooklyn homesteads to NASA satellite pictures of our dense metropolis. In some of the prints, the city's landmarks are seen as backdrops to historical events—in one, City Hall is draped in black bunting for the funeral of Ulysses S. Grant. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **ACIA**, 28 E. 4th St.: Eighteen contemporary Italian photographers showing works that range in style from documentary to experimental. Through Saturday, April 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1

Madras western shirt, 4-14, 30.00.
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Chambray prairie skirt, 4-14, 37.50.

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to 6.)... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Bruce Davidson's twelve photo-essays here include "Brooklyn Gang," from 1959, "East 100th Street," from the late sixties, and "The Cafeteria," made three years ago on the lower East Side. Two films by Mr. Davidson, "Isaac Singer's Nightmare and Mrs. Pupko's Beard" (twenty-eight minutes) and "Living Off the Land" (twenty minutes), can be seen Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 3:45....¶ Lynn Davis and Robert Mapplethorpe are exhibiting photographs they made of identical subjects. (Open Sundays.) Both shows through April 22.... **NEIKRUG,** 224 E. 68th St.: Forty young Australians showing photographs of the aborigines, coral reefs, desert vegetation, and small-town life on their continent. Through Saturday, April 7. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **THE NEW MUSEUM,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "The Invented Landscape" includes works by ten contemporary photographers. Through Saturday, April 14. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... **26 FEDERAL PLAZA,** at Foley Square: In the lobby of this building is a large show of works by André Kertész, Lilo Raymond, and forty-eight others. Through April 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)... **WITKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a big show (a hundred and fifty prints) by big names (fifty photographers are included). Through May 5.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. Through April 15....¶ An exhibit of sixty-four sixteenth-century Italian drawings from the Lehman Collection. Through June 17....¶ Rembrandt etchings and drawings illustrating scenes from the Bible. Starts Thursday, April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-two paintings that were part of the Edvard Munch exhibit at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington. Also other Munch paintings and prints. Through April 24....¶ "Transformations in Modern Architecture," a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through April 24....¶ Ten small unpainted maquettes by Frank Stella. Through May 1.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in works of art on more than one plane. Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others are represented. Through May 6....¶ A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6....¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The remaining portion of the 1979 biennial exhibition will close Sunday, April 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Auto-Icons" is an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Rosenquist, Sonneman, Oldenburg, Linn, among them) who were inspired by the automobile. Through Wednesday, April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through May 13....¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through Sunday, April 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily except Friday, April 13. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit in which the Japanese concept *ma*—which holds that time and space are identical—is exemplified by a half-scale model of a teahouse, by part of a Noh stage, and by a number of other works, including sculptures, prints, and photographs of architecture. Through May 27....¶ A selection of porcelains from the museum's collections includes some very early Chinese examples and some choice eighteenth-century pieces, such as part of a Meissen swan service designed for Count von Brühl; pieces from a Sèvres service made for Madame Du Barry; and Chelsea plates. Through May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays, and Thursday, April 12. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of more than a hundred handmade bookbindings, representing the full range of the library's collection, in such materials as gold, silver, and ivory. Through Sunday, April 8....¶ More than three dozen single leaves from medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, one of them from a Bible illuminated at St. Swithin's Priory, Winchester, England, in the last quarter of the twelfth century. Through Saturday, April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mrs. John Jay's white satin shoes (circa 1785) and a red straw hat that Sally Victor designed in 1942 are part of a sizable collection of shoes and hats on view here.... **PHOTOGRAPHY:** New York City in pictures over the past hundred and thirty years. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, paintings, and photographs by four artists from Scotland (James Birrell, Michael Davey, Gareth Fisher, and Thomas Lawson), through April 21.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Jeffrey Lohn (performance), Tuesday, April 10, at 8:30 and 10; Karen Harper (performance), Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Judith Simonian and Bruce Fier showing one-of-a-kind bookworks, through Saturday, April 14; a display of correspondence related to Eleanor Antin's "100 Boots" project, through April 28.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Margaret Fisher and others (dance), Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, at 8:30; Peter Rose (performance), Sunday, April 8, at 3 and 8:30; Laurie Anderson (performance), Friday and Saturday, April 13-14, at 8:30; Troy Brauntuch (drawings and manipulated prints), through April 21; videotapes by five artists, through Friday, April 13; "The Record as Artwork," an exhibit of more than a hundred and fifty records and record covers produced by such artists as Duchamp, Schwitters, and Beuys, starts Friday, April 13.

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(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 4, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; conducted by James Levine....¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag....¶ Friday, April 6, at 7: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Bernd Weikl, and Martti Talvela; James Levine....¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2:30: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine....¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Nicolai Gedda, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi....¶ Monday, April 9, at 8: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag....¶ Tuesday, April 10, at 7: "Parsifal," with Mignon Dunn, Jon Vickers, Bernd Weikl, and Martti Talvela; James Levine....¶ Wednesday, April 11, at

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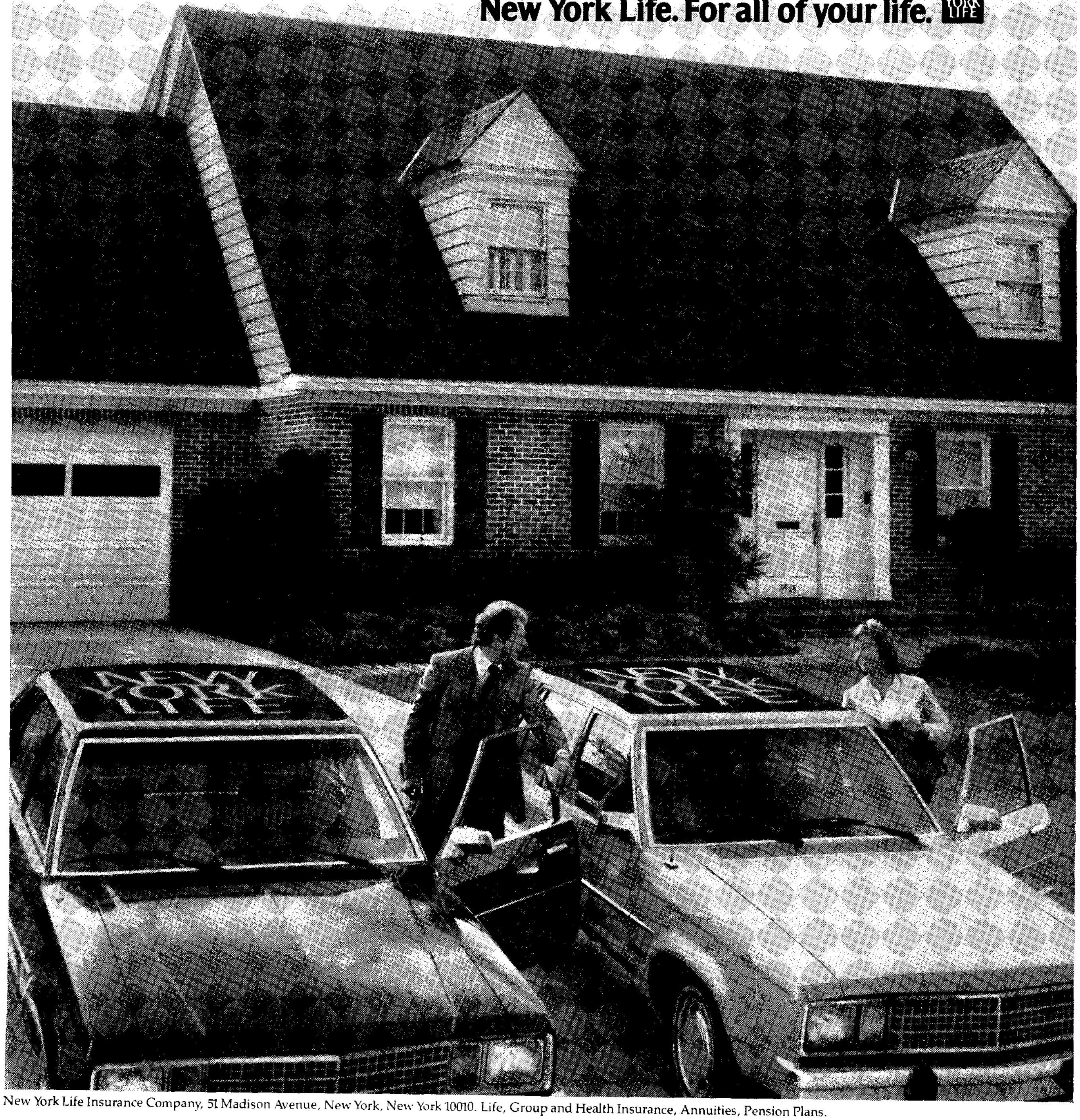

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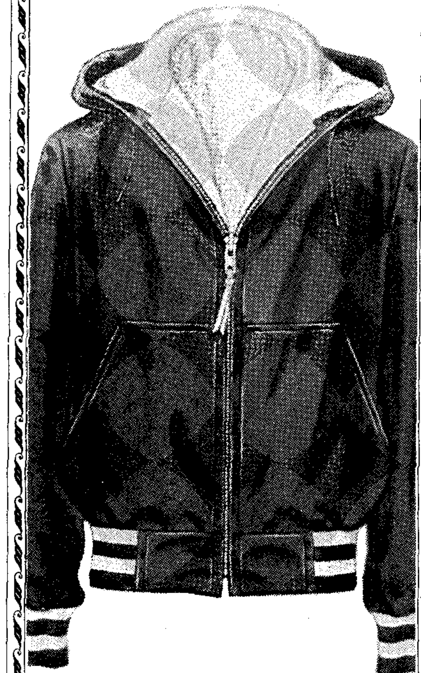

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8: “Eugene Onegin,” with Teresa Kubiak, Lenus Carlson, Nicolai Gedda, Paul Plishka, and Mariana Paunova; Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: “Der Fliegende Holländer,” with Carol Neblett, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, April 13, at 8: “Norma,” with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 1: “Parsifal,” with Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Bernd Weikl, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 582-7500.). . . ¶ Saturday, April 14 at 8: “Eugene Onegin,” with Teresa Kubiak, Lenus Carlson, Nicolai Gedda, Paul Plishka, and Mariana Paunova; Naami Yarvi. (A nonsubscription performance.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, April 4, at 8: “Miss Havisham's Fire,” with Rita Shane, Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Elaine Bonazzi, Alan Titus, Richard Cross, Ralph Bassett, and John Lankston; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8: “Madame Butterfly,” with Marilyn Zschau, Diane Curry, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6, at 8: “Carmen,” with Sandra Walker, Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Taylor, and Charles Long; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: “The Daughter of the Regiment” (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Alan Kays, and Dan Sullivan; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: “The Daughter of the Regiment” (in English), with Ashley Putnam, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 8, at 1: “The Turk in Italy” (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, Alan Titus, Spiro Malas, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 8, at 7 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-4700, Ext. 258), and Tuesday, April 10, at 8: A new production of Henry Purcell's “Dido and Aeneas,” with Sandra Browne, Janice Hall, RoseMarie Freni, David Holloway, and John Lankston; and the company's première of Richard Strauss's ballet “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” choreographed by George Balanchine and Jerome Robbins, and danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 11, at 2: “The Daughter of the Regiment” (in English), with Ashley Putnam, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 12, at 8: “Carmen,” with RoseMarie Freni, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, and Charles Long; David Effron. . . . ¶ Friday, April 13, at 8: “Dido and Aeneas,” with Sandra Browne, Janice Hall, RoseMarie Freni, David Holloway, and John Lankston; and “Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,” danced by Rudolf Nureyev, Patricia McBride, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, and members of the New York City Ballet; with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 2: “La Bohème,” with Marianna Christos, Sherry Zannoth, Lando Bartolini, Dominic Cossa, Robert Hale, and James Sergi; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 14, at 8: “Tosca,” with Johanna Meier, Jacque Trussel, and Frederick Burchinal; Cal Stewart Kellogg. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; Friday, April 6, at 2; a nonsubscription concert on Saturday, April 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30 (all with Alfred Brendel, piano); and Thursday, April 12, at 8:30; Friday, April 13, at 2; Saturday, April 14, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 17, at 7:30 (all with the Westminster Choir).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, at 8, performances of Schoenberg's “Gurrelieder,” with, among others, Jessye Norman, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; Werner Klemperer, narrator; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8, an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano.)

Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra—Kenneth Schermerhorn directing an all-Sibelius program, with Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Vern Shinall, bass-baritone; and the Men's Voices of the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Pierre Fournier, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a “Meet the Moderns” series of concerts. Allen Ginsberg will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Rodney Friend, violin. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Benefit Concert—Henryk Szeryng conducting an orchestra composed of members of the New York Philharmonic and acting as violin soloist, with Rodney Friend, also violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 3.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Verdi's “Aroldo” in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Gianfranco Cecchele, tenor; Juan Pons, baritone; and the Oratorio Society of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting the final concert of the season, with Yo-yo Ma, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 15, at 2.)

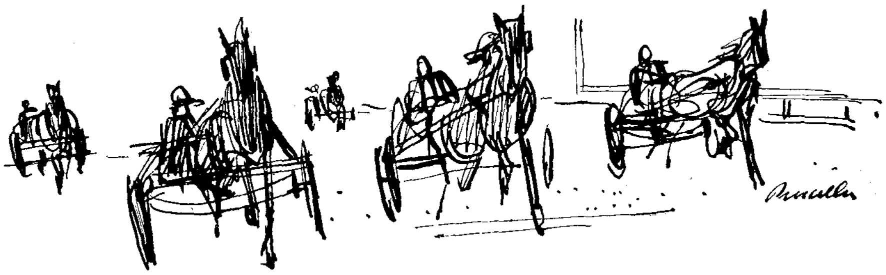
Columbia University Glee Club—Warren H. Brown directing, with Mary Beth Peil, soprano, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 3.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Betty Lane, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a performance of Bach's “St. Matthew Passion,” with Susan Goldine, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler and Douglas Ahlstedt, tenors; Bruce Fifer and Thomas Paul, basses; members of the choir of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; and Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba. The final concert of the season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, April 9, at 7:30.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing a program of choral chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 9, at 8.)

Concert Royal Orchestra—James Richman directing twenty-four players of original instruments in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Jeffrey



Dooley, countertenor; Harlan Hokin, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the Concert Choir of the State University at Oneonta. The last in a series of concerts. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, April 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Mozart program, performed by Jaime Laredo and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree and Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Miguel Angel Girollet—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The sixth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by The Ensemble, conducted by Harvey Sollberger, with Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner and Carolyn Pollak, oboe; Jane Cochran, English horn; and Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8, and Sunday, April 8, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, April 7, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Concert-Party—The sixth in a series of seven concerts, this one performed by the Aulos Wind Quintet. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Music from Marlboro—Yefim Bronfman, piano; Shlomo Mintz, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; and David Jolley, horn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 7, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 8, the last in a series of concerts, this one with the Guarneri Quartet.)

Chamber Music—The Tokyo String Quartet, with Lukas Foss, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 8, at 2.)

Lazar Berman—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 3.)

Beethoven Society—An all-Beethoven program, performed by Lilian Kallir, piano; Jaime Laredo, violin; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, April 8, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Project—Gerard Schwarz conducting a program of chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Sunday, April 8, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Baroque Festival—The last in a series of concerts will be performed by the Concert Royal. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 8, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 8, at 8.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 9, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—The last in a series of recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 10, at 8.)

Composers' Guild for Performance—The String Quartet of the Composers' Guild, together with Barbara Winchester, soprano, and Robert Pollock, piano, in a program of twentieth-century music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, April 12, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Marilyn Dubow—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 13, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 14, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Ten singers chosen at the semifinals of the 1979 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council will appear. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, April 8, at 2. For information about tickets, call 799-3035.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—First league games here—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, April 5, and Saturday and Sunday, April 7-8, at 2. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Monday through Wednesday, April 9-11, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Thursday, April 12, and Saturday, April 14, at 2:05.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Denver. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston. (Rutgers University Athletic Center, Piscataway, N.J. Saturday, April 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, April 4, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, April 8, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, April 7, at 1. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1; through Monday, May 21. The Gotham, Saturday, April 7; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 13; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 14.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 21. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Lecture—"The Art Song in America," by Virgil Thomson. (Third Street Music School, 233 E. 11th St. Thursday, April 12, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 674-0910, Mondays through Thursdays.)

Auto Expo New York—New automobiles from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden, and the United States, plus some forty antiques, classics, and vintage racing machines. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 7, through Sunday, April 15. Weekdays, 11 to 10:30; Sundays, 11 to 8.)

Flower Shows—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4. . . . ¶ The Spring Bulb Show of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden opens in the Conservatory on Saturday, April 7. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4. Through April 22.

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, except Friday, April 13, from 10 to 5, and Sunday, April 8, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, April 4, at 2, and Thursday, April 5, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from various sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: French furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 10, at 10:15 and 2, and Wednesday, April 11, at 10:15: Russian works of art, including porcelains, bronzes, silver, and Fabergé objects; from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 6. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 13, from 10 to 5.) Saturday, April 7, at 10:30 and 2:30: Oriental rugs, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 10-11, at 10:30: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 5.

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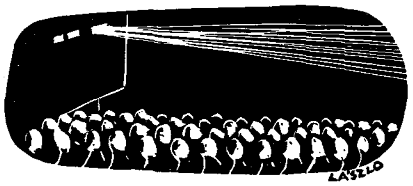
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 24. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
April 4: "Black Peter."
April 5: "Competition."
April 6: "The Firemen's Ball."
April 7-8: "Taking Off."
April 9: Theatre closed.
April 10: "Man Is Not a Bird."
April 11: "Sweet Movie."
April 12: "Innocence Unprotected."
April 13: "Love Affair."
From April 14: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through April 14 (tentative): "Autumn Sonata."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through April 5: "Last Tango in Paris" and "A Slave of Love."
April 6-12: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" and "Comes a Horseman."
From April 13: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through April 5: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through April 11: "Heaven Can Wait."
From April 12: "The Hurricane."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 10: "Superman."
From April 11: "The Exorcist."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Norma Rae."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 5: "Boulevard Nights."
From April 6: "Blazing Saddles."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Old Boyfriends."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Superman."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Voices."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 5: "The Deer Hunter."
From April 6: "Love on the Run."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through April 5: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 6: "Coming Home."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Bell Jar."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Real Life."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through April 10: "Agatha."
From April 11: "The Exorcist."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through April 5: "The Great Train Robbery."
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple."

Loews New York 1, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"The Champ."

Loews New York 2, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The French Detective."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The China Syndrome."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through April 5: "Bread and Chocolate."
From April 6: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through April 5: "Autumn Sonata."
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 5: "Same Time, Next Year."
April 6-12: "Midnight Express" and "California Suite."
From April 13: "The North Avenue Irregulars."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Saturday Night Fever."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Boulevard Nights." From April 6: "Blazing Saddles."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 5: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Agatha."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 2: "The Great Train Robbery."
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." From April 6: "Your Turn, My Turn."
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "The Last Wave." From April 6: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through April 5: "Saturday Night Fever."
From April 6: "Blazing Saddles."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Promise."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 5: "Wifemistress."
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 5: "Coming Home."
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Remember My Name."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 5: "Your Turn, My Turn."
From April 6: "Wifemistress."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Agatha."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 2: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Same Time, Next Year." From April 6: "Blazing Saddles."
Theatre 4: "The Great Train Robbery."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through April 5: "Autumn Sonata."
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 5: "Bread and Chocolate" and "La Grande Bourgeoise."
April 6-12: "Same Time, Next Year" and "House Calls."
From April 13: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Superman." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through April 5: "Midnight Express." (†)
From April 6: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "The Warriors." From April 6: "Midnight Express" (†) and "California Suite." (†)
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Hardcore." From April 6: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through April 5: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Champ." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Norma Rae." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The China Syndrome." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Buck Rogers in the 25th Century." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through April 10: "Boulevard Nights." (†)
From April 11: "The Exorcist." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through April 5: "The Groove Tube" and "The First Nudie Musical."
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through April 10: "Saturday Night Fever." (†)
From April 11: "Norma Rae." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 4: "The Front" (1976), directed by Martin Ritt, with Woody Allen; and "A King in New York" (1957), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Dawn Addams, and Harry Green.
April 5: "The Milky Way" (1968), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel; and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
April 6-7: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "In Cold Blood" (1967), directed by Richard Brooks, with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.
April 8-9: "Comes a Horseman" (†) and "The Missouri Breaks." (†)
April 10: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
April 11: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949) and "Umberto D." (1952), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
April 12: "The Cameraman" (†) and "Traffic." (†)
April 13-14: "Jailhouse Rock" (1957), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Elvis Presley; and "Let the Good Times Roll" (1973), directed by Sid Levin and Robert Abel, a documentary film about the fifties.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 4: "It" (1927), a silent film, directed by Clarence Badger, with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.
April 5: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda.
April 6: "The Chess Players" (1978), in English and Urdu, directed by Satyajit Ray, with Richard Attenborough and Saeed Jaffrey; and "Days and Nights in the Forest" (1969), in Bengali, directed by Satyajit Ray, with Soumitra Chatterji and Sharmila Tagore.
April 7: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.
April 8: "Mata Hari" (1932), directed by

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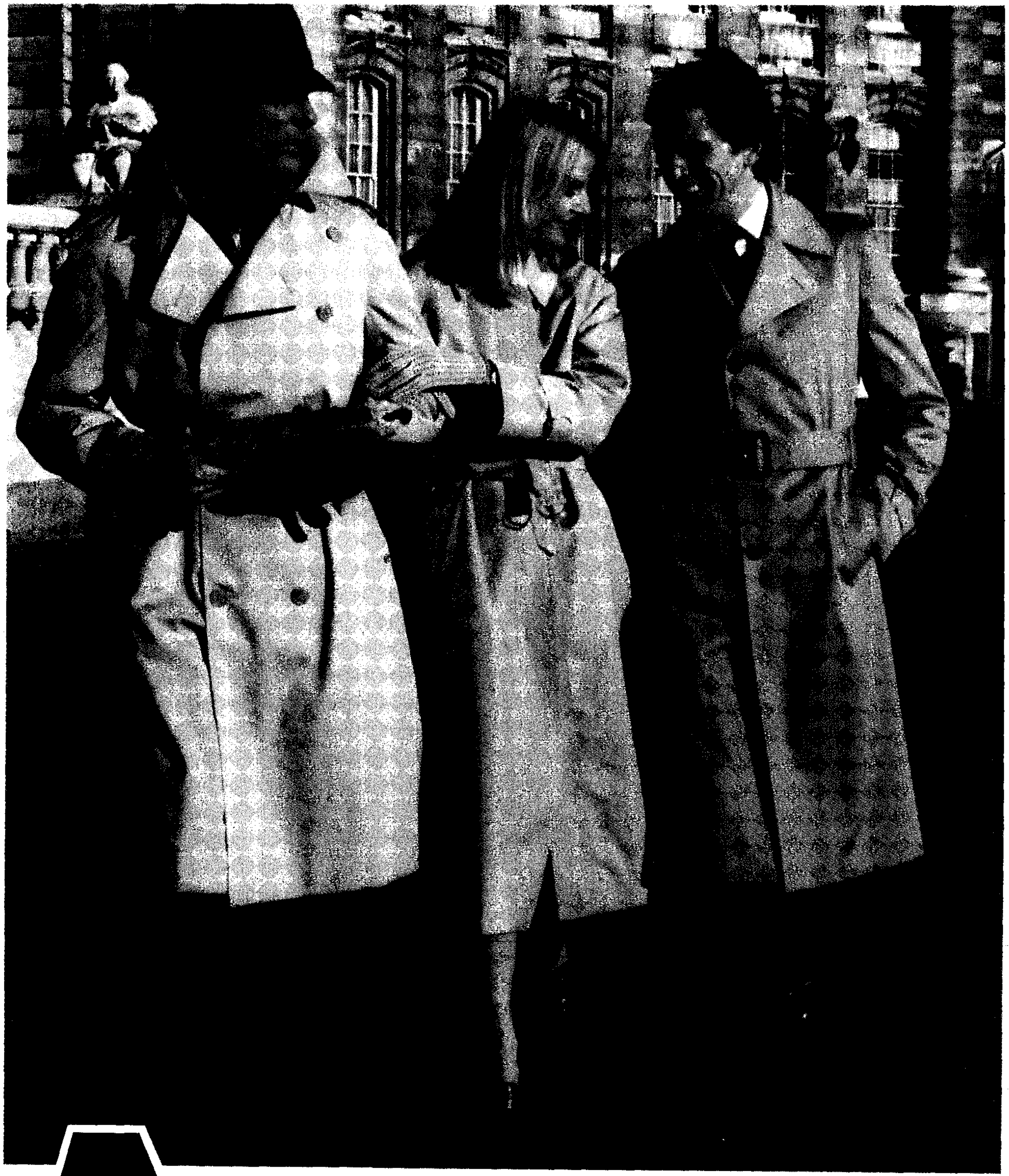

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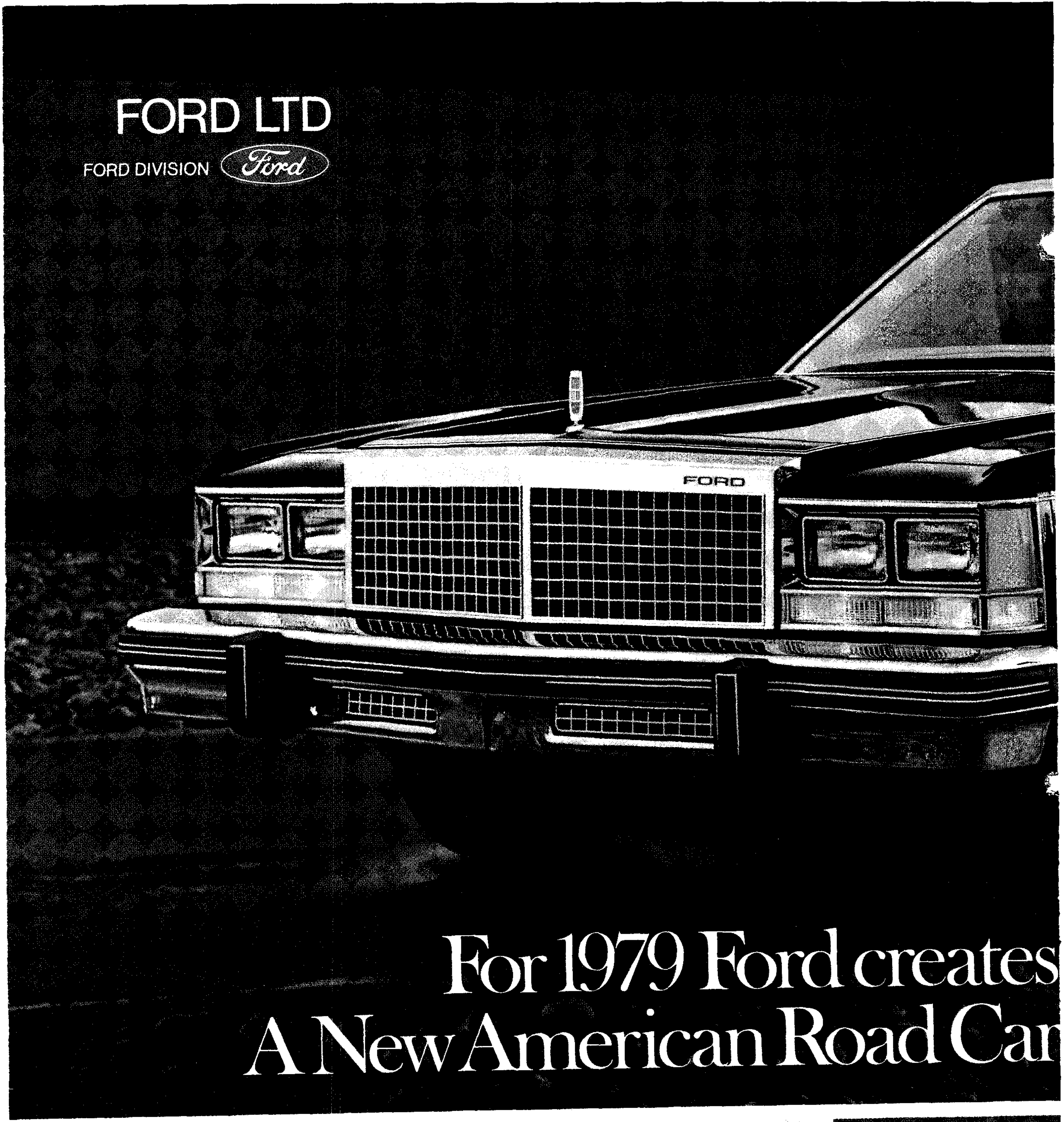

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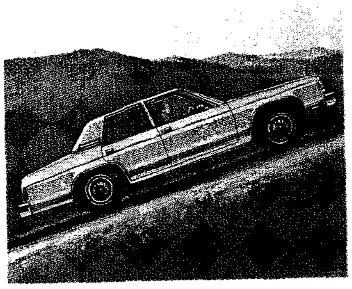

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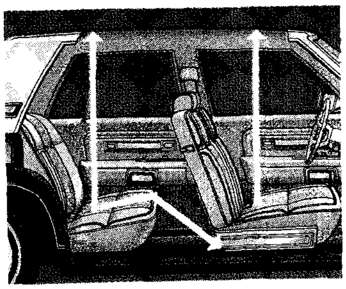

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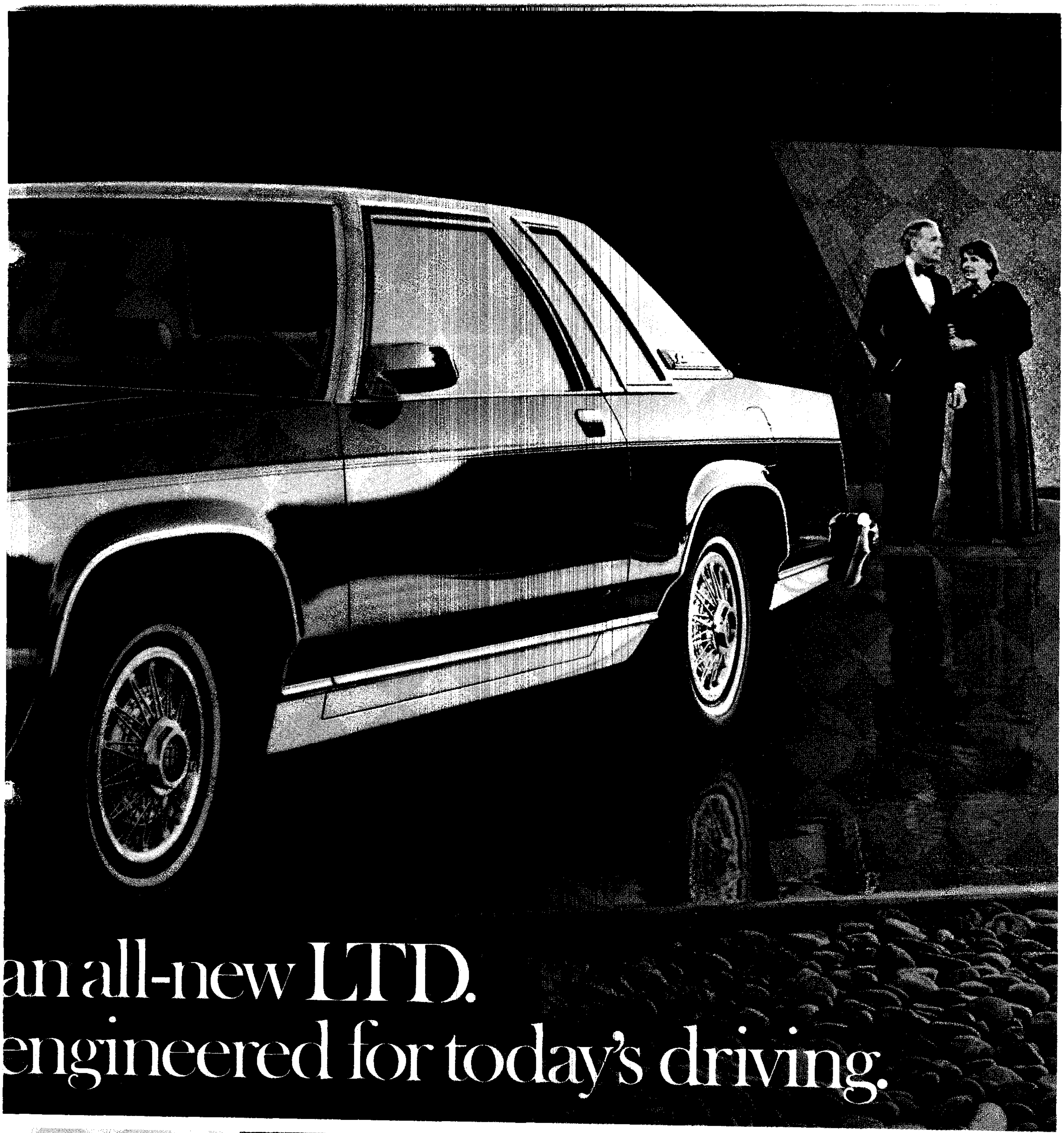
*Compare this estimate to the estimated mpg of other cars. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, weather, and distance. The actual highway mileage will probably be less than the estimated highway fuel economy.

†Based on EPA Volume Index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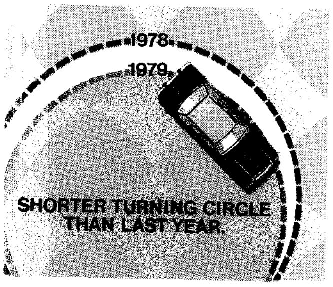
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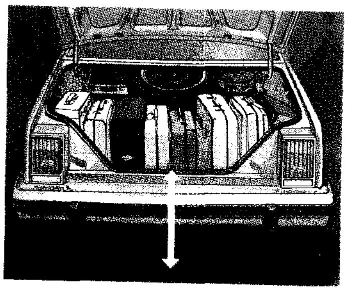

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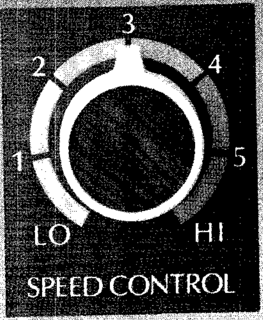
For instance, a tomato's not as firm as a potato. There should be a simple way to slice each one perfectly. And now Farberware's processor gives you that simple way.



More speeds for more jobs.

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Say you're preparing a vegetable salad. For the firmer foods, like carrots, dial a medium speed for medium slices, a faster speed for thinner slices. And dial a slow speed to gently slice the tomatoes, without making mashed tomatoes.

Try making blueberry muffins with most other processors and you could end up with a bowl of purple batter. With ours, just dial a slow speed to delicately blend in the blueberries.

The same holds true for dishes like tuna, egg or ham salads that require thorough mincing and chopping for part of the job, then gentle mixing for the rest. What's more, you won't over-mix a delicate cake mix.

More power to you.

Even the heaviest doughs can't bog our processor down, because the motor actually delivers more power to the blade than direct drive processors. It's a reliable motor, too, thanks to solid state circuitry. And it not only works harder, it also stops faster. In under 3 seconds.

Important as this safety feature is, it's not our only one. There's a "power-on" light, a double-safety interlock, an on-off pulse switch, a longer feed tube. Plus extra strong suction feet.

The best blades. Top to bottom.

Our processor comes with 4 blades that do all the tough jobs you want from a processor.

Because they're Farberware, you know they're the finest. And because they're braced from underneath, they never bend or warp.

And always cut precisely.

They clean more easily, too. We took out every hard-to-clean nook and cranny and put a flush-through hole down the center core.

We arranged the shredding blade's edges to give you consistently even shredding.

Our new, stubby kneading blade works with a true hand-kneading action. In one-twentieth the time it takes you by hand.

Another Farberware exclusive. The Farberware name.

If you have a Farberware product, you have first-hand knowledge why Farberware's name is as good as it is. So you can be sure our new food processor will live up to all we say it can help you do. Because it must live up to its name. Farberware.

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George Fitzmaurice, with Greta Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Inspiration." (†)

April 9: "Sweet Smell of Success" (†); and "Blessed Event" (1932), directed by Roy del Ruth, with Lee Tracy and Dick Powell.

April 10: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Through a Glass Darkly." (†)

April 11: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, James Stewart, and Ruth Hussey; and "The Shop Around the Corner" (1940), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, and Joseph Schildkraut.

April 12: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (†) and "Le Chat." (†)

April 13: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Love Is a Funny Thing" (1970), in French, directed by Claude Lelouche, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Annie Girardot.

April 14: "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Carl Miller and Edna Purviance; and "Min and Bill." (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through April 5: "Stromboli" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

April 6-7: "Up in Smoke" (1978), directed by Lou Adler, with Cheech and Chong; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

April 8-9: "Violette" (1978), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; and "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catherine Deneuve and Fernando Rey.

April 10: "The Serpent's Egg" (1978), directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, David Carradine, and Heinz Bennent; and "The Ritual" (1969), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin, Anders Ek, and Gunnar Björnstrand.

April 11-12: "A Different Story" (1978), directed by Paul Aaron, with Perry King and Meg Foster; and "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

April 13-14: "Magic" (1978), directed by Richard Attenborough, with Anthony Hopkins, Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter; and "Dead of Night" (1946), a five-part English film about the supernatural.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

April 4: "City Lights" (1931), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "College" (1927), a silent film, directed by James Horne, with Buster Keaton, Florence Turner, and Ann Cornwall.

April 5: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Anna Townsend; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926), a silent film, directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon and Joan Crawford.

April 6: "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Bill Strothers.

April 7: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.

April 8-9: "Lola Montès" (1955), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "Senso." (†)

April 10-11: "Jacob the Liar" (1975), in German, directed by Frank Beyer; and "The Passenger" (1975), directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

April 12-14: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (1958), in Italian, directed by Mario Monicelli, with Marcello Mastroianni, Vittorio Gassman, Renato Salvatori, and Claudia Cardinale; and "Variety Lights." (†)

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through April 7: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.

April 8-9: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau.

April 10-11: "Dead Reckoning" (†); and "The Enforcer" (1951), directed by Bretaigne Windust, with Humphrey Bogart.

April 12-14: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939), the first of the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes-Dr. Watson series; and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), the second of the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through April 5: "Scarlet Street" (1946), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "Human Desire" (1954), directed by Fritz Lang, with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford.

April 6-7: "The Thing" (1951), directed by Christian Nyby, with Kenneth Tobey; and "The Blob" (1958), directed by Irvin S. Yeaworth, Jr., with Steve McQueen.

April 8: "The Rose Tattoo" (1955), directed by Daniel Mann, with Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey; and "Summer and Smoke." (†)

April 9: "Rock, Rock, Rock" (1956) and "Go, Johnny, Go!" (1959), both with Alan Freed.

April 10: "The Sorrow and the Pity." (†)

April 11-12: "Detour" (1945), directed by Edgar G. Ulmer, with Ann Savage and Tom Neal; and "Time Without Pity" (1957), directed by Joseph Losey, with Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd, and Peter Cushing.

April 13-14: "Mr. Klein" (1977), in French, directed by Joseph Losey, with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale; and "Accident" (1967), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through April 5: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Saboteur" (1942), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.

April 6: "Carmen Jones" (1954), directed by Otto Preminger, with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, Dorothy Dandridge, and Olga James; and "Stormy Weather" (1943), directed by Andrew Stone, with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

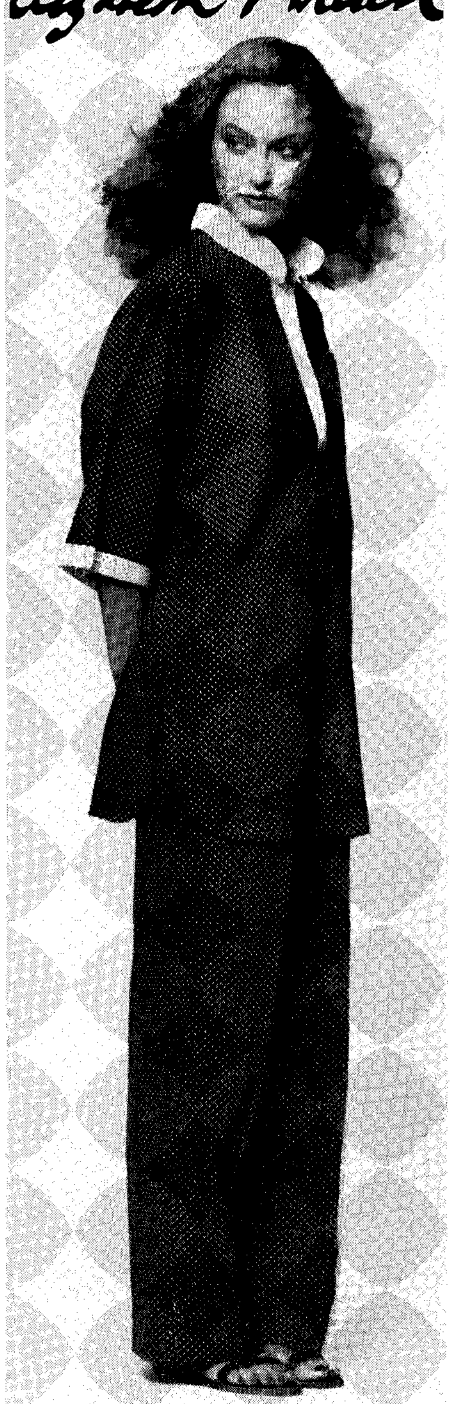
April 7-8: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952), directed by Roy Baker, with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft.

April 9: "The Prisoner of Zenda" (†); and "The Son of Monte Cristo" (1940), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Joan Bennett, Louis Hayward, and George Sanders.

April 10: "Rage in Heaven" (1941), directed by W. S. Van Dyke II, with Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery, George Sanders, and Lucile Watson; and "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" (1958), directed by Mark Robson, with Ingrid Bergman, Curt Jurgens, and Robert Donat.

April 11: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, and Mary Astor; and "Bombshell" (1933; "Blonde Bombshell"), directed by

Elizabeth Arden



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Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, and Una Merkel.

April 12: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957), directed by Henry King, with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952), directed by Henry King, with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

April 13: "Jesus Christ Superstar" (†) and "Yellow Submarine." (†)

From April 14: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris; and "On the Town" (1949), directed by Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Betty Garrett, and Ann Miller.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 5 at 2:30: "Berlin Express" (1948), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan, and Paul Lukas. . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Days of Glory" (1944), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Gregory Peck and Tamara Toumanova. . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30 and April 6 at 2:30: "Experiment Perilous" (1944), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Hedy Lamarr, Paul Lukas, George Brent, and Albert Dekker. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Life Begins at 8:30" (1942), directed by Irving Pichel, with Monty Woolley and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ April 7 at noon: "The Last Outlaw" (1936), directed by Christy Cabanne, with Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, and Henry B. Walthall. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30: "Two O'Clock Courage" (1945), directed by Anthony Mann, with Tom Conway and Ann Rutherford. . . . ¶ April 7 at 5: "Desperate" (1947), directed by Anthony Mann, with Raymond Burr, Steve Brodie, and Audrey Long. . . . ¶ April 8 at noon: "The Last Outlaw." . . . ¶ April 8 at 2:30: "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford" (1936), directed by Stephen Roberts, with Jean Arthur, William Powell, and James Gleason. . . . ¶ April 8 at 5: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde, Björn Anderson, Silvana Mangano, and Marisa Berenson. . . . ¶ April 9 at noon: "Ninety Degrees South" (1912-33), directed, photographed, and narrated by Herbert G. Ponting. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2:30: "Night Song" (1947), directed by John Cromwell, with Dana Andrews, Merle Oberon, Ethel Barrymore, and Hoagy Carmichael. . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: A program of three films by Nancy Holt—"Swamp" (1972), "Pine Barrens" (1975), and "Sun Tunnels" (1978). . . . ¶ April 10 at noon: "Ninety Degrees South." . . . ¶ April 10 at 2:30: "Orchestra Wives" (1942), directed by Archie Mayo, with George Montgomery, Ann Rutherford, and Glenn Miller and His Orchestra. . . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "Junior Lockwood: The Robert Johnson Legacy" (1978), directed by Paul Johnson; and "Punking Out" (1978), directed by Maggie Carson, Juliusz Kossakowski, and Fredric Shore. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2:30: "They Won't Believe Me" (1947), directed by Irving Pichel, with Robert Young, Susan Hayward, Rita Johnson, and Jane Greer. . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: "Split Second" (1953), directed by Dick Powell, with Stephen McNally, Alexis Smith, and Jan Sterling. . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "Joan of Arc" (1948), directed by Victor Fleming, with Ingrid Bergman and José Ferrer. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "Two O'Clock Courage" and "Desperate." . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: "Orchestra Wives." . . . ¶ April 14 at noon: "Saddle Legion" (1951), directed by Lesley Selander, with Tim Holt and Dorothy Malone. . . . ¶ April 14 at 2:30: "The Blue Veil" (1951), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton, Joan Blondell, and Agnes Moorehead. . . . ¶ April 14 at 5: "Without Reservations" (1946), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Claudette Colbert, John Wayne, and Don Defore. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 8: "Town Bloody Hall" (1971-79), directed by D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Germany in Autumn" (1979), in German, directed by thirteen contemporary German directors, among them Fassbinder, Kluge, and Schlöndorff; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Two programs in a seven-week, *fourteen-film series of operetta films, 1930-40.* April 7 at 1 and April 10 at 6: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1934), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Esmond Knight, Jessie Matthews, and Fay Compton. . . . ¶ April 7 at 3 and April 10 at 8: "Der Bettelstudent" (1936), in German, directed by Georg Jacoby, with Marika Rökk, Johannes Heesters, and Leo Slezak; English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through April 10.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distracted, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and New Yorker; through April 5. . . . ¶ Art; through April 14, tentative.)

The Bell Jar—Directed by Larry Peerce (who made "Goodbye, Columbus"), based by Marjorie Kellogg on the novel by the poet Sylvia Plath. It indulges neuroticism rather foolishly, and is full of very grassy shots and fades as it deals with a youthful story of aspiration that ends suicidally, in a despair that could be pungent and saddening, but not in this picture. (4/2/79) (Cinema I.)

Black Peter (1964)—Directed by Miloš Forman. In Czech. (Little Theatre; April 4.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1; starting April 6.)

Boulevard Nights—With Richard Yñiguez and Danny De La Paz, directed by Michael Pressman. (Eastside Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St.; through April 5. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through April 10.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (72nd Street East, and Olympia; through April 5.)

Buck Rogers in the 25th Century—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Embassy; starting April 6. . . . ¶ U. A. East; April 6-12.)

The Cameraman (1928)—Buster Keaton was no longer in control of his productions when he made this late silent film (he wanted to use sound but wasn't allowed to), but his behind-the-scene struggles don't show. It's a film about the making of films, with recollections and echoes of his earlier work. With Marceline Day. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Le Chat (1971)—Pierre Granier-Deferre's film (written by him and Pascal Jardin from Georges Simenon's novel) shows us two malign temperaments (Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret) regretting the aging of their own particular flesh; it amounts to a skillful but limited and unkind exercise compared to Simenon's achievement in describing two locked souls fearing their common mortality. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

The China Syndrome—Directed by James Bridges, with Jane Fonda as a TV commentator called Kimberly Wells. She has been used by TV for her looks, and has endlessly talked brightly about trivia while serious things are going on around her. She gets her chance to be as committed as she wants to be when she learns that a nuclear power station in Southern California—through carelessness, fibbing, and big-business interests—appears likely to kill off a lot of the population of the state. The man who sees the danger is played by Jack Lemmon. (4/2/79) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Comes a Horseman—This Western, set during the Second World War and starring Jane Fonda and James Caan, and Jason Robards as an evil cattle baron, is so self-conscious about its themes that nothing in the storytelling occurs naturally. Basically, the story is a variant of the evil land-grabber who is determined to take the land of the honest, hard-working rancher: now the honest rancher is a woman. But it's a film of few words (and about a quarter of them mangled by the sound recording), and the melodrama is smothered under sullen, overcast skies—how can you get involved in the conflict between the good guys and the bad guys if you can't even see them? Has the director, Alan J. Pakula, become perversely artistic, or is it that he let his cinematographer, Gordon Willis, get carried away? The film's dark, overblown pictorial style works against the exhilaration possible in the Western genre. Caan gives his lines wryly humorous readings, but Fonda's acting is disappointingly constricted, though she looks great in her tan weather-beaten makeup and tight jeans. With Richard Farnsworth, in a likable performance as the old cowhand, and George Grizzard as the banker. From a script by Dennis Lynton Clark. (11/13/78) (St. Marks Cinema; April 6-12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8-9.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Paramount; through April 5. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; starting April 6.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Competition (1963)—Two short films directed by Miloš Forman: "Do We Need All Those Brass Bands?" and "The Audition." In Czech. (Little Theatre; April 5. Forman will speak after the 8 P.M. showing.)

Dead Reckoning (1947)—A forgettable Bogart melodrama that was already familiar when it came out; it had been synthesized from several of his hits, with Lizabeth Scott's role processed out of Mary Astor and Lauren Bacall routines. Scott double-crosses a friend of Bogart's, and as he takes her to the authorities he snarls, "You're going to fry." "Ah," she says yearningly, flaring her nostrils, "can't we put this behind us? Don't you love me?" He sneers heavily, though you can see that deep down under he loves her. She fries. John Cromwell directed; with Morris Carnovsky, Wallace Ford, and William Prince. (Regency; April 10-11.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Coronet; through April 5. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Waverly, Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting April 6.)

The Exorcist (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (Murray Hill, Gemini 1 and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting April 11.)

The Firemen's Ball (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman, with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Little Theatre; April 6.)

The French Detective—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress. Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

La Grande Bourgeoise (1977)—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Olympia; through April 5.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Beekman; through April 5.)

Hair—Based on the Broadway musical, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Ziegfeld.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (7/10/78) (Forum; through April 5. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through April 11. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 6.)

House Calls (1978)—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Olympia; April 6-12.)

The Hurricane—A remake of the 1937 film. With Jason Robards, Mia Farrow, Max von Sydow, Trevor Howard, and Timothy Bottoms; directed by Jan Troell. (Bay Cinema; starting April 12.)

Innocence Unprotected (1968)—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslavian film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—an underground melodrama made in 1942 and featuring an acrobat—by bringing the character up to date. (Little Theatre; April 12. Makavejev will speak after the 8 P.M. showing.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

Inspiration (1931)—Garbo and Robert Montgomery, directed by Clarence Brown, in a bad-to-middling version of Daudet's "Sapho." Nothing much here but Garbo. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Quad Cinema; through April 5. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; April 6-12.)

Jesus Christ Superstar (1973)—So-called, though Christ looks more like a blushing starlet. Mod and muscular version of Jesus' last seven days, directed by Norman Jewison, with doggerel words that would lower the tone of a subway. Ted Neeley is the blond superstar. Everyone between sixteen and sixteen and a quarter will no doubt respond to the general look of bemused and incommuni-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cable messianism. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—There has never been anything else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 5.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Quad Cinema; through April 5.)

Love Affair (1968)—Yugoslavian, not half bad, about an affair between—we swear—a switchboard operator and a rat exterminator. (Little Theatre; April 13. Makavejev will speak after the 8 P.M. showing.)

Love on the Run—With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade; directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet; starting April 6.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslavian film directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Little Theatre; April 10.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (Embassy 1; through April 5. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting April 6. . . . ¶ U. A. East; April 6-12.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 14.)

The Missouri Breaks (1976)—Arthur Penn somehow kept this picture afloat in spite of a signal contribution by Marlon Brando that is not so much a performance as a turn, though a scintillating one. He plays what is called a "regulator" in the eighteen-eighties in Montana, brought in to stop horse rustling; Jack Nicholson, who affably allows himself to be overshadowed, gives a very interesting, quiet performance as a roamer become domesticated. Worth seeing for these two performances, but Brando's lazy brilliance at actor's legerdemain sometimes takes the eye off the narrative, which the immensely intelligent Penn probably conceived as a picture about the dying days of the frontier spirit and the undernourished souls of people living on their own myths. Thomas McGuane's script is adept, but jerky and smart-alecky. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 8-9.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting April 11.)

The North Avenue Irregulars—From the Disney studios. With Edward Herrmann, Barbara Harris, Susan Clark, and Karen Valentine; directed by Bruce Bilson. (U. A. East; starting April 13.)

Old Boyfriends—Directed by Joan Tewkesbury (who wrote Altman's "Nashville") and written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. This is a rather distraught and very small-scale film about a woman (Talia Shire) who plods down what the picture calls Memory Lane, in a pastoral mood, picking up her love history by playing fast and loose with three men out of her past. Considering that she is a psychologist, she behaves rather lightly with peoples' remembrance. The most succinct performance, comically distanced and Brechtian, is by Buck Henry, as a California private eye. (4/2/79) (Sutton.)

A Perfect Couple—With Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley, directed by Robert Altman. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and Forum; starting April 6.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Amiable, though familiar, romantic swashbuckler, set in a mythical country, with Ronald Colman in the double role of the king and the look-alike who takes his place for a while, and plushy Madeleine Carroll as the sweetly dutiful Princess Flavia, who puts crown before love. Lewis Stone and Alice Terry played the roles in 1922, and Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr did them in 1952, but this 1937 version has the advantage of dashing, grinning Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the naughty Rupert of Hentzau. Fairbanks steals the show from the restrained Colman. It's a well-paced production, directed by John Cromwell and W. S. Van Dyke, and shot by James Wong Howe, with banter supplied by Donald Ogden Stewart, among others. With Raymond Massey, David Niven, Mary Astor, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 9.)

The Promise—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Music Hall.)

Real Life—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II.)

Remember My Name—With Geraldine Chaplin, Tony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through April 5. . . . ¶ Olympia; April 6-12.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Loews Ciné, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Gramercy, D. W. Griffith, and Guild; through April 5. . . . ¶ Victoria; through April 10.)

Senso (1955)—Luchino Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; April 8-9.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (St. Marks Cinema; through April 5.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (Thalia; April 10.)

Summer and Smoke (1961)—There's supposed to be something on fire inside Alma, Tennessee Williams' lonely, inhibited preacher's daughter, but from Geraldine Page's performance and Peter Glenville's direction 'tain't smoke that rises—just wispy little old tired ideas goin' to rejoin the Holy Ghost. Page is all delicate shadings and no surprises; her performance is so meticulously worked out that it's dead. Laurence Harvey is the virile doctor's son who represents flesh to her spirit. With Una Merkel, Thomas Gomez sweating and shouting, Rita Moreno being tigerish, and Pamela Tiffin dimpling. Perhaps the best reason to see "Summer and Smoke" is to appreciate Williams' rewritten version, "The Eccentricities of a Nightingale." (Thalia; April 8.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get

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started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Trans-Lux East, Loews Orpheum, and Criterion. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through April 10.)

Sweet Movie—With Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure, directed by Dusan Makavejev. In French and English. (Little Theatre; April 11.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—For several years, Tony Curtis had been a virtual guarantor of box-office success, and the New York locations for this film were invaded by thousands of teen-agers, who broke through police barricades to get to their idol. But these throngs ignored the completed picture, in which Curtis grew up into an actor and gave what will probably be remembered as the best performance of his career. Even the presence of that other box-office guarantor, Burt Lancaster, did not lift the picture from the red ink. This is understandable, for the movie is a sweet slice of perversity—a study of dollar and power worship, with Lancaster as a Broadway gossip columnist and Curtis as an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. Clifford Odets never came through more pungently as a screenwriter; his distinctively idiomatic dialogue generally seems like bad poetry when it's spoken from the screen, but here it's harshly expressive and taut. The director, Alexander MacKendrick, has a crisp *film-noir* style: the production is shaped by a zest for the corrupt milieu, the pulsating big-city life (what used to be called "the symphony of a city")—the streets, the night clubs, the cynical types, the noise and desperation. His temperament enables us to respond to the vitality in this decadence. The weakest part is in the contrasting sweetness and light of the young lovers, Martin Milner and Susan Harrison. The melodrama is somewhat synthetic and is pitched very high, but the film has body and flavor; even Tony Curtis's name (Sidney Falco) stays with one—that, and the inflection he gives to "avidly." With Barbara Nichols, Sam Levene, and Emile Meyer; from a short story by Ernest Lehman. Score by Elmer Bernstein; cinematography by James Wong Howe. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

Taking Off (1971)—Milos Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors. (Little Theatre; April 7-8.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 10.)

Traffic (1971)—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12.)

Variety Lights (1949)—This first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director) has a backstage story with a theme that he returned to later in the big, trashy phantasmagoria "Juliet of the Spirits." Giulietta Masina plays the aging mistress of the head of a touring company; he goes off with a younger woman, then returns to her. It's a very simple and, in some ways, tawdry film, but Fellini shows his extraordinary talent for the dejected setting, the shabby performer, the fat old chorine, the singer who will never hit the high note. Though he deals with "artists," he doesn't deal with talent or artistry; here, as in his later films, such as "La Dolce Vita" and "8½," his specialty is revealing the shoddiness of theatrical life. For Fellini, the magic of show business (and this is the magic of his films) is in self-delusion. The most memorable moments of a Fellini film are likely to be images of defeat, nostalgia, forlorn hopes, dismal theatrical routines; in "Variety Lights" there is a troupe on a back-country road at night and the satirical "glorification" of a sex goddess. With Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio, Folco Lulli, and John Kitzmiller. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; April 12-14.)

Voices—With Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Alex Rocco; directed by Robert Markowitz. (Baronet.)

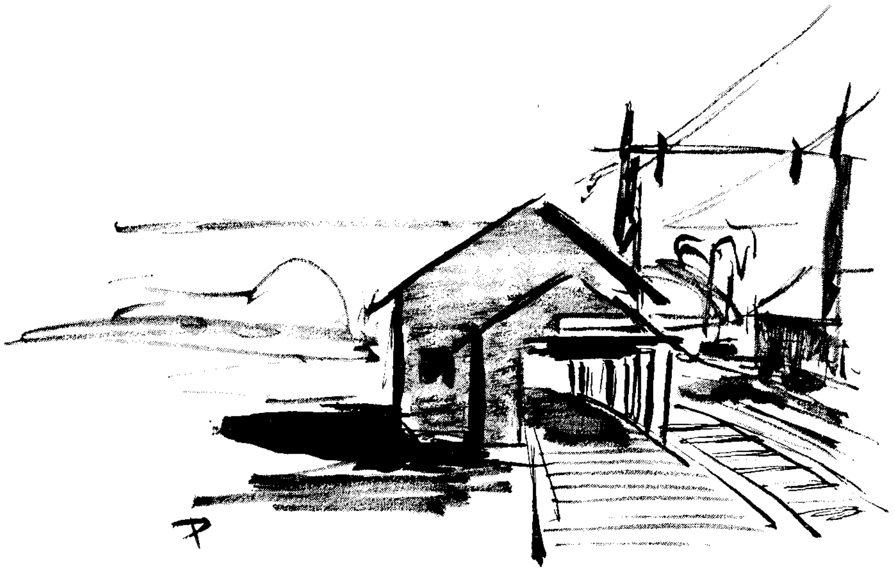
Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—Edward Albee's play, turned into a very fine black-and-white film by Mike Nichols—his first piece of film direction, full of untamed wit and no trace of the novice. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal are at their best, and Burton's best is extraordinary. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Festival; through April 5. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting April 6.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravić, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Little Theatre; starting April 14. Makavejev will speak after the 8 P.M. showing on Saturday, April 14.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a carefree, inventive Pop Art animated feature. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Léotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 2; through April 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 6.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WALKING around the other day, we came upon a jaunty old red pickup truck parked outside a building where some noisy renovation was going on. The truck was an International with battered bulbous fenders, and, to judge from some shiny copper pipes sticking out from under a greasy tarpaulin in back, it belonged to a plumber. A ladder and a coil of rope hung from one side. We took a closer look. In the truck bed were faucets of various styles; a pail; loops of tubing; an acetylene tank; clamps; valves; a vise; a can of boiler putty; a wrench; lots more pipe, of assorted kinds and sizes; and a great deal of stuff concealed by the tarpaulin. Two five-foot-long wooden boxes were mounted on either side, but we don't know what was in them. (They were locked.) In the cab of the truck, there were papers attached to the sunshades by rubber bands; other documents were stuffed into a crevice above the door on the passenger side, and a fat coil of wire hung like a necklace from the rear-view mirror. A pouch made of gray adhesive tape was attached to the dashboard near the speedometer; it contained eleven yellow pencils. Next to this, a cluster of nuts and washers dangled on a wire loop. On the dashboard, the seat, and the floor were deep, uneven layers of supplies and equipment. The topmost items included a drill; a flashlight; a box labelled "Deep Cutting Hole Saw (Use Quick Change Arbors);" a tin of grease; a box of Plumbers Abrasive Cloth; rolls of insulated wire; rolls of tape; tubes of sealant; soot remover; adhesive caulking; a screwdriver; a gray wool hat; light fixtures; paper cups; a box of Worm Drive Clamps; an oil can; a folding rule; a can of Off!; batteries; clamp lamps; and bolts. As we walked away, we thought about the tools of *our* trade (a typewriter; paper; sometimes a phone), and we felt deprived.

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Terrorism

WE like to keep in touch with the world of academe by dropping in occasionally on a classroom course. Accordingly, we found ourself one recent morning in a reasonably authentic-looking schoolroom (blackboard, map) just off Gate 22 of the International Arrivals Building at Kennedy International Airport. The course was Terrorism: A Psycho-Social Approach. The students present—nine male, two female—were all full-time employees of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey: a police lieutenant, a couple of detectives, a customs functionary, an airport-operations agent, an electronics technician, and so on. The instructor was Professor Meyer Barash, a sociologist from Hofstra University, who told us just before the class—a two-hour seminar—got under way that he was a mite disappointed in its setting. "I had hoped to be teaching in a hangar at LaGuardia, with my feet dangling from an airplane wing," he said, shouting to make himself heard over a public-address-system announcement of a flight departure. "Please close the door," he said to a student. "We're going nowhere."

R. MacMullan

Mr. Barash began teaching a course about terrorism to undergraduates at Hofstra a year and a half ago, and the Port Authority, glumly aware of the attraction that airports hold for terrorists, invited him to share his expertise with its people. At the time of our visit, he was halfway through the second of two eight-week lecture courses. One of the students on hand, Lieutenant Richard W. Peer, of the Port Authority Police, told us he was a repeater, serving as Professor Barash's assistant for the second course. "I've become addicted," he whispered. "Professor Barash's first course was just a scratch on the surface for me." It came out in the ensuing discussion that Lieutenant Peer had further indulged his craving at a six-day conference on Terrorism and Civil Disorder conducted some weeks earlier by the New Jersey State Police, had listened to a seven-hour lecture there on hostage negotiations, and had remained unsated. "They never did give us the do's and don'ts of how to deal with political terrorists except to say that the big thing is to buy time," he reported.

Mr. Barash tried to buck him up. "Hostage negotiation has a good chance if you're dealing with criminal rather than political terrorists," the Professor said. "In a polarized society like ours, you can't deal very successfully with political terrorists. A bank robber takes a hostage to make it possible for him to escape. The Red Brigades people in Italy who kidnapped Aldo Moro didn't care about their own safety. They would have killed him no matter what."

"What bothers me is that the government is always giving money for studies about terrorism but doesn't have any properly organized groups to combat it," Lieutenant Peer said. "People seem to feel that there's nothing that can be done—that if a terrorist is going to hit you he's going to hit you."

Mr. Barash plucked from a briefcase some papers he had graded—student reactions to a *Times* account of the Greek government's response to terrorism, which were set down after the class had done some reading in the works of a British authority on the subject, Richard L. Clutterbuck. All the essays were above average, the teacher said, but he felt constrained to add, "All of us writing about terrorism get into a twilight zone where you have to make assertions without proofs."

One of the detective students, who said he had lately been involved extracurricularly in trying to solve the multi-million-dollar Lufthansa-warehouse robbery at Kennedy, asked whether a captured terrorist had the legal right to consider himself a prisoner of war.

"If you're a political terrorist and you're sufficiently alienated from society, you're always at war" was Mr. Barash's only answer.

"There are not enough police or security people on earth to cover every terrorist target," Lieutenant Peer observed.

"That's right," said Mr. Barash. "There is an infinity of targets."

He suggested that the class might sometime like to meet one of the students taking his Hofstra course—a reformed terrorist. "If you know the life style of terrorists, it may be easier for you to handle security here," he said. Then he paused, gazed at the class encouragingly, and went on, "Fortunately, airports are not the big thing right now for terrorists. They're more into kidnap and ransom."

The class looked relieved.

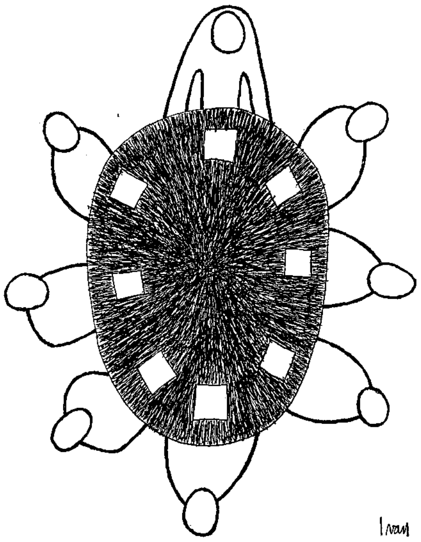
Circus Time

SIX-THIRTY A.M. Cold and clear, with a challenging breeze from the Hudson. Just east of Twelfth Avenue in a lot between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh Streets, low sunlight is splashing off the tops of silver railroad cars belonging to the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus—thirty-eight of them, on five tracks—which, along with a fleet of silver trucks, yellow buses, trailers, motorcycles, and cars, arrived last night around midnight from Baltimore. The lot is perhaps a mile from Madison Square Garden, where the circus will open tonight. The only person in sight is a young photographer, taking pictures of the Ringling Brothers lettering—splendid white capitals outlined in black on a red background—on the sides of the railroad cars. "They've already taken the cats into the Garden," he tells us. "The elephants are still boarded up. There's a parade around nine-thirty this morning."

From between trailers, an elderly woman in slacks appears, being pulled along by a large taffy-colored chow on a leash. We admire the dog, and the woman says cheerfully, "She's just about run me to death this morning," and then they are gone.

The railroad cars give no clue to their contents, except that some are passenger cars and some are freight cars—there is straw sticking out of one partly opened door—and we wonder what animals are where. The photographer passes by again, so we ask him. "There's an elephant there," he says, pointing to a freight car that has a two-foot-square window with a metal grate over it. We step closer to the car, and suddenly smell the hearty, evocative, promising, and piercing smell of *circus*. Behind the grate, what we thought was an umber-colored curtain or a piece of wood is definitely elephant hide: deep wrinkles, furrows, ancient cross-hatchings. Mysterious; alien; awesome. *It moves*. We stare at it, fascinated. Then we hurry back to the avenue and into a small, blue-painted diner to get warm.

It is smoky, pleasant, and crowded, and we sit next to some men who work for the circus. "I work on the maintenance of the railroad cars," one of them tells us. He is a lean, bony man with a lined face, deep-set eyes, and graying curly hair. His work gloves, oily and still holding the configuration of his hands, lie on the counter next to his coffee cup. He is wearing a stained jumpsuit, a flannel shirt, work boots, and a red wool hat with the words "RICHMOND SPIDERS" knitted into it. "I bought this cap in Richmond, Virginia," the man says, taking it off and examining it. "I don't know who the Spiders are."



"The Spiders are the University of Richmond's football team," says a companion.

"I didn't have this but a week before somebody cut the top off," the first man says ruefully, and he shows us the damage.

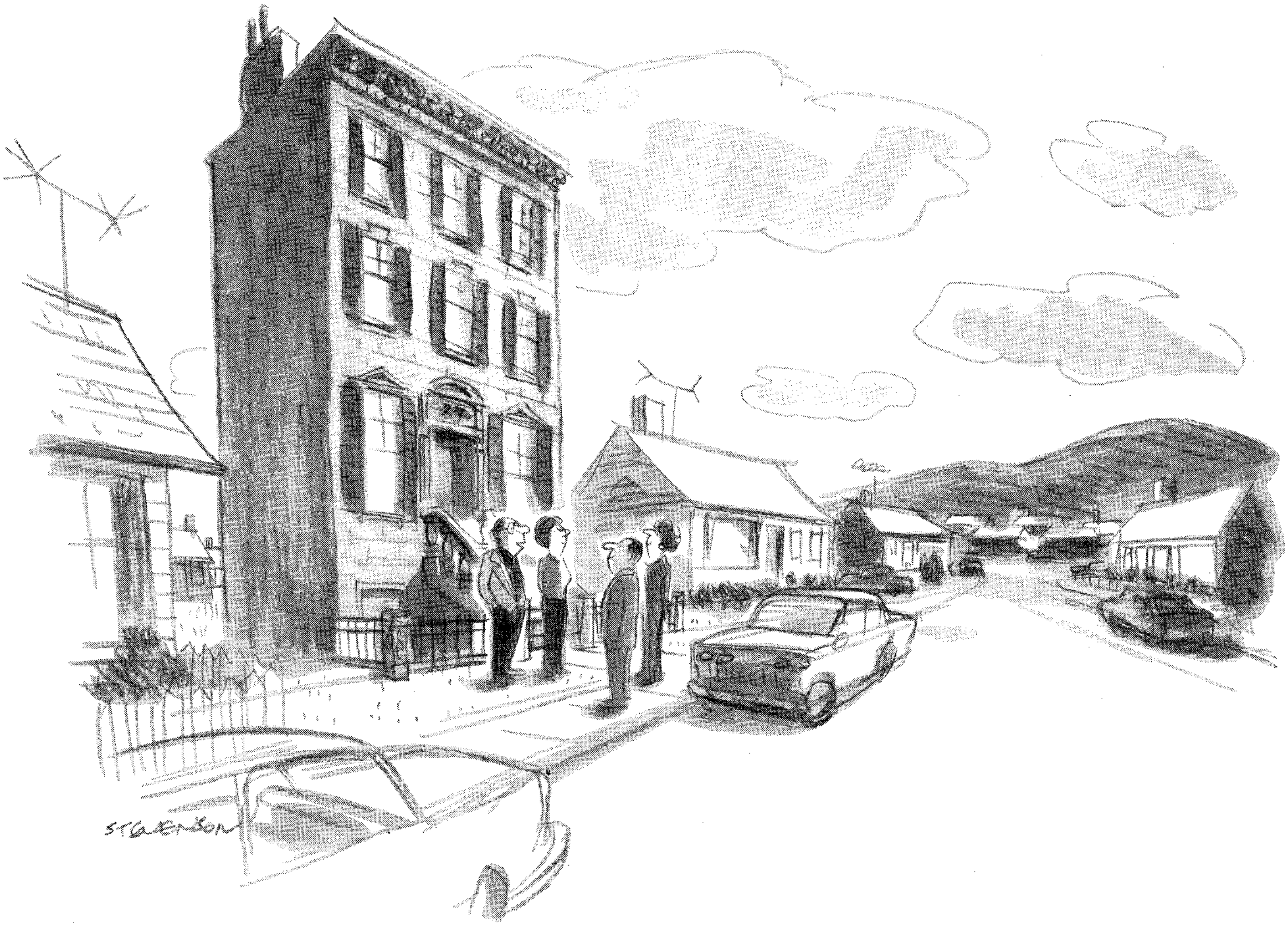
We ask him if he's seen this year's circus.

"Not yet," he says. "I see it once a year—usually when I get to some place where I've got relatives." He smiles. "I don't intend to see it this year until I reach California."

He lights a cigarette, and we ask him how he likes the work.

"I like it. Before this, I worked with a carnival. I was with a travelling fun house with rotating barrels. We had a forty-foot trailer pulled by a ten-speed Ford. You'd drive five hundred miles to the fairgrounds, unload, put up slippery steel poles in the mud and rain, plug in the electricity, then sleep on a canvas on the floor next to the barrels, then take it all down, pack it in the trailer, and drive five hundred more miles. This is a little bit *better!*" He drinks some coffee. "On the road, you see things other people haven't seen," he says. "I like the Painted Desert, and parts of Colorado. I like between Sacramento and Reno. I like Virginia City. I guess I like northern Nevada the best of all. I've worked at every kind of job there is. I'm forty-two. I've worked at Boeing in Seattle, Washington. Worked in Reno as a busboy. Four years in the U.S. Navy. Did construction on a gold-and-silver mine. Picked oranges in Southern California. That was the worst, I guess. I was up on a ladder leaning against a branch, reaching out for oranges, like this—and the branch gave way. Crash." He grinned. "I worked on an assembly line in Lansing, Michigan, where I was born in the first place. Painting around doors. That paid the most money. My father dropped dead, and I had to get him buried. When I got him buried, then I left." He pauses. "A man has to have a reason to stay put," he says. "I never had a reason to."

A walkie-talkie squawks on the counter nearby, and the man's companion picks it up, speaks, listens. It is time for them to resume work. We shake hands and say goodbye. A well-dressed woman comes into the diner



"We always wanted a brownstone, but prices were sky-high, so we decided to move out of the city and build."

leading three small children. "What time is the parade?" she asks.

The Ages of Woman

THE Fragrance Foundation invited Dr. Susan Schiffman, Associate Professor, Department of Psychiatry, Duke Medical Center, to make an after-luncheon speech at the Plaza Hotel one day last month. Dr. Schiffman was asked by the Fragrance Foundation to try to explain to the guests, about two hundred perfume manufacturers and suppliers, an idea that the Fragrance Foundation had come up with, the idea being "The Five Fragrance Ages and Stages of Woman: Pre-Teen, Teen, Young Adult, Middle Age, Matron." From where we sat, this is some of what we heard Dr. Schiffman say:

"Thank you for a lovely introduction. Chemical senses are the most evolved . . . little bumps on your tongue . . . little oranges . . . emotional seat of the brain . . . a rat's brain . . . tongue . . . taste buds . . . olfactory receptors . . . turnover every ten days . . . moth-eaten by the time you get to be fifty-five . . . for some reason, turnover every thirty days . . . taste and smell acuity . . . taste buds . . . olfactory receptors . . . olfactory . . . hormones . . . taste and smell . . . depressed . . . a weight problem . . . mother and father saying territory to be established . . . I run a weight-loss unit . . . area of the brain . . . developing cigarettes for the Arabs . . . smell has something to do with territoriality . . . territoriality . . . of shame among young women. . . . the first use of fragrance may be to define . . . very interested in female psychology . . . in the thirties, more comfortable . . . sexuality . . . emotional stimulant . . . sexual reason . . . overweight women . . . ten million receptor cells in the olfactory system . . . don't know what it is about musks that makes them, you know, so musky . . ."

Observation

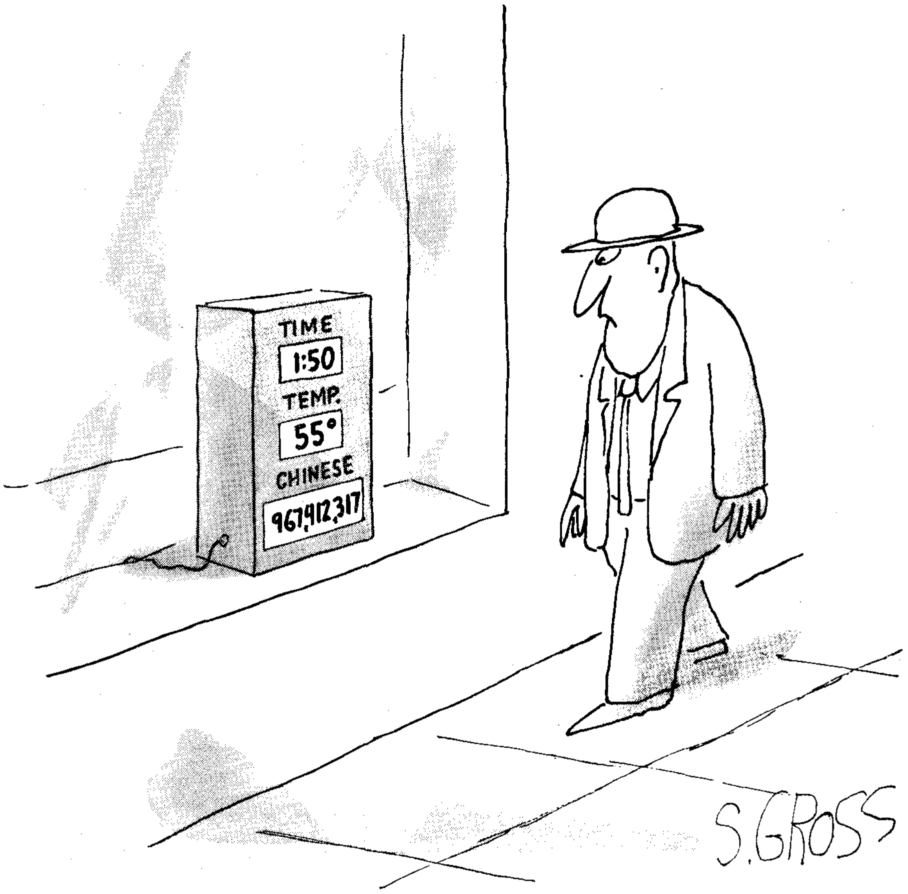
THREE hundred speech pathologists disguised as theatregoers looked on, one night a week or so ago, as an elegant white-haired woman named Emily Stilson sat reading; as she glanced around her, puzzled, hearing the clock on a nearby table stop ticking and resume ticking again; as she let the book slip from her hands; as she was taken, very frightened, to an echoing hospital, having had a stroke. We noticed there was dead silence in the audience while it listened to her perception of the doctors consulting at her bedside (they said "Mrs. Stilson, makey your naming powers?" and "Can do peeperear?" and "Pollycadjis" and "Sewyladda" and, nodding gravely, "Hmm-hmm") and while it heard her attempting to communicate with another doctor (he asked her to repeat after him "We live across the street from the school," and she repeated "Malacats on the forturay are the kesterfats of the romancers") and while it watched a young woman named Amy help her learn to speak again. Nobody rustled a program when Emily Stilson was sitting on a snow-covered bench trying to think of the word for "snow" and asking Amy

"Where do you get names from?" or when Amy answered "From in here"—pointing to her head—"same as you." But when Emily Stilson made Amy admit that she didn't know exactly *how* it was done and when she finally cried, in exasperation, "Then how am I supposed to *learn*?" we heard the loudest rush of laughter of the evening.

After that particular performance of Arthur Kopit's one-act play "Wings," the everyday theatregoers meandered out of the theatre, but the speech pathologists sat patiently in their seats while five chairs were brought onstage, except that a number of them who had been sitting in the balcony moved down closer to the stage. By the time the five chairs were filled—Dr. Russell Malone, the moderator and the public-information director for the American Speech-Language-Hearing Association (A.S.L.H.A.), who organized the evening's symposium, introduced, one by one, Mr. Kopit; Constance Cummings, who had played Emily Stilson; Mary-Joan Negro, who had played Amy; and Jacqueline Doolittle, a speech pathologist associated with the Burke Rehabilitation Center, in White Plains—the orchestra section was again filled, too. At the moment when Miss Cummings came back onstage and sat down, everyone clapped, and quite a few people called out "Brava!"

Then there were questions and answers. Consulting-room murmurs went through the theatre when someone asked if the play was clinically accurate. Dissent in the ranks, which Mr. Kopit and Mrs. Doolittle dispelled to a certain extent, answering yes, explaining that the experiences of several patients went into the character of Emily Stilson. One of those patients was Mrs. Doolittle herself. Some years ago, she'd suffered a head injury in a car accident, and recovered. "When Arthur began work on the play, he used what I knew about both sides of the experience," she said. In the play, Emily Stilson concludes that the hospital she's in is not a hospital at all but a farmhouse disguised as a hospital. "That was me," Mrs. Doolittle went on. "A nurse brought flowers into my room one day, and I resented those flowers dreadfully. I felt that I had been captured, and that my captors were taking the easy way out, bringing me flowers to show we were in the country. Somewhere along the line, I began thinking I was in a farmhouse. I concluded that I was the victim of a conspiracy, and that I had to watch what I said when they were interrogating me. I remember thinking, If that's the way they want to play it, I must be very, very cautious."

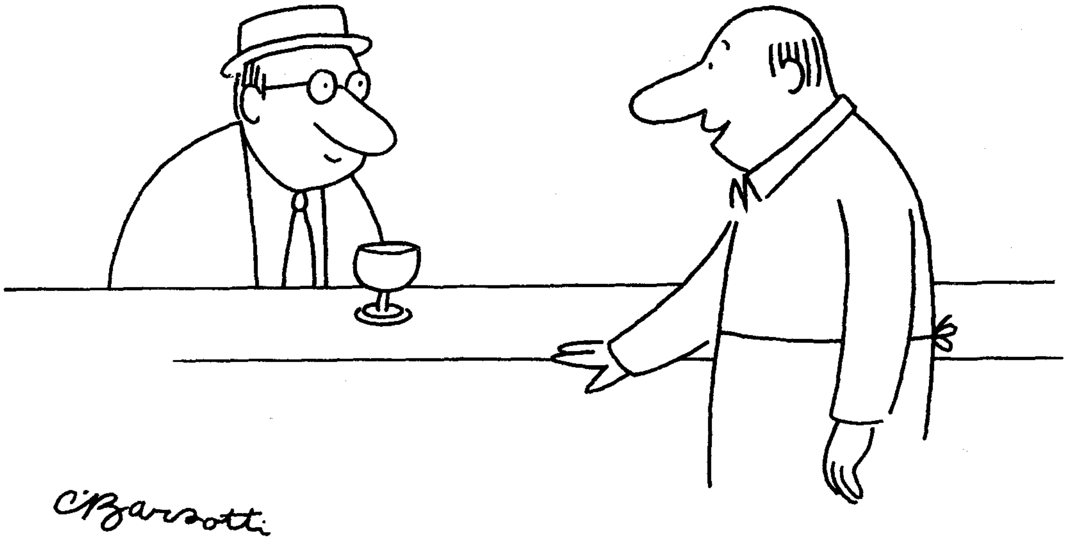
Another source was a former aviatrix and wing-walker who'd had a stroke, and whom Mr. Kopit met during a visit to Burke, where his father was recovering from a stroke. Mr. Kopit spent time talking with her, then began studying airplanes and also brain damage—in his mind, wings roiled around with split-up language—and much of her life and her spirit eventually ended up in the play. He turned to other patients at Burke. One, a woman in her late twenties named Nancy, was a patient of Mrs. Doolittle's at the time, and an extremely unusual one. She is left-handed, and we later learned that, while in right-handed people speech is controlled almost wholly by the left hemisphere of the brain, in some left-handed people some verbal control is ceded to the right hemisphere, which in them controls the act of writing, so that when the left side of the brain is damaged by a stroke left-handed people are at an advantage. But left-handed people are relatively few, and left-handed people enjoying this "advantage" are fewer, so patients like Nancy are rare. Mr. Kopit made Emily Stilson left-handed.



Now Mr. Kopit said, "I had tapes from Burke, of Nancy and other patients, and I was astounded, first off, by the beauty of the language. 'Malacats on the forturay' was Nancy. Working on the play, I didn't change much of what I heard, but sometimes, if I had other ideas, I would call Jacquie and say, 'Have you ever known anyone to do this?' "

He looked across to where Mrs. Doolittle sat, and she smiled and said, "I'd tell him, 'Arthur, if she's left-handed, no one really knows *what* is going on.' He wanted it to be perfectly accurate, though." Mrs. Doolittle explained that Emily Stilson became a composite, showing symptoms in the play of both Wernicke's aphasia (the patient has poor comprehension but great fluency, yet speaks an incomprehensible jargon) and Broca's aphasia (the patient has moments of better comprehension but difficulty expressing himself, though what words he says make sense to the listener). She added, "Some people think it would be unusual to see a patient slipping back and forth between the two, but Nancy did. With left-handed patients you can never tell." We glanced around. Some members of the audience were nodding in agreement, some were whispering to their neighbors, some looked as though they were thinking up questions to ask.

Later, someone asked Mrs. Doolittle what her first breakthrough was when she was aphasic. She said that, in that farmhouse, she didn't stop being suspicious until a nurse finally understood



“That’s on the house, because you’re such a jolly good fellow.”

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what she had been trying to say. “I felt that the room I was in was filthy, and I tried to explain to her what was wrong, and she *knew!* Her name was Gretchen Grosenbeck, and she came into my room then with a cloth and some Lysol, and I felt, At last! Here was someone who would do something *my* way. Here was someone I could trust.”

In the play, Amy is that person for Emily Stilson. (Nurses bring Emily pudding when she has tried to ask them not to, and pillows when she has tried to ask for a sweater.) Mary-Joan Negro was asked how she prepared for her part. When she got it, she said, she began observing speech pathologists at work up at Burke, and she noticed that a therapist will create an atmosphere of relaxation around a patient, to make it easier for the patient to speak freely. Then she paused, shook her head, and grinned. “Before the play,” she said, “I didn’t even know what a speech pathologist *was*. Not many people do.” The audience laughed indulgently.

Mr. Kopit said, “Amy is never identified in the play as a speech pathologist. For Emily Stilson, she is just a person who comes in and talks to her. Maybe if there’s ever a sequel—‘Wings II’—Emily can return and go up to Amy and say ‘Who *are* you?’ ”

After several further questions, Dr. Malone directed the speech pathologists to the Sheraton Centre hotel, several blocks uptown, where a reception was being held by A.S.L.H.A., but a few people gathered down by the stage to clear up some miscellaneous points with Mrs. Doolittle, Miss Cummings, and Mr. Kopit, who had remained behind. Among them was a middle-aged woman in a black wool coat who was urgently asking a younger woman to lend her a pen, saying, “They don’t like it when you ask for an autograph and you don’t have your own pen.” She held out her copy of *Playbill* for Mr. Kopit to sign, and, for the first time since the lights went down that evening, we realized we had seen a play.

Lamb Storm

WE ran into our English friend and found her looking unusually cheerful. When we asked about this, she told us the following story:

I’m so relieved to be safely back in town and to see the spring at last. I’ve been in the Yorkshire Dales for a fortnight, completely snowed in. My Uncle Willie said when I arrived that all the older farmers were comparing this winter to the legendary long freeze of ’47. “Let’s hope it’s over now,” he added. He was looking out the window, comfortably fingering his watch chain, and, as he spoke, the skies began to darken and the flakes began to fall again. “It’s coming up for lambing time, and we often get a bit of a storm around now” was what he said then. “Even if we do get a covering, it can’t possibly lie for long.” He’s been hill farming for a lifetime, and his weather lore is mostly right. But what Uncle Willie thought would be a harmless, passing “lamb storm” turned out to be something more.

For three full days and nights, the blizzard blew. Blinding clouds of whiteness swirled up and down and sidewise, bowling themselves into giant drifts. Through the window of the sturdy old stone farmhouse we watched the patchwork of stone-walled fields vanish from the nearest hill. Then the horizon as well was blotted out with white. The huge old trees that cluster round the windward gable swayed and moaned, shifting their fretwork of bare black branches against the blinding air. On the third day, we saw a solitary crow battle a buffeted course across the raging sky. At last, the storm began to tire. Then life came creeping out of hiding into a world transformed. We moled our own way out of the door and round to the coal shed to replenish the fuel supply. Only the top course of the shed’s man-high walls of dark-gray stone was showing, sticking out through white shoulders of drifts. A hare, looking as big as a pony, went through nibbling motions in a corner of a field that seemed to have shrunk because of its wall-to-wall carpet of snow. A red-and-brown pheasant, strangely stilt-legged, strutted over the icy crust. Country switchboards buzzed as people marooned from their neighbors exclaimed, compared, and voiced their longings for a real good thawing wind. My aunts all burdened the system further as they rang to ask each other if they had “yest” and flour in the house to bake a batch of loaves, at least. Tales were told of fifty-foot drifts at the head of nearby dales. We heard of weary farmers plodding up hills through chest-high snow, poking about with long-handled crooks in deep drifts in the lee of walls and gullies in the moor, and hurrying to rescue the heavy-bellied ewes that panted in darkness under the snow. Uncle Willie said the tough fell breeds could survive entombed like that for three or four days. Immense herringbone ribbons of tractor treads unfurled across the snowy hillsides as men ferried bales of hay to hungry stock.

And slowly, slowly, the lamb storm melted. Almost imperceptibly, the white snow shoulders hunched down beside the walls, and the moss-covered stones could be seen again. And then came a day of proper sunshine and a night filled with rushing and roaring as snow slithered down from the mountains and filled the valley streams. At last, the steep road below the house was passable again. Feeling a springtime liberation, I walked down the lane, on the first leg of my journey back to New York.

MR. WINSTON

HE had been for over twenty years an associate professor of English at a university near the District of Columbia. Now he found himself shunted by his son into—what was this, an extended-care facility? The Washington hospital where Mr. Winston had been treated for double pneumonia had recommended the place. The pneumonia had been very severe, and one of his lungs collapsed, causing a long convalescence. However, that was the previous autumn, and now in late winter (it was March) he considered himself almost well. There was certainly no reason for his son and the doctors to force him to stay in this second institution. A less temperate and intelligent man might well feel resentful. Why, he did not even see his own pension and Social Security checks. Who had the power to endorse them? His son complained in his infrequent letters that the charges for his father's care were highway robbery. A private room, which Mr. Winston had hoped for, was plainly out of the question. The old basement efficiency apartment up on Massachusetts Avenue to which he might have gone had been relinquished by his son without so much as consulting him. When he asked about his furniture, his books, the little objects he had collected or inherited, he was assured they were in storage. There would be time enough, his son said, to get things together again when he was completely well.

Young doctors he had seen often over at the hospital came now only at his insistence. "You're doing fine, Professor," the young doctors said. "Let's hold on to our gains." When Mr. Winston pressed matters and asked for a date when he could be released, there was a hint of disapproval. He was one of the lucky ones, they said. Don't push. They talked about the exciting activities here at extended care. Social workers came to see him and urged classes in crafts, held in the big, bright hobby room with a live fire in the middle guarded on all sides by smoothly sliding fire screens. They took him to game rooms, nearly deserted, where a handful of other ambulatory patients threw darts at targets or called out numbers at bingo. Among the frail participants, there was a hilarity that Mr. Winston found ridiculously out of place.

Still, he was gaining strength. He walked slowly between high polished windows, watched the northern-Virginia sun quicken its intensity. He examined again the dustless draperies and the many inviting tables, each with fresh flowers hustled in at morning. Everything possible was done to deny the atmosphere created by the majority of the patients sitting back in their wheelchairs, pasty-faced and mute, as from some vanished rage. The only talkers were the addicts, and those of them who could walk followed the dozy maintenance people about as they pretended to check a thermostat or remove a scuff mark from the shining floors, always with an eye out for the bribe to slip in whiskey and cigarettes.

When Mr. Winston was not in the morning room, with its fresh rosebuds, or a game room, or under the rhinestone-studded chandeliers of the dining room, he was in his own room with three other residents, each extremely old and silent. There was a television set, always on, hung high enough so the controls could not be reached. The three roommates did not look at this or at each other. Their eyes stared straight ahead like the eyes of mounted stags, and it was at first unnerving to Mr. Winston that they knew enough to open their mouths for medicine when it was offered, and to move their bodies appropriately as they were dressed or undressed. They had about them no sign of discontent, each in his clean, bright clothes, chosen for what the nurse's aides described as "happy" colors. The aides asked each patient what he would like to wear that day, and they rattled on with opinions as to what they thought looked best, and how the patients, if they weren't watched, would try to get by with wearing the same happy color two days in a row and spoil everything. To nullify the sound of this silliness and the steady noise of the television, Mr. Winston had good luck. He found he could think in print. He said nothing at all that did not first pass before his inner eye. Even then, when he spoke to himself it was in a cultivated whisper. He preferred the third person. Singular, of course.

"He is sixty-nine years old."

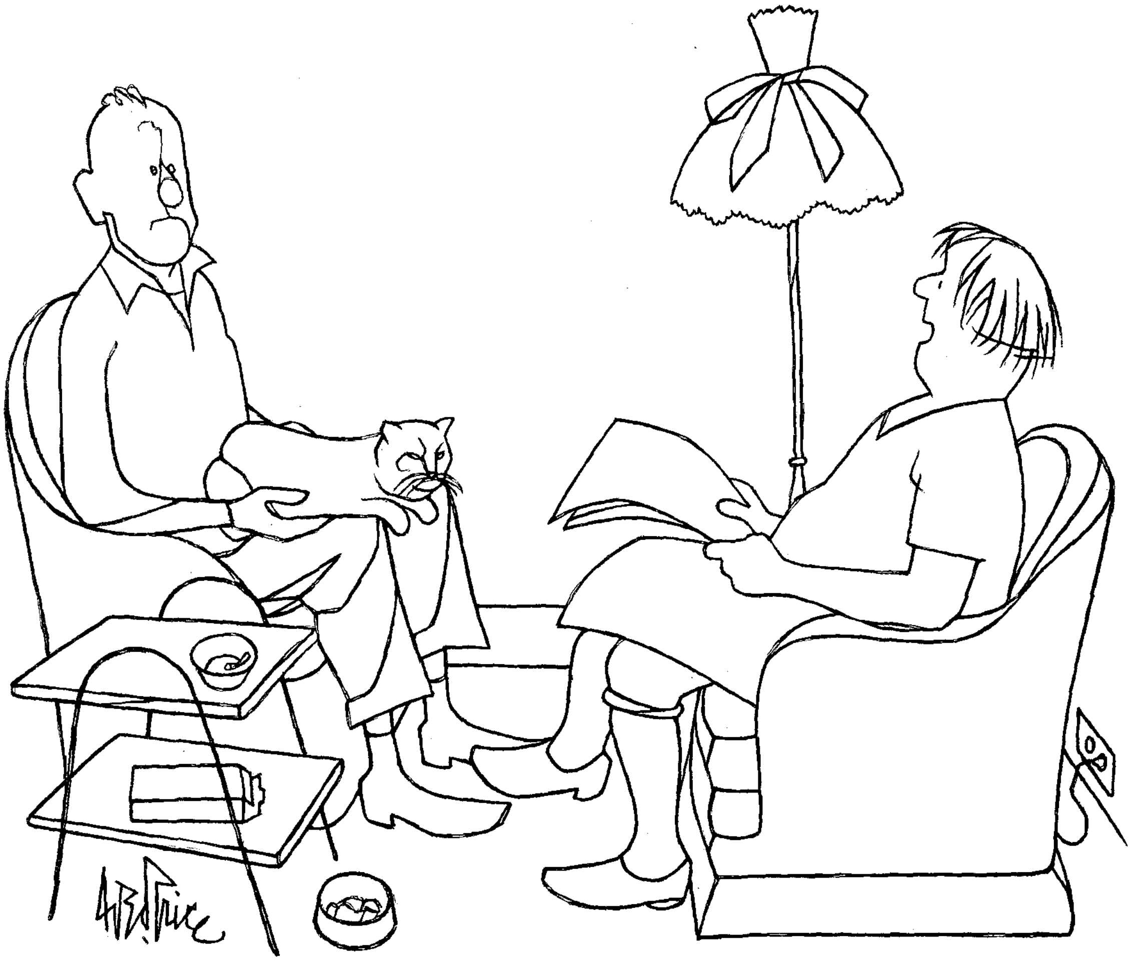
"He loved a drink and that was his only fault."

"He has no home."

This way, in his room, he outlined himself afresh, half believing that the sheer truth of what he said would somehow aggregate, and, in total, offer a solution, no matter how complicated, to the problem of his involuntary detention.

MR. WINSTON belonged to that class of intelligent men who bow to the inexorable logic of fate. Years before, he had accepted the loss of tenure at the university, where he had hoped to teach until an honorable retirement. To fill in the years and support himself, he had taken work as a sales clerk at an exclusive Washington men's store. He did not argue the opinion of others that drinking had caused his faithful wife, whom he remembered kindly, to divorce him. He accepted his grown son's contemptuous politeness as what, after all, he was due. He had never been a father for camping trips or heart-to-heart talks. Only his daughter, Estella, eluded a succinct recollection. When he demanded of years past a definite vision of her, what he saw was a dazzling creature in a floor-length coat, smoking a cigarette and laughing. She would come no closer—not close enough for him even to perceive her features or confirm a velvety youth. She had married well, he was told, despite everything. But she must have had a girlhood, an infancy. It was lost. His son he could see clearly, lifting weights in his bedroom and staring morosely at a father who had no right to interrupt the muscle-building activities. And that boy had grown up and forfeited him to this money-hungry institution. Well, well.

He mustn't go back too far—especially now, when he seemed to feel things more. Nevertheless, Mr. Winston went back far enough to wish he had devoted his life to scholarship. In graduate school, some of his work was superlative. If he had never married and incurred two helpless infants. If he had stuck to books and whiskey. Or if Mrs. Winston had worked. A supplement to his salary as a professor would have kept down anxiety. Anxiety, the print in his mind read, is the prerequisite of sin. Niebuhr said that, didn't he? And although no sin was involved in this case, he remembered feeling a good deal of anxiety. Yes, scholarship was what he was bound for before excessive responsibilities sapped his strength. Life had whittled away at him until at the time he retired from Men's Apparel he had no family and only two modest monthly checks. He enjoyed his closet-sized efficiency on Massachusetts Avenue. He remembered with scalding clarity a liquor cabinet, full, and three walls lined with books—



"Apparently, they were well-to-do. It says here she brained him with a polo mallet."

Gide, Camus, Nabokov. Shakespeare, gold-leafed and bound in leather. He lived for books, the print said, and he repeated this truth aloud.

In looking for keys to problems, one should overlook nothing. He had been born and bred an Episcopalian, and for all he knew he remained one. In such a predicament as this illegal confinement, perhaps it would help to communicate with the Trinity. "Christ have mercy," he said. "I have done those things which I ought not to have done, and I have not done those things which I ought to have done, and there is no health in me." The words paraphrased from the prayer book and from his years as an acolyte lay still in their own poetics.

The Red Cross. He had taken out an executive of that organization once—a dewy-eyed girl with a hysterical laugh and half a dozen good qualities. But even back then, according to her, the Red Cross played to the grandstand. They would certainly never defy the establishment and take you away from physicians.

In his room, Mr. Winston looked hopelessly into the faces of his three immobile companions. "Nobody left will go against the doctors," he said aloud, with such force he was astonished. "What I need is a writ of habeas corpus."

Suddenly one of the three helpless men nodded vigorously, as if he were in agreement. Mr. Winston glanced away, startled and offended. The mien of the old and the ill was depressing enough without somebody unexpectedly coming to life. Controlling himself, he stole a sharper glance at the old man who had nodded. He was small, dieted by the powers that be, no doubt, as there were folds of flesh around his jowls and shrivelled neck. His eyes, faded colorless, certainly had something wily in their set. How much had he heard all along? It really didn't matter, but it made Mr. Winston uneasy to think that this anonymous old sufferer might have been privy to the scattered tidbits whispered out of his own scholarly turmoil. However, as the only one in command of his faculties, he should be gracious, and he went over to the nodder's wheelchair and put a brotherly hand on the arthritic little shoulder, secure in the knowledge that he was closing out the encounter. Before he could remove his hand, something happened that was completely unexpected. Instead of letting well enough alone, the man tensed in his wheelchair and uttered a loud cry. The sound was neither human nor animal. It was a kind of shriek—bizarre and almost playful.

Mr. Winston did not hesitate, but, tying his robe about him, he set off down the hall with as quick a step as his lungs would allow toward the first of the game rooms. There, there, the print ran. The old man cannot repeat anything. He is dysphasic. It was the temptation to be kind that stirred things up. When death is imminent (and the word "imminent" was in italics), it is wiser to let things be, not try to make contact. There was more print, but Mr. Winston was very tired. And nervous, too, to think what mischief he might have caused by agitating a terminal-care patient.

When he reached the game-room window, he looked outside to grow calmer. Almost overnight, forsythia and spirea had bloomed against the limestone walls that swept around the lawn. While he fretted, spring had come to Virginia. His only task now was to get out of here. By summer he must be out. He would go apartment hunting with the storage receipt for his things safely tucked in his billfold. And once settled, he believed he would get a dog. Not a show dog or even a dog of any particular breed. Why, he might even be blind, an outcast, just needing a real home. Mr. Winston withdrew his eyes reluctantly from the newly minted yellow blooms along the forsythia hedges, for he must go to the dining room. It was eleven-thirty.

—BERRY MORGAN

•

Wagner was immoral, anti-Semitic, dishonest and generally nasty. Halfgang Amadeus Mozart wrote the sublime "Et incornatus est" and almost at the same time filled his letters and notebooks with dirty stories.—*Byron Belt in the Springfield (Mass.) Sunday Republican.*

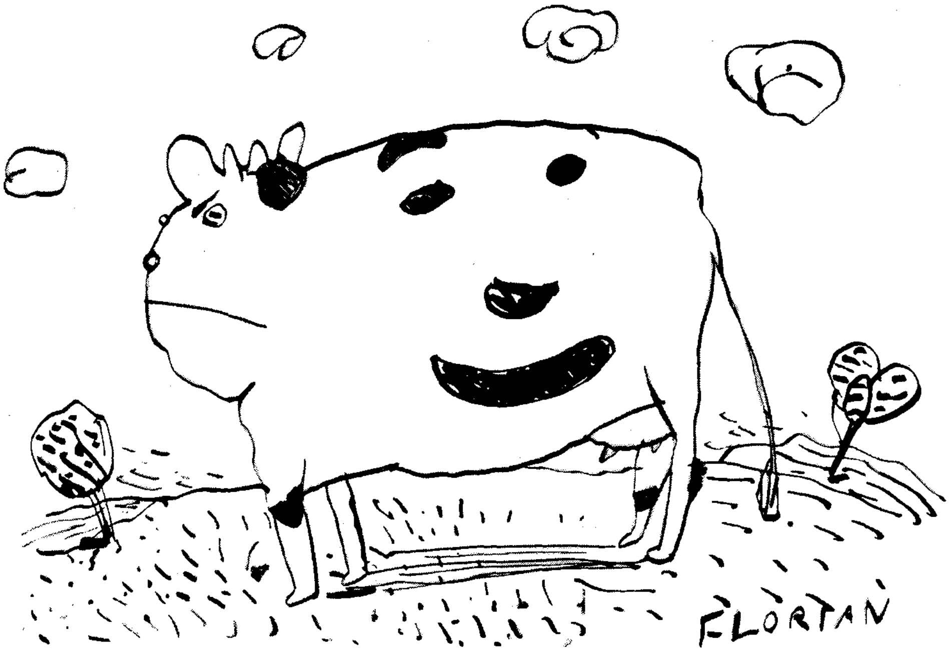
You should have heard his brother, Chaingang.

GHOSTS

THERE are three women from my childhood who haunt me, who keep coming back, almost like spectres, to retell their tale. They represent defiance, glamour, and a kind of innocence that I find absent from my later world. They were all tall, and if I had to liken them to anything it would be to those paintings of winter trees with scarcely a leaf left and a wind about to blow them down. Indeed, in that part of Ireland the wind played havoc with the trees.

The first of them went periodically mad, and one day during one of those bouts she walked into our kitchen wielding an ash plant. Our back door was always open, and there was a Wellington boot to it to keep it ajar. She was called Mabel, and at once she struck out at everything she could see. Her consummate anger was vented on our pale wooden dresser, and I worried for the beautiful plates that were wedged in along the back. They were plates that my mother had won at a carnival in Coney Island long before. They were the nicest thing in the whole kitchen. They were white china plates with a different flower on each one. The plate I loved most had a strange spiral flower that was not like the flowers that grew in the fields. I feared for all of them but principally for it. Mabel lashed out and said that they were dirty, filthy, said that the whole place was a dive and full of muck and that she was going to see to it that we cleaned our premises. I went in under the table, a place I often resorted to, and where pups or dogs often followed. Once, I believe, I had got bitten by a hound there and had suffered serious consequences because of a septic gland on the neck, which had to be operated on; but nevertheless a hiding place was a hiding place and safer than the big space of the tiled kitchen, what with its slipperiness and its dark-green, distempered walls with the holy pictures that spoke of agony and woe.

So Mabel went on expressing her dislike of our way of life, of my mother's brown bread—she made horrible faces, as if she were taking cascara—of the oilcloth on the table, of the dust in the brown corduroy cushions on the lounge chair. As far as we knew, her own house was a pigsty. She lived there with her two brothers and an invalid mother, and no one ever cleaned it. The veterinary surgeon used to say that he had to fumigate himself after he had been to their back kitchen to get hot water or his fee. Their house was called Waterpark, and there was a river nearby. It flooded in the winter, and their fields were swampy. They had an old piano in the sitting room, and there they kept bags of sugar and flour and also a machine in which they pulped mangels and turnips. Their voices were forever raised. That was all we knew about them, and when we children had occasion to pass their gateway we would run, and tell each other that the maddies had come to catch us. Her brother Dinny used to chase girls and ask them into the kitchen garden for sugarplums, even when plums were not in season. He, too, used to be carted to the asylum.

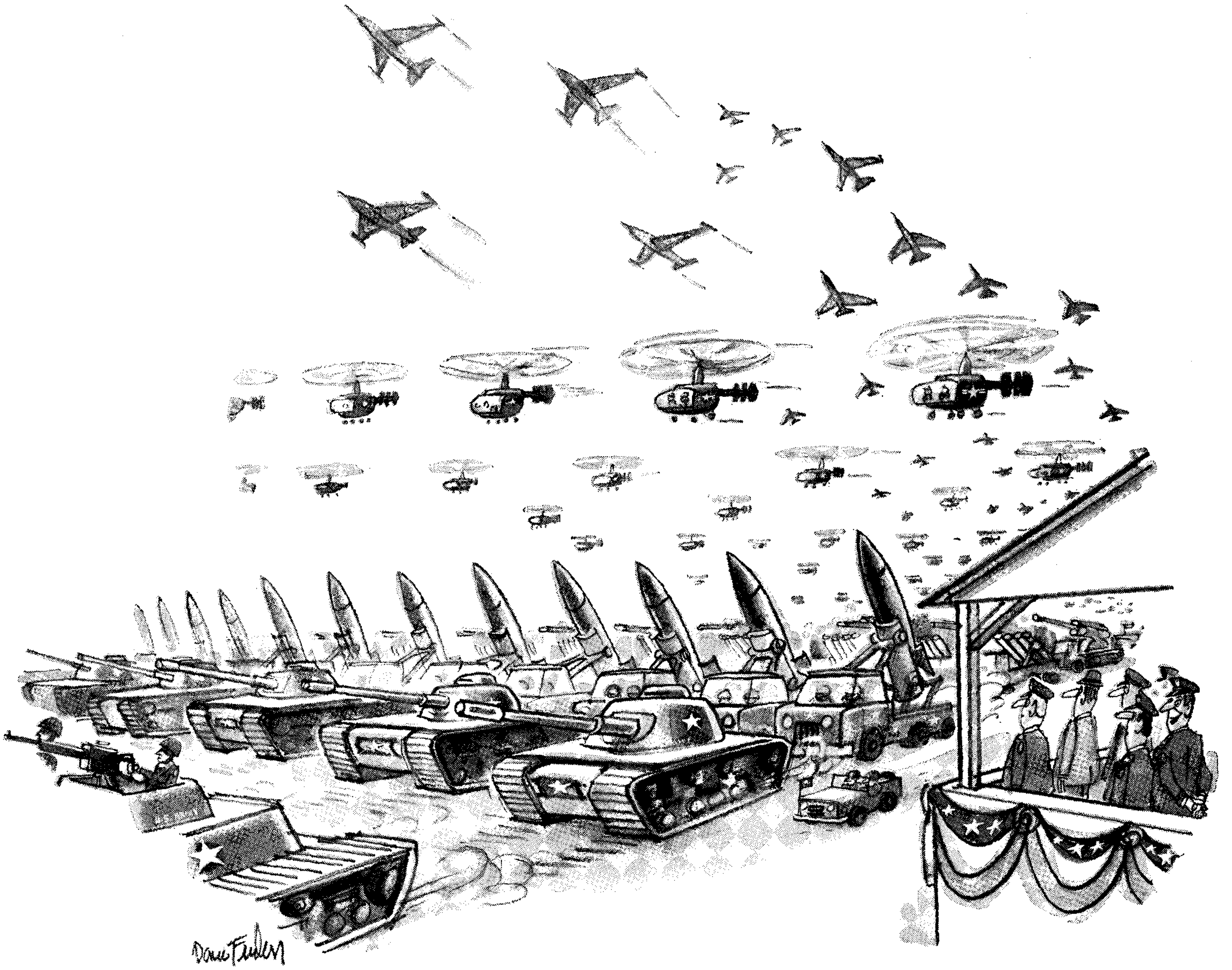


Now Mabel was in our house and behaving as if she were a governess, as if she had a right to open cupboards and object to spilled sugar or spilled oatmeal and to say "disgusting," and repeat it until she was singing it on a very high wavery note. It was just as well we did not own a piano or have our concertina. The local sergeant had borrowed it for a wedding.

My mother calmed her by sitting her down in the lounge chair and giving her a mug of tea and cake. It was a marble cake, and Mabel marvelled at the three colors that composed each slice. They were like a painting, with more brown than green and the plain egg color in the center acting as a barrier between the two other tempting colors. My mother then showed her the green essence that she had used, and suddenly Mabel became softspoken and our house became the loveliest nest in the world. She brooded for a moment as she chewed. She chewed very determinedly, as if she were tasting each crumb. She was a thin creature, and she wore high-heeled, laced brogues.

All of a sudden, she ventured to say that her mother and father should never have married because they were misfits. She said that her mother had only married him because he had given her "coaxyorum." My mother asked what that was, and Mabel lowered her head and pointed to the little bottle of essence and asked if she could have a drop. After taking a spoonful of green syrup, she was all soppy and babyish, rubbing her chest in slow circular strokes. "Coaxyorum," she said, was like that. Long ago, her father had got up on a ladder, had gone into her mother's bedroom, had given her mother this potion, and before she knew where she was the mother was being carried down the ladder and into a sidecar and off to the father's house—in fact, to Waterpark. Her mother's family had disowned her and never spoke to her again.

Mabel became so happy that at dusk she refused to go home. My mother bribed her by putting a hunk of cake in clean greaseproof paper and by giving her a pom-pom that she had taken a fancy to, but she would not budge. I remember how she clung to the brown polished bars of the lounge chair when our hired man tried to rouse her, and eventually he had to threaten her with the poker, for by now we were her dire enemies again and our house was a pigsty. She flounced off, threw the cake on the cement flags outside, trampled



“You call that a pitiful, helpless giant?”

• •

on it, and got into the cart the hired man had brought round, shouting with the utmost vehemence, “We don’t need you, we don’t need you, we don’t bloody need you!” The last I saw of her, she was standing in the cart and then, as he got the mare into a gallop, falling down, but all the while continuing her shout of defiance. “We don’t need you, we don’t bloody need you!”

THE next of these women was my godmother, Nancy, a dream figure in a long motor coat and dangling from her arm a lizard handbag with a beautiful amber clasp. I can even now hear it being opened and shut as she would take out her cigarette case or her lace-edged hankie, or look in it for no reason—though perhaps it was to gaze in the little mirror in the side pocket. Every time she came to our house, she brought her own box camera, so her visits and her lovely clothes are all perpetuated, though many of them have come out blurred. She was a flirt. I did not know all that it meant, but I knew that she was a flirt. She would look at men, she would drink them in, and then make a movement, or a flurry of movements, with her swallow, and she would gulp as if it were sherbet or lemonade or something fizzy. She came to our house whenever there was a dress dance in the village and she would arrive a day or two before and stay a day or two after.

The day before, she would put oatmeal packs on her face and then a beaten egg white, and my mother and she would laugh and pose as they tried on her clothes. She always brought an attaché case full of style. There would be at least two dance dresses, her fur stole with the dark stripes that seemed in danger of coming alive or purring, two or three purses, dance shoes, and a beautiful perfume spray. I would be let hold it in my hand, let squeeze its soft, thick rubber nozzle, and presently the air of the room would be imbued with this near-religious smell and I, at least, was transported elsewhere. Sometimes she brought clothes that were on approval, and these, being new, were the most coveted and the most beautiful. She brought an Astrakhan coat that she and my mother took turns trying on, and they must have tried it on ten or fifteen times one wet morning. Then I was allowed to try it on, but at once had to take it off, because it was trailing along the floor and, what with their diversion, the floor had not been swept that day and the tiles were smudged from the dogs and the men. It suited Nancy best. Her hair was auburn and copious, and this brown curly Astrakhan was a perfect complement to it. She always brought her curling tongs, and when, before a dance, she started to curl her hair she would sometimes threaten to put my nose between the two warm pincers. Then her eyes would narrow and she would laugh, and indeed she was inscrutable.

She and my mother often discussed possible marriages, though she could see from my mother's life, and infer from their conversation, that marriage was not an ideal state. Still, each new man that came to the neighborhood was a source of supreme interest to her. Not many new men came, but from time to time there was a change of staff at the bank or at the creamery, or, more rarely, a new curate. In these men she manifested great interest before she had met them at all or had any inkling what they looked like. The local county councillor was too staid for her, but my father would insist that he was a good catch, had good land and a stock of cattle. Nancy dreamed of being a receptionist in a grand hotel, of making friends with people from different walks of life and being snatched up by a foreign count or baron.

She was lazy and stayed in bed till noon. I would bring her tea and toast, and she would get me to pass her the red woolly dressing gown, and then she would lie back with her head lolled against the brass rungs and say what a lazybones she was. I lived in dread that I might see her breasts, but mercifully her nightdress was not sheer. Her toast would be cut in neat fingers by my mother, and they seemed more mouth-watering than anything we might have downstairs. Usually we had to have brown bread, because my mother made it and it was our duty to have things that would not be deemed luxury. Toast was from shop bread and was a definite luxury. I would eat the crusts that she had left.

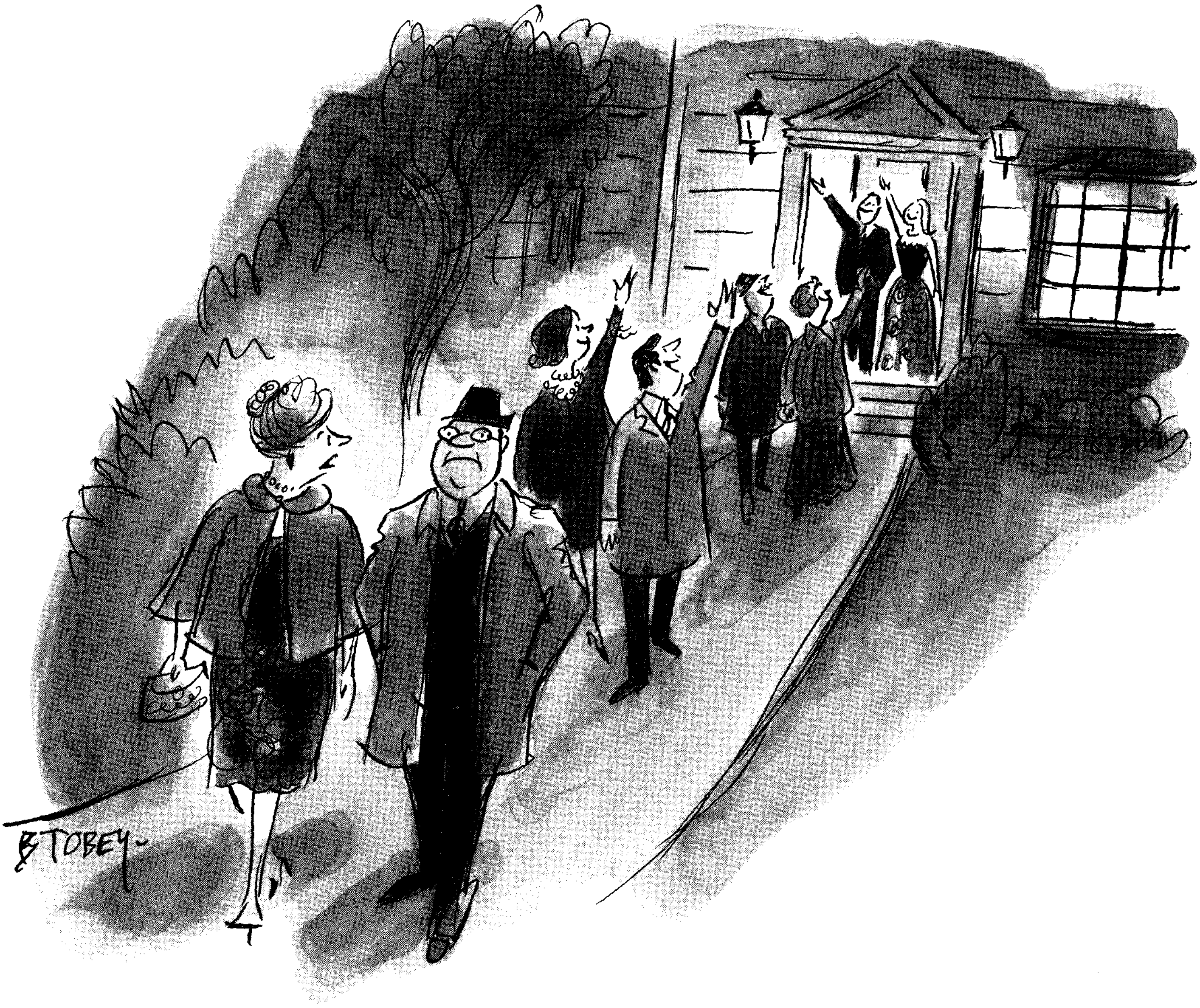
The new curate, who had come fresh from the seminary, was the admiration of all. Girls blushed at the mention of his name. Nancy and he became inseparable. They would go to the shops in his baby Ford to get mutton or a sheep's head or their favorite cigarettes, and when they came back they did not get out of the car immediately but sat laughing and smoking. They chain-smoked. I never saw them touch, but as they walked toward the house it often was as if they were on the point of touching and therefore all the more tantalizing. Her hand would come out of her coat pocket, or his hand might gesture toward the gate, or lift the rose briar as she stooped and stepped under it, and it needed but one more move for them to be in a clasp. Once, carrying either handle of a wide straw basket, they dropped it so that the grapefruit, the sugar cubes, and the tins of peas were rolling all over the flags. The grapefruit was for him, because my mother said that after the long fast for holy Mass he needed something delicate before he tackled a proper breakfast.

When Nancy was with us, he came to our house directly after Mass and stayed the whole day, until it was time to leave for the evening devotions. They would sit in the kitchen and they would talk and laugh, and Nancy would show him her style. One Sunday, she went so far as to cut his hair. It was quite a ceremony—draping him with the white towel, putting newspaper underneath, and then putting the big rusted brown scissors to his temple and going snip-snip. He was begging her to let him look in the mirror, so that he could see if she was clipping too much, but she laughed and said to trust her. As a joke, she put one of the locks of hair into a little lavaliere that she wore around her neck. The rest was swept up onto a piece of cardboard and tossed over the hedge, as tea leaves might be. He did not like the haircut, said the congregation would now see his big ears, and so she called him Big Ears, and smiled at him, and swallowed intensely. As she commiserated with him, her eyes filled up with the most glistening tears, which she did not shed. They were like glycerine.

Sometimes she and he would call me into the kitchen and ask me to recite or tell some story about the schoolteacher—how she thumped us and called us ugly names—and then just as unaccountably they would ask me to leave the kitchen at once and go outside and not come back till I was called. Those exiles into the garden were agony. They made me think of Christ in Gethsemane, and I would kneel down and ask my Maker to let such agony pass, knowing that it would not. The garden was big and windy: there was just the privet hedge, some devil's poker, a few shrubs, and two granite pedestals that served as decoration. They were like giant mushrooms, and one of them had come unstuck from its base. I would shake it, hoping it would fall, yet dreading the fact that it might fall and yearning for a

Gahan Wilson

"Bankers are real, too, you know."



"Why can't you ever think of a socko exit line?"

tap on the window or a "yoo-hoo"—the signal that said come back.

The curate escorted her to the Halloween dance and there their friendship underwent a breach. It seems he stood inside the dance-hall door, holding her fur stole, not daring to commit it to the ladies' room, lest it be stolen or tried on by the woman who minded the coats and who was dopey and lackadaisical. The dance floor was like an ice rink, and the band from County Offaly was reputed to be the best that ever came. Nancy danced with all and sundry, and each time she came to the door she smiled or gave some recognition to the curate, who was taking stock of all the dancers but particularly of her.

For the ladies' choice she asked the county councillor, knowing that it could not give offense to her new admirer. Her new admirer was the crooner, who wore a fawn gabardine suit and had a lot of oil in his hair. It seems that the moment he caught sight of her in her raspberry-colored dress he stopped singing, in mid-song, let out a whistle, and then pointed the microphone in her direction. After that, he made a point of singling her out when she approached the bandstand, and he sang the song "Jealousy" with a special lady in mind. When the supper break came, she did not go down to the end of the hall and join the curate for lemonade and queen cakes; rather, she sneaked out by an upper door, which was a fire exit, and was followed by the crooner, who providently brought his Crombie overcoat. No one knew for certain what ensued out there, save that they were not on the grounds of the dance hall but had gone along the road and lurked in a gateway. Nancy herself assured my mother that it was the most harmless little thing—that they sat on the wet wall while the crooner taught her the words of a song she loved. She sang a bit of the chorus of it:

After the ball was over
Just at the break of day
Many's the heart that was aching
If I could read them all
Many's the heart that was broken
Af . . . ter the ball.

It could have been the theme song for the injured curate, because he did not wait to see her home. She got a lift on the crossbar of a bicycle and got oil all over her long dress. He did not come the next morning. My mother said that probably he would never come, and became snappy, as she, too, loved his visits because they lessened the undercurrent of despair that seeped through our house.

Nancy said, "Care to bet?" And they bet sixpence. Nancy's prediction was that he would come on the third day, and so sure was she of this that she postponed going home until then, even though she was needed in the city in her parents' shop. Her parents owned a confectionery shop in Limerick and sold the most beautiful cakes and buns. When she came to us, she always brought a lemon cake or a coconut cake, and once there was an almond-flavored cake with almond icing and a little almond chicken. She realized there was some pique on my mother's part and took to tidying two cupboards and lined them with newspaper. She picked out all the old socks from the laundry, and they looked ridiculous on the kitchen table, gray or flecked socks, all looking for a partner and most of them full of holes.

On the third morning, as the dogs ran joyously from the back steps and chased down the fields, she knew—we all knew—that it was he. She ran to the front window to make sure it was his car. My mother volunteered to go to the yard to feed the fowl, and told Nancy to lay a tray and make him feel at home.

"Hello, stranger" was what Nancy said, and she put her hand out, but he did not shake it. Her nail varnish was a baby pink and the cuticles were very defined. He sat near the range, like a scowling boy. She was all the time smiling, waiting for his rebuke so that she could dismiss it. Her hair was tied up in a big soft roll that stretched from ear to ear, and it made her look older and more sedate. It was like a big sausage. She told me to make myself scarce.

Out in the garden, I wondered what they were saying, or if they had moved nearer, or if as she marched about the kitchen to prepare his repast he was shocked by the slits in her skirt. There was a front and a back slit, and as she moved she took uncommonly large strides, so that one saw above the backs of her knees—saw the flesh covered in beige silk stockings, saw the seam going right up. I was holding the stone mushroom and was about to tilt it to one side, but the next moment I let go of it and it was bending like the Tower of Pisa. In the front room, with its long French window opening onto the garden, the most terrible thing had unfolded. They had gone in there and he was stripped to the waist. He had his back to the window. She was looking at his body, as if examining it for spots or a mole or something. But what? I had to come closer in order to find out. His head was turned half round, perhaps to say darling, or what are you doing. At the very same moment, my mother was coming from the farmyard with two empty buckets. My mother was always carrying buckets, always busy, always modest, and was now about to witness the most profane scene—the half-naked curate and Nancy laughing. Nancy bent and said something to his back, and then they must have heard my mother in the kitchen because suddenly he was putting his shirt on and she was leaving the room. I do not know what she said to him or what caused him to undress. All I know is that I realized she had some secret with men, and that it was a secret that I would never grasp, never master, and never quite understand.

SITTING ON THE BEACH WITH NACHMAN

1

A bus has blown up in Jerusalem. #35. Nelson's bus to work.
Its black hulk sizzles at the foot of Geula Street.

Forty-six injured. Two killed. The burnt offering of a lady's handbag
Hangs by its strap on the sooty window railing.

2

Across the Red Sea, at the Gulf of Aqaba, complacent oil tankers
Doze before the triangular hills. A walkable distance
Were the sea to open up again.

Nachman follows me down to the beach, smoking a pipe in the 110° heat.
Tonight we will meet all together for the first time since the last war:
A few from the kibbutz near Qiryat Shemona, a few from Rosh Pinna and Tel Aviv,
And we, the visitors, from New York City.

3

Nelson drives down from the Galilee. He offers some volunteers a lift
In his Autobianchi, across the sandy planks of the desert, past
The U.N. vehicles white as fairy-tale sheep, past the sea-blue doors

Of the Arab houses on the West Bank, the curved moon of a hill,
Where they see the goats first and then the lambs and the wood-colored sheep
Of the Bedouins, an aqua hand of paint on the rams, fifty head at least,

Tired and stringy, and then the woman
Plowing through the powder of sand and sunset, her husband behind on a burro.
"Look!" say the volunteers. And Nelson says, they tell us later,

"She doesn't follow behind anymore.
She walks ahead in case of mines."

4

"Before I came to Israel," Nachman tells me, "I was in the merchant marine.
In Glasgow they said marry and settle down. So I did. Then I went to China.

I wandered the Near and Far East, came to Jerusalem, then north
To the throat of the Galilee. Spent eleven years working in the fishponds.

Once got my arm opened up by the smack of a St. Peter's fish.
'Lucky it was your arm,' they told me.

• •

THE third woman, Mrs. Keogh, did not set foot in our house ever, being too shy. She came once a week, Fridays, after she had drawn her pension, and sat on the back step and drank a cup of buttermilk. She wore heavy serge clothes, the same ones winter and summer, and the same brown velours hat with the two hatpins, one being a huge dented pearl and the other of false emerald stones, many of

The wars change you, of course.
At night I'd take my bottle of Glenfiddich and go walking,
Stand in the avocado groves and recite the Song of Solomon in my best brogue.

I went off somewhere in Africa once to calm my nerves. Not far
From Mozambique, a gang of whites

Laddered a kiddie's swimming-pool slide with razor blades.
Couldn't see the blades through the streams of water.

The first child down was a pudgy boy of eleven, soft and black as rubber.
He shrieked like he was howling his way through Hell.

'My baby, my baby!' screamed the mother. 'Not my baby!' "

5

Radio news at the Shalom Café. "The Fatah," an American translates
For his wife, "has tried to blow up Eilat."

The Moroccan bartender dries the same glass over and over,
Sputtering curses in Arabic.

"They filled a freighter with rockets and plastics.
Caught them one hundred kilometres out. Had to sink the boat."

His son waves a fork of spaghetti for attention.
He is pleased as a mother hen with the suspense, wiggling his little mutton arms,

Tomato sauce, red as blood, on his face.

6

Red beach. Red sky tacked up by stars. I put on sneakers and wade out
Among the little black needles of the sea urchins.

The Moroccan bartender rolled his eyes and bet the waiter I would not make it
To the reef. Several feet deep, the water clicks open and shut like metal.

Nachman is poking around the shore with a stick, the peaceful smoke
Of his pipe curling up behind him like an eagle.

I feel my veins lightening with breath.
I think of all the ways we could get hurt. Just like this.

—Vickie Karp

• •

which were missing. There were holes where the stones should be. She lived across the fields from us and only saw civilization on Sundays, when she went to Mass, and on Fridays, when she drew her old-age pension. She would sit on the back step and say eagerly to my mother, "Any news?" She had a habit of lifting her face and the tip of her nose, as if she were a bird and about to take off into the air. If she saw my father or a workman coming toward the house, she would run off and leave the unfinished buttermilk. There was seldom any news, and yet she would ask and ask, as if she could be told something that would fill her up until the next week.

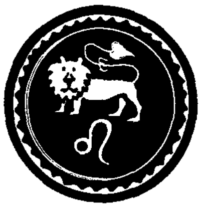
She suffered from shingles. She said she hoped that my mother would never get shingles, and in a strange way my mother knew that one day she would. It was as if, out of consolation, one person eventually got another person's ailment, and what they all dreaded getting was cancer.

Mrs. Keogh had only two ambitions in her life, and we knew them. The first was that her husband might be persuaded to build a new house up near the main road, so that she could see people as they went by. All she wanted was to see them and to see whom they were with, and to see what kind of bicycles they rode, or to see the occasional motorcar. Motorcars were still a novelty, and she expressed a great fear of them—said they were dangerous bulls and could easily get out of hand. My mother said nonsense and that they had brakes, just like a bicycle, but we were all vastly ignorant of their workings. One man carried his toolbox on the running board of his car, and it was said to be dense with implements. Mrs. Keogh said to just imagine how many things could go wrong with a car, and my mother said that they need not worry, as it would be shanks' mare for them until they died. Her second wish—and this was a terrible secret—was that her husband would die before her. In that way, she imagined she could also achieve her first wish. She thought she would sell the house to people with young children and, being a widow, she might get a county-council cottage and grow flowers in a window box. She told this only one time, when she was groaning with pain and was discussing with my mother the benefit of a new brown ointment. She was in agony. The ointment was in a little round box, and together they smelled it and were dubious about it. She lifted her bodice and there we saw, like stigmata, a huge crop of sores, and while we were looking at them her other wish tumbled out of her mouth and she retracted it at once.

Her life had no variety. They said the Rosary every evening after their tea. They were in bed while it was still bright in summer, and she was up at five or six washing. She was a powerful washer. She washed tables, chairs, the milk tankard, she washed the outhouses, she washed the windows and the sills of windows, and she would have washed the roof of the hay shed if she had had a ladder long enough. She disliked cooking, and her standby was potatoes, bacon, and cabbage, and nothing else.

Their dogs were savages, so one did not venture there unless it was an emergency. After she had been missing from Mass, my mother and I set out to call on her one Sunday evening. As we came up the overgrown lane that led to their cement house, two ferocious creatures came bounding over the fields, barking and snarling. We stood our ground, but when we saw that the distance between us and the dogs was desperately shortening we backed away and jumped over a fence, capsizing the uppermost loose plank. They were upon us—two mangy creatures, baring their teeth, so that we could see their gums. My mother told me to pick up a stone, and while I did she pushed them backward with the plank, making sure that at least the fence was between our feet and their carnivorousness. Pelting them with sod and stones made them worse, and had not Mrs. Keogh's son, Patrick, come to call them we would have been eaten to death. He dragged them away, and still they snarled and still they conspired to get back to us and have their revenge. He did not invite us in.

Mrs. Keogh came down the field in a man's hat. She always kept her head covered because of the shingles, and the air could never get to her scalp. Wiping her hands on her apron, she then shook hands with us and begged us to sit down on the loose wall. She did not dare ask us in, as her husband was moody and talked only to the sheep and never kept his money anywhere but under his mattress. He did not trust banks, and maybe he thought that any visitors going in would be apt to steal.



Mrs. Keogh and my mother talked about a new motorcar that Mrs. Sparling had got; they raved about it. There were six motorcars in the neighborhood, but Mrs. Sparling's was unique. It was a French car, and she had been given it as a gift by her brothers in America. Her brothers owned big stores there and gave employment to lots of local people who emigrated. My mother said that Mrs. Sparling had been born with a silver spoon in her mouth and had kept it there ever since. The car was dark purple, almost maroon, with huge headlamps that gave off two lights, a bright-yellow light and a dimmer, smokier light. I myself had written my name in dust on the body, the day Mrs. Sparling, the proud owner, had come to show it off. I had sat in it; I had touched and smelled the red leather seats; I had wielded the steering wheel and zanily imagined going this way and that; I had inadvisedly blown the horn and sent my father's horses into a frenzy. Then, as she took her leave and wound the window down to say goodbye, I put my initials on the dusty metal and thought how in a sense I would be travelling all over the countryside, being shown to people who were speechless with envy and with admiration.

Mrs. Keogh asked about the car in such detail—how big it was, how many could fit comfortably, and if when it was moving the guts and stomach rumbled. We could not answer these things, because we had not driven in it, though of course we aspired to. By way of apologizing for not asking us in, she slipped me half a crown and from under her skirt produced a carnival jug for my mother. It was a beautiful orange color and it was almost opaque; yet when my mother held it up in the sunset it gleamed and caught fire. It was a cream mug. It was like something from a far-off bazaar and completely unlike the dreariness of the surroundings. There were the big piles of cloud, the ragged fields, the hazel trees with their unripe green-skinned nuts, and the little stream that seemed to say tra-la tra-la tra-la.

Thrilled by the gift, my mother made a rash promise. She said that she would ask Mrs. Sparling if we could all go for a drive. It was as if the request had been magically made and magically answered, because Mrs. Keogh jumped up in excitement, gushed like the stream, and asked what would she wear and when would it be.

As we walked home, my mother regretted her promise, because Mrs. Sparling was a snob and made fun of Mrs. Keogh, with her long idiotic clothes, her birdlike snout, and her nervous singsong voice. Called her a Mohawk. My mother said she would not ask just yet; she would bide her time. It was because of that we had to start avoiding Mrs. Keogh. We had to hide when we saw her coming across the fields on Friday, and after Mass my mother rushed out at the last Gospel, before the rest of the congregation. Mrs. Keogh never left the chapel until the throng went out, and so it was easy enough to avoid her. It bothered us one day when she left a sweater on the back step. It was wrapped in old newspaper. It was a beautiful sweater, with a special zigzag pattern, and it must have taken her weeks to knit. It was for me. It had many colors and reminded me of Joseph and the dream coat. Yet getting it put us under an obligation, and I could only enjoy it in spasms.

It was a few weeks later that we heard how Mrs. Keogh was seen in the village, in the forester's car, and that she was waving to everyone as they sped by. They went through the village, past the school, and down the very steep hill that led to the lower road, and we learned that they stopped in the next village and went into the lovely hotel with the pale-green walls, green blinds, and, on the veranda, green glass-topped tables and green bamboo chairs. To our astonishment, Mrs. Keogh and the forester took a cup of tea in there and Mrs. Keogh had the clientele in stitches describing the drive, describing how hedges and houses slid past, saying that it was too quick, was like seeing the tail of a fox as he vanished. Then the forester—he was a distant relation of hers—bought a box of matches, counted them, found there were four missing, reluctantly paid for the two teas, and rose to go home.

At the gateway that led to their little stile, and thence led to a walk across four fields, Mrs. Keogh was loath to leave him. She even suggested going to the village, where he lodged, and walking home. He could only get rid of her with the guarantee that he would bring her out again. As she crossed the fields, she took off her hat and coat. She and her husband and son always did that. They would always be stripped of their good clothes by the time they got to the house, so that they could start work straightaway. She hurried in to put on the kettle, to get the feed for the hens, to oil and light the lamp, while gabbing to her son about the drive, her vertigo, the way the car swerved at a very bad corner, the forester's presence of mind. Then all of a sudden she dropped the cup with which she was filling the kettle and said she must go out, as she felt dizzy.

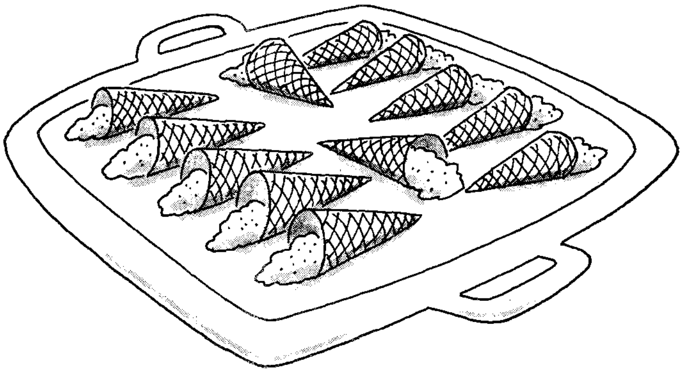
Outside, she stood under the walnut tree and clung to a bough, lowered her head onto it and, without a word, slouched down until her feet had given way, and softly fell and died. There was a seraphic smile on her face, as if the car ride had been the crowning joy of her life. It was what everyone remarked on when they sat in the downstairs room and looked at her remains. Perhaps they found solace in it. I myself could not help thinking of the evening when we sat on the loose wall and the clouds heaved dully by and the little giddy stream went tra-la. It was November now, and the squirrels had eaten the hazelnuts and the husks were trampled into the ground and were rotting and nourishing the earth. I could not imagine her dead. I still can't. I still can't imagine any of them dead. They live on; they are fixed in that far-off place called childhood, where nothing ever dies, not even oneself. —Edna O'Brien

•

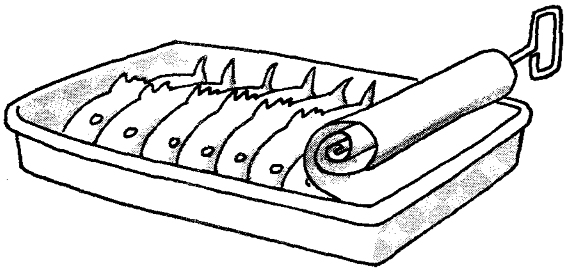
Congratulations to Ed Carmody on gaining a son-in-law. His daughter, Barbara, was married to John Testo in June and to Bill Geddis whose number came up in the "pool."—*The Record Setter, house organ of the Troy Times Record.*

And well done, Barbara!

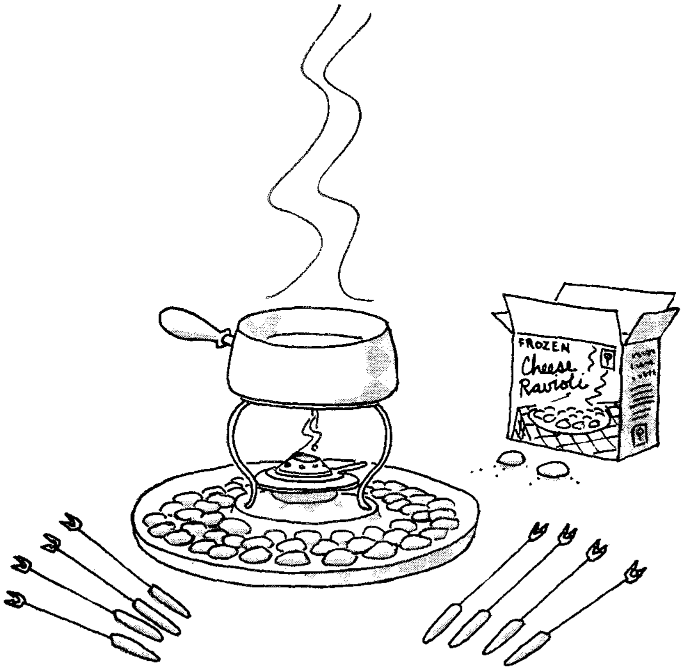
BUDGET MUNCHIES



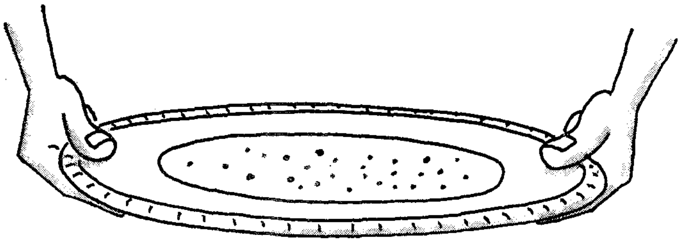
Devilled Ice Cream Cones



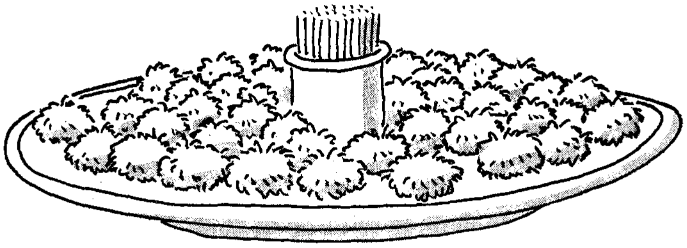
Fish Quickies


FROZEN
Cheese
Ravioli

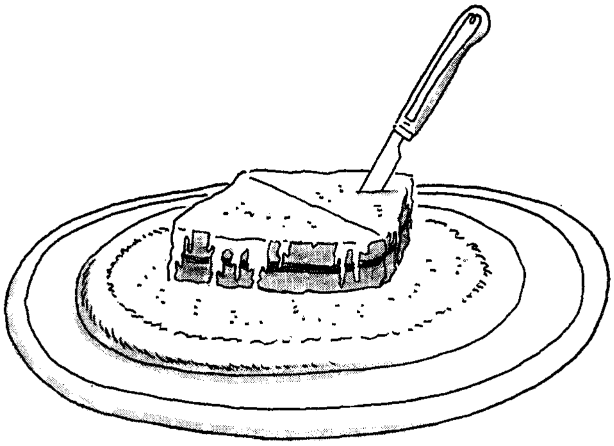
Ravioli Puff Fondue



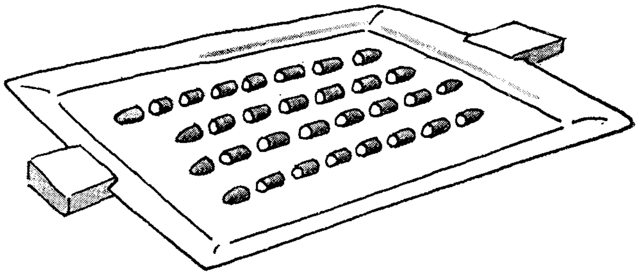
Diet Nibbles



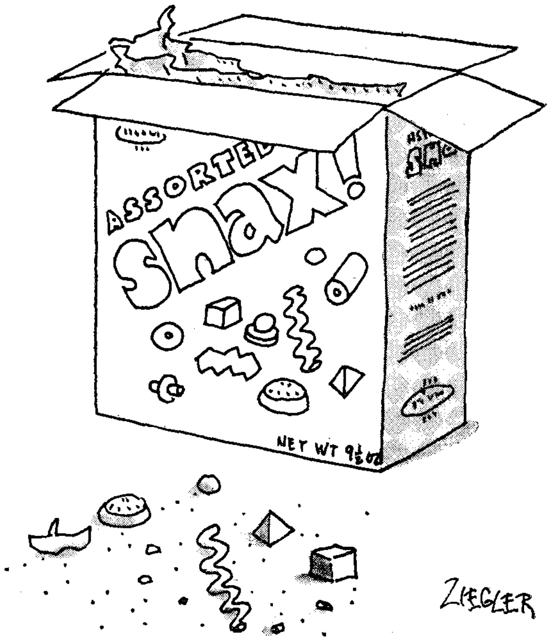
Swedish Furballs



Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich Quiche



Carved Logs of Jerky de Bœuf


ASSORTED
Snax!
NET WT 9½ oz
ZIEGLER

Assorted Snacks

THE SPORTING SCENE

SHARING THE BEAT

ON March 9th, a month before the beginning of the baseball season, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn sent an advisory memorandum to the twenty-six major-league clubs suggesting new regulations to govern the admission of female reporters to the teams' clubhouses this year. He said that the matter would be largely left to the discretion of the individual teams (as it is in professional basketball, hockey, and football), and urged all the clubs to do what they could to "minimize problems in this area" and to take steps "to afford identical access, in one way or another, to all reporters, regardless of sex." The initial response from the clubs suggests that in about half of the twenty-six ballparks women reporters will now have some form of post-game access to the clubhouses, at least for a time. The practical effects of Mr. Kuhn's dictum remain to be seen—specifically, whether male and female reporters will be able to talk to the players on a truly equal basis, and whether access to the clubhouses for any reporter will be more restricted than it has been in the past. It will probably take a full season to see how all this works out. On the surface, however, the new plan does seem to represent a considerable change of direction for Mr. Kuhn, who was taken to court last year in a celebrated case for his refusal to allow women reporters to enter the home-team and visitors clubhouses at Yankee Stadium. The plaintiffs—Melissa Ludtke, a young reporter for *Sports Illustrated*, and her employer, Time, Inc.—said that Miss Ludtke had been excluded from the clubhouses during the 1977 World Series (between the Yankees and the Dodgers), and claimed that the exclusion had been based solely on her sex, thus violating Miss Ludtke's right to pursue her profession under the equal-protection and due-process clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment. Mr. Kuhn, speaking for his sport and his codefendants (the Yankees, the president of the American League, and the Mayor and other officials of the City of New York, which owns Yankee Stadium), responded in an affidavit that he had ordered women reporters kept out of all major-league clubhouses in order to protect the "sexual privacy" of players who were undressing and showering, to protect the image of baseball as a family sport, and to preserve traditional notions of decency and propriety. He stated further that the American public accepts baseball as "emblematic of the highest standards of integrity and morality in professional sports," and that the "standards of conduct and the attitudes and behavior of people in the 'big leagues' often serve as role models for millions of children." He said that "to permit members of the opposite sex into this place of privacy, where players, who are, of course, men, are in a state of undress, would be to undermine the basic dignity of the game."

The case was first heard last April before Judge Constance Baker Motley, in Federal District Court in New York. (One may speculate that the principals on both sides of this touchy and difficult case were perturbed when they were told that, by pure chance, it would be tried before a woman.) Judge Motley found for the plaintiffs. She enjoined the Yankees from further exclusion of women from the Stadium clubhouses unless men were also excluded, and said that the privacy of the players could be adequately assured by installing a curtain or a swinging door in front of each player's dressing cubicle, or simply by instructing the players to wear towels. The Stadium locker rooms became officially heterosexual on September 26th, during the last week of the 1978 regular season. Because the Commissioner had said that the court's edict would not apply to any other major-league clubhouses, women reporters were still barred from the players' quarters at Veterans Stadium, in Philadelphia, and at Dodger Stadium, in Los Angeles, during the National League playoffs, and also at the Kansas City Royals' stadium during the American League playoff games there, between the Royals and the Yankees. (Samantha Stevenson, a free-lance reporter, instituted a legal action in Philadelphia to have the Phillies' ban set aside, but her application was denied, after brief oral argument, by the local United States District Court, which ruled that the Phillies, though they lease Veterans Stadium from the city of Philadelphia, were engaged in private enterprise, and thus were within their rights in excluding "certain persons from various areas.") During the World Series, no women reporters were admitted to either clubhouse in Dodger Stadium, but they did come into both clubhouses at Yankee Stadium during the three Series games there.

Bowie Kuhn did not have a very

THANK YOU
For Not
Smoking
Drinking
Gaming
Wenching
Swearing
Blaspheming
Sabbath Breaking

happy time of it in the courts last fall. His concern for the privacy of his players and for the protection of baseball as a family sport was dismissed by Judge Motley as being "clearly too insubstantial to merit serious consideration." The Commissioner then requested Judge Motley to stay her order while his attorneys prepared an appeal, but was denied. Persisting, he did win a clarifying order from Judge Motley, in which she explained that the Yankees' options included the right to ban all reporters, male and female, from their clubhouses for a period long enough to permit the players to dress, and to ban them altogether if a separate interview room were provided. During the World Series, Mr. Kuhn moved along to the Second Circuit Court of Appeals in search of a stay of action while baseball's official appeal was polished up. *This* motion was denied almost immediately by a three-judge panel. The presiding jurist, Judge Walter Mansfield, commenting on the "baseball is a family game" argument, said, "The last I heard, the family includes women as well as men." On February 8th of this year, Mr. Kuhn and his attorneys dropped their appeal. The matter is out of the courts, at least for the present.

"When you're suffocating, it's unimportant why you're suffocating. It's only important to get air."

In recent weeks, Mr. Kuhn seems to have moved away from his obdurate, arms-akimbo stance at the clubhouse door. He consulted at length with editors and lawyers at Time, Inc., before issuing his memorandum to the clubs. This is commendable, but no memorandum can wipe out the injuries and misunderstandings and strong feelings that have arisen from this conflict.

WOMEN in the clubhouse is an emotional issue—almost a parade float of classical postures in which noble-visaged representations of Propriety, Wholesome Sports, and the Innocence of the American Family are seen to be under attack by similarly admirable figures representing Social Mobility, Equal Opportunity, and Freedom of the Press. Evaluating public response to this crowded tableau is extremely difficult, and even among professional journalists there appears to be a wide swing between public and private attitudes, between conscious scruples and unconscious fears and wishes. Many male reporters I have talked to support their female colleagues' claim that any ban or limitation on their admission to the clubhouse is discriminatory and places them at an impossible disadvantage in their trade. Many other male reporters admit all this but still oppose the change, because it offends their sense of propriety or chivalry, or because it seems to violate the players' right to privacy within their den, or simply because it shatters tradition. All the male sportswriters, however, are concerned about the evident possibility that Commissioner Kuhn's recent ruling will lead to severe limitations on their own rights and long habits of access to the ballplayers—specifically, on their being able to talk to them in the clubhouse immediately after the last out, when the sweaty, beer-gulping young participants are fresh in their memories of the game, and their reactions (exultant or despondent, bitter or comical or evasive) may be taken down or taped and translated at once into the heart of the next edition's story or column or sidebar on the game. Women sportswriters, who as yet make up a very small percentage of the total, have the same concern about any limitation of access, but they have sharper and more personal feelings of anxiety. Almost all of them have encountered the closed locker-room door, in baseball and in other sports, and the professional leagues that have reversed themselves and opened some of their clubhouses—notably the National Basketball Association and the National Hockey League—have done so only after prolonged skirmishing with a few vehement pioneering women writers and their editors. For the most part, women reporters have had to cajole individual players into emerging, half-dressed or clutching a towel, for a fragmentary interview in a corridor or an equipment room, or have had to wait outside the door interminably, dying by inches as a deadline crept closer, until the players emerged—combed and dressed, homeward- or hotelward-bound, and often sucked dry of news by multiple interviews—and then have had to beg them to summon up again the now receding contest. One alternative to the open locker room is a separate, formal interview room, to which the rival managers and a few individual stars or goats may be summoned, to testify into a battery of microphones, like some visiting rock star or foreign minister. Interview rooms are now customary at championship games or all-star games in most major sports, for they offer an alternative to the noise and crush of the locker rooms, where several hundred newspaper and magazine and TV and radio reporters are trying to get at a handful of bewildered athletes. The interview room, however, usually yields a guarded, statesmanlike form of sports news, or a succession of wrenching one-liners by athletes and coaches who secretly envision themselves as television personalities. Other variations suggested in the wake of the Motley decision—the closing of the locker rooms until all the players are dressed, or a fifteen- or twenty-minute interview period inside the clubhouse, followed by the departure of all media people—seem inadequate or stifling in comparison with an open clubhouse, in which a quick and questing sportswriter can search out conflicting game stories, rumors, whispers of team feuds, hidden injuries, managerial pomposities, salary discontents, or incipient trades, all in a day's or a night's work. Reporters are endlessly harassed by bureaucratic obstacles to their labors, and the smallest hint of some fresh restraint to their freedom elicits instant outrage and cries for redress. Women sportswriters find a clanging irony in all this, for the real or threatened limitations to the male reporters' working customs in baseball as a result of Ludtke v. Kuhn are exactly the same handicaps that women on the sports beat have had to put up with all along. These women, who have never received much public support from their colleagues, are concerned now that any rules imposed by the various clubs in response to their presence on the baseball scene will cause fresh bitterness among their male adversaries, and will even turn their supporters against them in the end. The women sportswriters—and many of the men, too—suspect that this may be the secret hope of not a few sports executives.

A MARRIED COUPLE DISCOVERS IRRECONCILABLE DIFFERENCES

We are riding through the city one night,
under trees. Hawthorn hedges flower
along the park drives.

Sitting on the passenger side,
I cup my hand in the wind outside the car.
I hold my hand to my ear:

What were you saying?
My hand gets colder.
The side of my face

near the window doesn't feel real;
the other side is hot
in the face of reason.

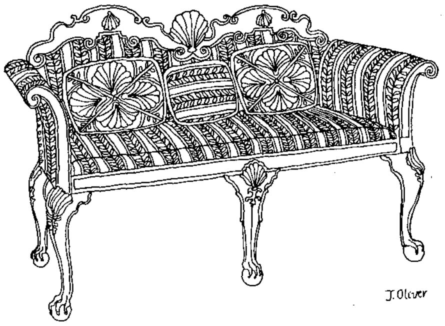
I agree with you, wholly.
But the hand out there
curves around with the wind,

draws it in,
filled with tree breath.
I can hardly speak.

—Elizabeth Macklin

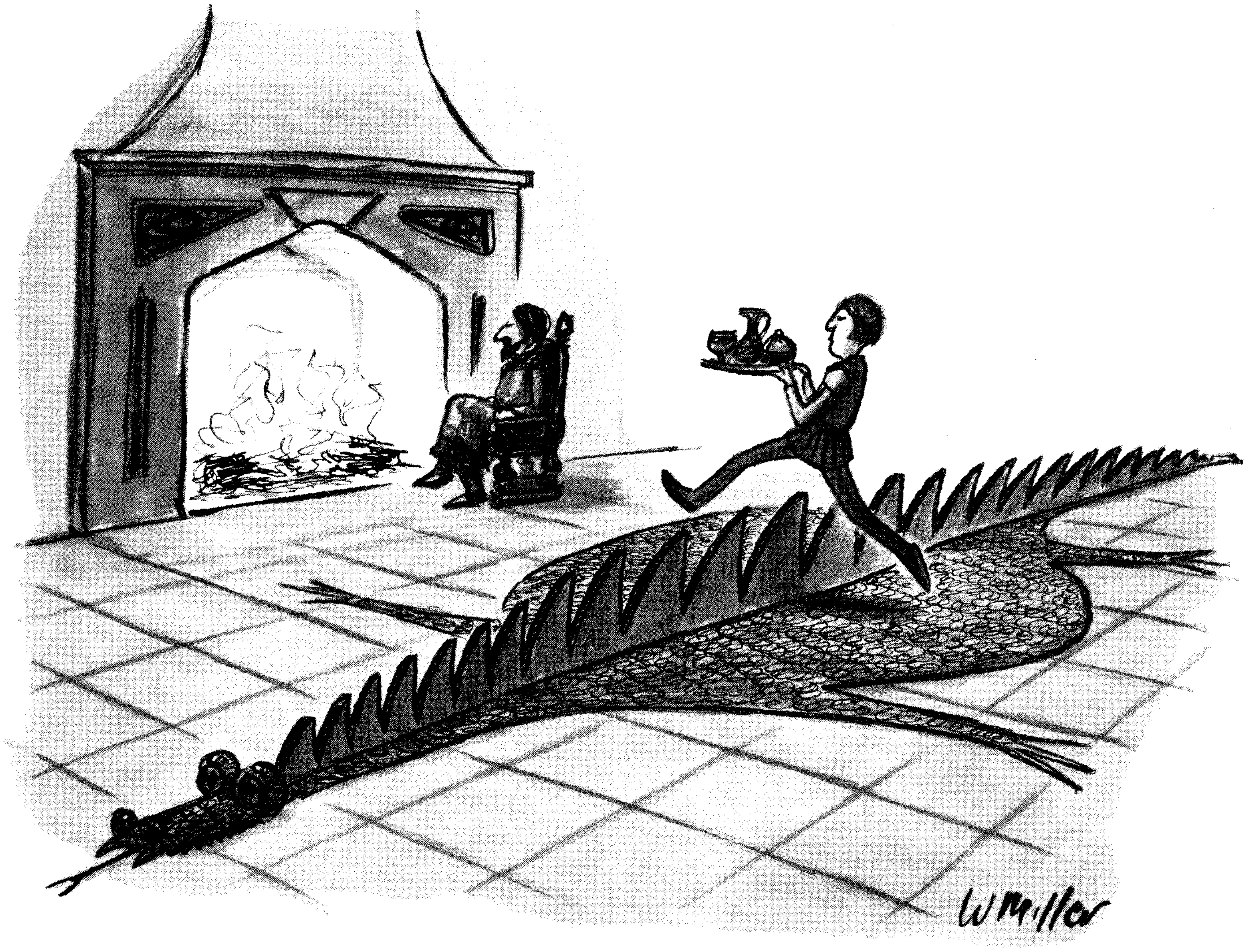
• •

NOTORIETY pursues the Yankees everywhere, and vice versa, and the arrival of the first female reporters in the Yankee clubhouse last September had perfectly predictable results. On the night that Judge Motley's order took effect, the Yankee clubhouse was suddenly crowded with strangers, male and female, who had come to report on the new socio-journalistic phenomenon. Most of the women, I have been told (I was not there), were local television reporters, and they smilingly asked the players what they thought about the presence of women in the locker room, while the cameras caught it all. This, by the way, was the last Tuesday of the regular season, and the Yankees, who were playing the Toronto Blue Jays that night, were then leading the Boston Red Sox by a single game. Reggie Jackson, after delivering his opinion about the admission of women to the clubhouse (for, with reservations) to Carol Jenkins, of WNBC News, finally said, "Aren't you going to ask about this pennant race we're in?" An Associated Press photographer snapped a picture of Willie Randolph, who was naked, talking to a female reporter; Randolph was furious—not about the interview but about the photo. Clyde King, a Yankee coach, came out of the shower room with no clothes on and jumped back in. Goose Gossage pulled off a towel worn by Coach Art Fowler. Still another coach, Gene Michael, delivered an angry harangue about women reporters and their motives. So did some of the players, the two loudest being reserve outfielder Jay Johnstone and backup catcher Cliff Johnson. Most of the other players seemed calm. A day or two later, Johnstone tacked up an obscene message about Judge Motley over his cubicle, and relief pitcher Sparky Lyle brought in a cake in the shape of a phallus with the message "For Women Sportswriters Only" on it.



After the first night, however, the clubhouse was a much quieter place, and the players, caught up in their excruciating race, talked mostly baseball. On Friday night, the Yankees, now in possession of Judge Motley's clarifying order, announced that the clubhouse would be closed to all reporters for forty-five minutes after the game, to permit the players to shower and dress. The reporters—most of them regulars who had been covering the club all summer—were badly upset. There was some angry shouting in the press elevator between writers and club executives; during the game, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner conferred with several local newspapermen at the back of the press box, and a compromise was worked out: the clubhouse would remain open for fifteen minutes immediately after the game, to accommodate writers for the morning papers and late-news TV reporters, and then would close for thirty minutes. A week later, when the Royals came to town for the playoff games at the Stadium, the clubhouse remained open for an initial forty-five minutes, and this period was extended to an hour during the subsequent World Series games in New York. Several women reporters and photographers came into the clubhouse during the Series games, but no one seemed to pay any special attention to them.

I had begun to pay attention, however. I missed the first-night side-



show at the Stadium—fortunately, I thought—and my subsequent visits (I was there as a reporter) indicated only that scandal and innovation were giving way to acceptance and custom, which was all right with me. It was not all right, I had begun to notice, with a lot of other people. Sports columnists across the country took up the Ludtke decision, and a great many of them suggested that women sportswriters had fought and struggled and finally gone to the courts to get into the clubhouse mostly because they wanted to ogle naked athletes. This was generally put in the form of a joke. "Folks, I'm all for equal rights for gals," the joke went, "but what about *my* equal rights? When do I get into a locker room to interview Chrissie Evert with her clothes off?" A lot of my friends—male friends—made this same joke, and I think I may have smiled at it the first eight or ten times I heard it. (The question it poses, although the question is not its point, is easily answered: in women's professional tennis—and in most other women's sports—the athletes are interviewed immediately after the match is over, at courtside or in some neutral area; the locker rooms are closed to all reporters.) I was not much startled by the columns I read, but the names of some of the columnists did surprise me—surprised me both ways. Dick Young, the conservative, enormously popular sports columnist for the *News* (he is also its sports editor), accepted the arrival of women reporters in the clubhouse as being no less than their due; he suggested that all professional teams might do well to follow the example set three or four years ago by the New York Cosmos, of the North American Soccer League, who had issued bathrobes to their players and then welcomed all reporters. (More recently, during an appearance on "The Dick Cavett Show," Mr. Young revived the women-tennis-players joke and then went on to suggest by innuendo that women sportswriters give sexual favors to athletes as a means of getting news.) Red Smith, in a column that appeared in the *Times* shortly after the Ludtke suit was instituted, came out on the side of player privacy and the interview room—thus allying himself, almost for the first time ever, with Bowie Kuhn. Writing with his customary lightness and civility, he said that Melissa Ludtke would be much better off in an interview room than she would be being "buffeted, elbowed, and trampled" in the winning locker room after the last game of the World Series. "Had she been thus occupied," he concluded, "she would have missed the gathering in another room [the interview room, that is] down the hall, where managers of both teams and key players on both sides were present to answer all her questions." This was the last line of Mr. Smith's column in the *Times*, but when the syndicated piece appeared in many out-of-town papers it terminated with one more sentence: "Still, she might have got to see Reggie in the buff."

Other things happened in the lively and familiar settings of autumn baseball that began to make me owlish. In the crowded pressrooms and hospitality rooms of the playoffs and the World Series, where hundreds of reporters—almost all of them men, of

"Well, it makes coming home at night a little pleasanter."

• •

course—gathered, as usual, to talk shop and to drink and pass the time of day, the Ludtke case and its rulings were frequently discussed, and in the course of these conversations I often heard Melissa Ludtke defamed by people in her own profession. Her reportorial abilities, her seriousness, her motives for bringing the suit, her appearance, and her private life were snickered at and vilified. Only some of the writers talked this way, and none of the remarks came from members of the New York press corps, who know Melissa Ludtke, as I do, as a hard-working young professional and as a friend. (Her name, by the way, is now Melissa Ludtke Lincoln; she was married last year to Eric Lincoln, who is an editor and reporter with the sports department of the *Times.*) I was startled by the slanders, not just because I know Miss Ludtke but because the worst of them were delivered with a perceptible, barely concealed rage—verbal hate mail. Something was going on here.

After the last out of the first game of the World Series, which the Dodgers won, 11–5, in their home park (they won the next game, too, it will be recalled, and then dropped four straight games and the Series to the Yankees), I took an elevator down to the clubhouse level of Dodger Stadium and hurried to the interview room, where, in company with scores of other reporters, I heard Ron Cey and Tommy John and Dodger manager Tom Lasorda and others describe their cheerful recent adventures. I left before the interviews were over, heading for the locker rooms, and on the way out I nodded to another woman sportswriter I know, B. J. Phillips, who was taking notes for her story; she is an associate editor of *Time* and is its chief writer on sports. Thirty or forty minutes later, emerging from the Yankee dressing rooms, I came into a sort of rotunda that lies between the two locker rooms and is open to the public, and there I saw B. J. Phillips again. She was leaning against a railing and was bent over in an odd posture and clutching her notebook. She was still wearing her press credentials—a large printed blue ticket, which was fastened by its string to her blouse. I went over and asked rather casually if something was wrong (she was a recent acquaintance, whom I had met for the first time the previous week, at the National League playoffs in Philadelphia), and when she looked up I saw that her eyes were swimming. She glared at me, and in a strangled voice she said, "I won't cry! I *won't!* I won't let the bastards make me cry!"

She told me that when she had left the interview room, in company with many other writers, she had started down the corridor leading to the rotunda and had been met there by two public-relations men, representing the Commissioner, who barred her path, even though she told them that she was not heading for the Dodger locker room, which she knew was barred to women. One of the men politely explained that she had been issued the wrong credentials; he proffered her a yellow credential card, on which someone's name had been crossed out and hers written in. "There's been a mistake," the P.R. man said. "*These* are your credentials." B. J. Phillips—aware, of course, that a yellow credential card did not entitle its bearer to enter the clubhouses—said that she was keeping the credentials she had been mailed. Again she said to the men that she had no intention of going into the locker room. She told them that lawyers for Time, Inc., had undertaken negotiations with the Commissioner's office, before the World Series, to have her admitted there, but had failed. She told the men that she did not believe in confrontation. She said, however, that she would not give up her blue credential card. "I treated that yellow card like a dead rat," she told me. The men still would not allow her to go down the corridor and ordered her to leave via a tunnel leading to the Dodger dugout and then out onto the field. "You even have a servants' entrance for us, don't you?" she said, giving up at last. When she reached the field, she discovered that the only way she could return to the rotunda and the elevators to the parking lot was through the lower grandstands. There were loi-

PHOTOGRAPH: PESIN

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terers and drunks still in the stands, who saw her credential card and offered loud suggestions about why she had been in the Dodger clubhouse and what she had seen there.

B. J. Phillips had stopped crying by the time she told me all this, but then she looked up and noticed several TV reporters and camera crews approaching, and again she looked stricken. "I'm the wrong person for this," she murmured. "I *hate* this. I want anonymity. It's the only way for a reporter to work." (She and her story did subsequently appear on national television, though.) I said something encouraging to her, and then I left, promising that I would bring her any interesting comments I could pick up in the Dodger locker room, where I was now headed. She thanked me, but I never did take her the quotes. While I was listening to the players, I kept thinking about her, and then, uneasily, I remembered making the same kind of promise to Melissa Ludtke in previous years, at previous important games or Series games in New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Cincinnati and other cities, when I had glimpsed her outside the doors of different clubhouses, standing among the pushing, jammed-together fans and hangers-on and guards and kids and policemen while she waited for some ballplayer to come out and answer her questions. Sometimes I remembered my promise to Melissa, and sometimes I forgot it, because the truth is that I hardly thought about the matter. I was always sure I was doing her a favor, or was about to.

Since last October, I have tried to think about this a little more, and I have asked a lot of people about women in the clubhouse. I have talked to athletes and sports executives and male sportswriters, but most of all I have tried to listen to the women sportswriters themselves. Their voices seemed to be charged with a special resonance. They spoke as if they represented some foreign constituency within us all that has been waiting and wondering if it would ever be remembered or dealt with. Sports, I keep reminding myself, mean a lot in this country.

WOMEN sports reporters and announcers have been turning up in increasing numbers on television screens and on the radio; some of the TV reporters, like their male counterparts, seem to have been hired mostly for their looks. It is extremely difficult to find out how many women are now employed as working sportswriters on newspapers. I talked about this not long ago with Le Anne Schreiber, who is the sports editor of the *Times* and at the moment is the only woman journalist on its sports staff. "Women sportswriters are still a very small minority," she told me. "Newspaper sports departments all around the country are beginning to hire women, but in a pretty gingerly way. I lost an experienced reporter, Robin Herman, to our Metropolitan Desk this year, and I'm looking for qualified women right now—and qualified men, too. The Washington *Post* just hired its third woman for sports. Any paper that has taken on a second or third woman in its sports department has probably moved beyond tokenism."

Women sportswriters are not a perfectly new phenomenon. Some years ago, I remember, the *Times* had a former champion golfer named Maureen Orcutt on its staff, who covered women's golf. Another woman, Jeane Hoffman, used to write about baseball and other sports for the *Journal-American*—stories about Edna Stengel and that sort of thing. Mary Garber, who is in her sixties, has been covering tennis, track, football, and basketball—Atlantic Coast Conference college games, for the most part—for the Winston-Salem *Journal* ever since 1944. But these have been rarities, like women surgeons or women railroad conductors, and only in the past seven or eight years have greater numbers of young women who were starting careers in journalism begun to give serious consideration to the sports beat. In many newspaper sports departments, they are still looked upon as oddities. Several male sportswriters I know have told me that they have never met or worked with a woman who seemed to know anything about sports, and others were dubious about women's motives or sports experience. Speculating on this subject in the Boston *Globe* last fall, Leigh Montville ("Leigh," in this case, is a man's name) wrote, "I have only a few questions. . . . I ask them because I am serious and I wonder if the lady is serious. . . . That is all I would want to know about anyone in this business. . . . Did she grow up on sports? Was her life absolutely dominated by sports when she was a kid? . . . Has she ever held a hockey stick in her hands? Has she ever shot a basketball from behind a pick? Has she ever set a pick? Was she ever given a subscription to the *Sporting News* for Christmas? Did she ever spit in a baseball glove?"

And so on. Some of the women in sports I have talked to would pass Mr. Montville's test, and others might not. There doesn't seem to be any pattern to it.

B. J. PHILLIPS: *(She is of medium height, with pale, wide-set eyes and a*

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Pelotas	532
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Santiago	2
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Loja	4
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Kobe	78
Kumamoto	963
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Nagasaki	958
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Osaka	6
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KENYA	**254**
Kabete	2
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Mombasa	11
Nairobi	2
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Thika	151
Uthiru	2
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Sungei Renggam	3
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Lisbon	19
Montijo	19
Porto	29
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SAN MARINO	**39**
All Points	541
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Ankara	41
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Istanbul	11
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All Points	5
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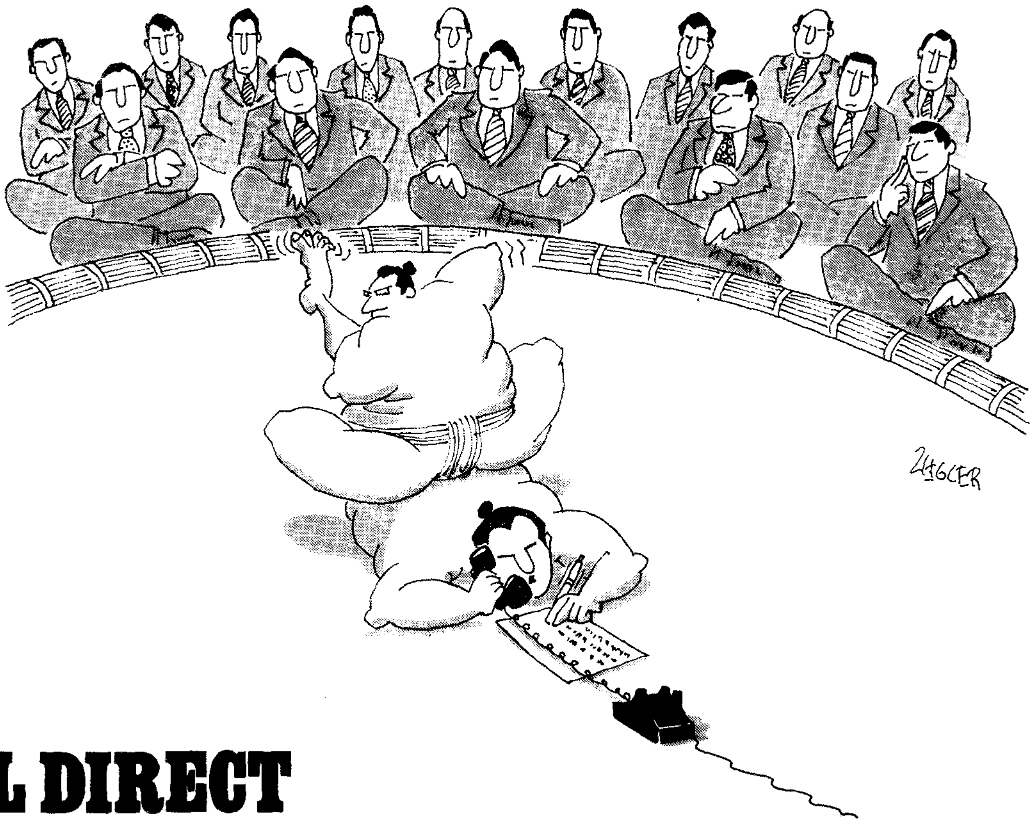

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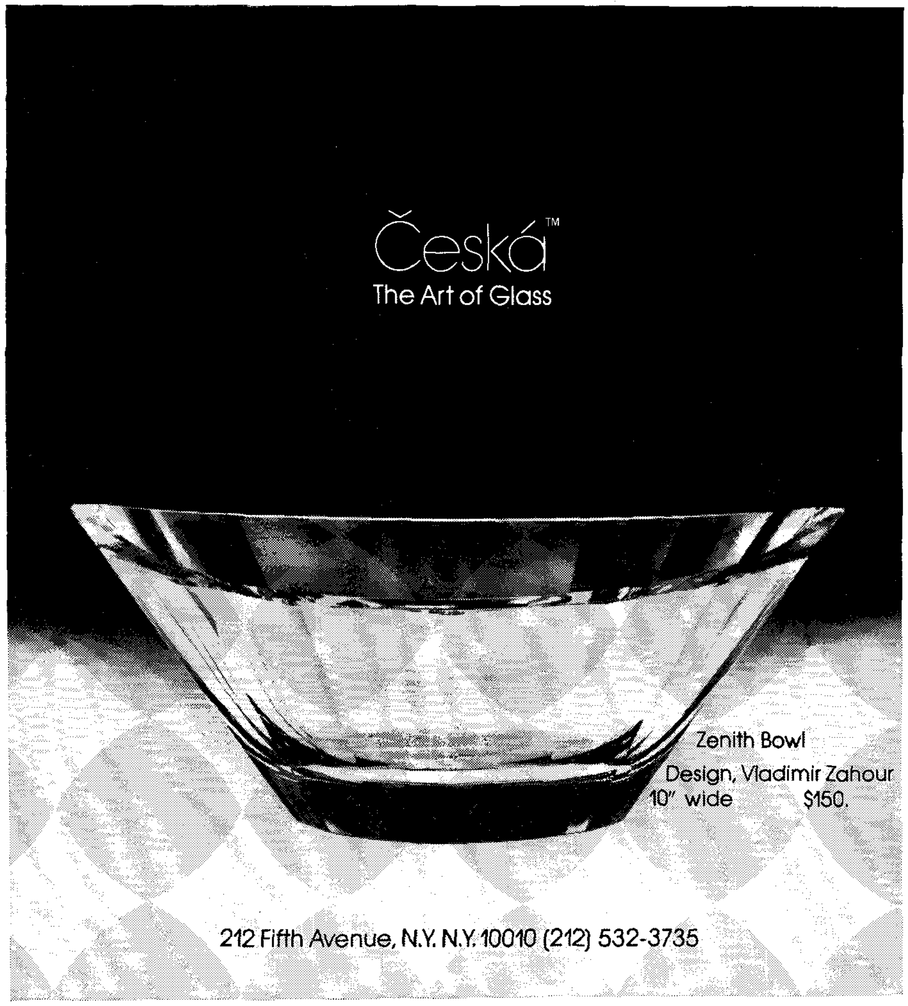
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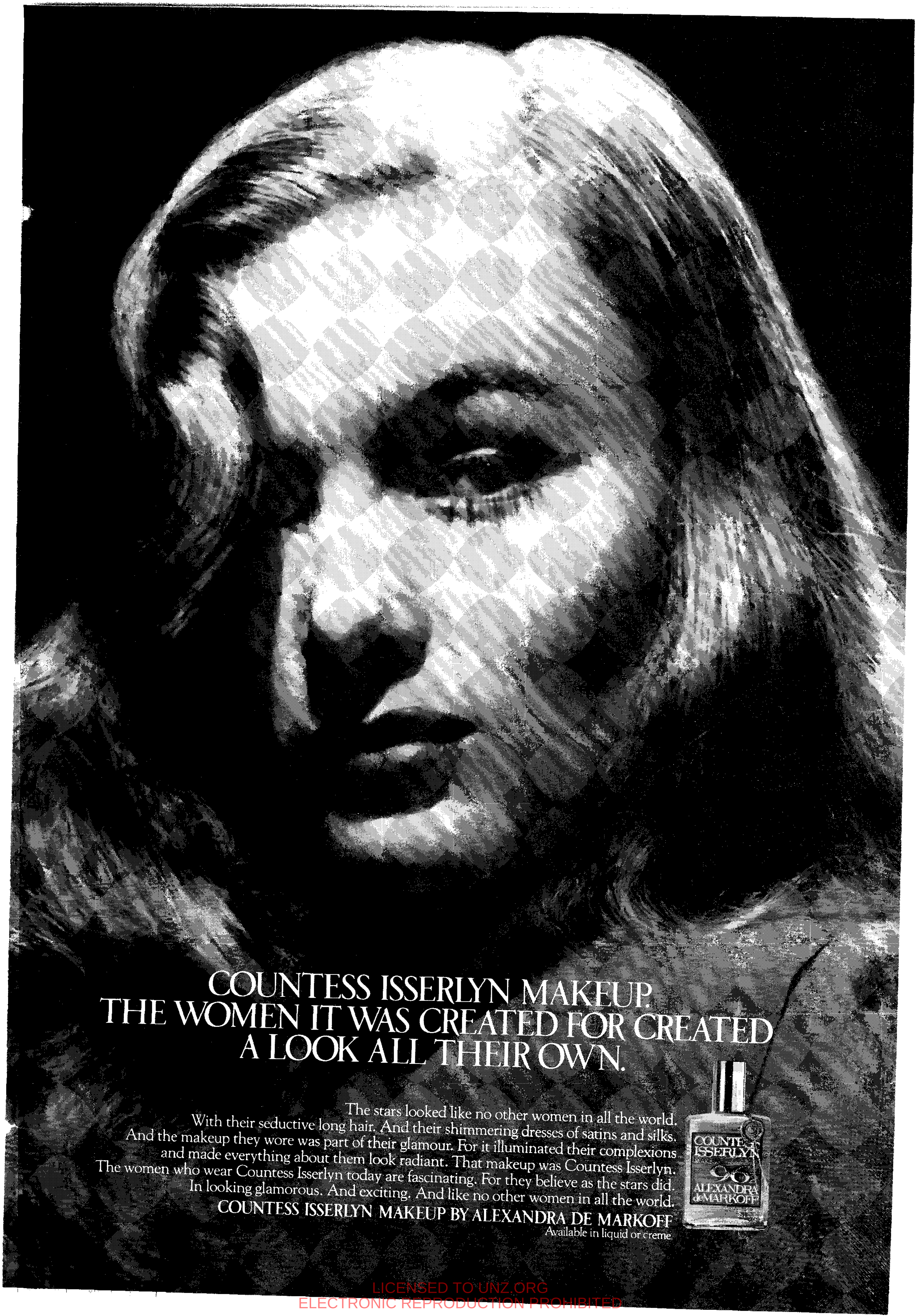
humorous, combative expression. She attended the University of Georgia in the mid-sixties and then dropped out. There is a faint trace of Georgia in her speech. She has been a news reporter with the Atlanta Constitution *and the Washington* Post. *She joined the staff of* Time *in 1970, and wrote national news. She won an Alicia Patterson Fellowship in 1973, and went to Vietnam and Ireland and the Middle East. When she returned to* Time, *she began to cover sports. What "B. J." stands for is a secret; no one except her family knows. Thirty-five years old.*)

"I think if I'd been a guy I'd have been a sportswriter from the start. I've always thought sports was a poorly reported and misunderstood phenomenon. I took the chance when it came. I think I was tired of writing about dead people. I like sports. I like to get into things. I played short center on the *Time* softball team two years ago, when we won our championship. I won a Gold Glove for my fielding, and I batted over .400 for the season.

"I think I have a reputation as being a pretty tough lady. I've been around. I was a marcher in the sixties. When I was with the *Post*, I covered Woodstock, the Apollo 13 space shot, Capitol Hill—everything. I've picked up a severed leg outside a blown-out pub in Northern Ireland, I've interviewed women terrorists, I've heard a President of the United States lie at a press conference. But the first time in twelve years I've been forced to tears in public was there in Dodger Stadium. To think it was the World Series that did it—it's ludicrous. It's like that line 'It's so sad it makes you want to laugh; it's so sad it makes you want to cry.' I've been treated worse in sports than anywhere else. I've never felt that resentment anywhere else. I covered a series of games between the Royals and the White Sox in Chicago three years ago, and nobody in the press box spoke to me for three days. Nobody. I'm bitter about what happens to women sportswriters. I can't accept it.

"You know, after I was on television that time, I heard a lot of people say, 'Some people will do anything for publicity.' Jesus Christ! I can get all the publicity I want, from my own work. I wrote the first cover story *Time* ever ran on Jimmy Carter. Last year, I wrote four cover stories and won a Page One Award for a sports piece. But that doesn't matter to some people. What hurts is that so much of this comes from my professional colleagues, who know why access is essen-



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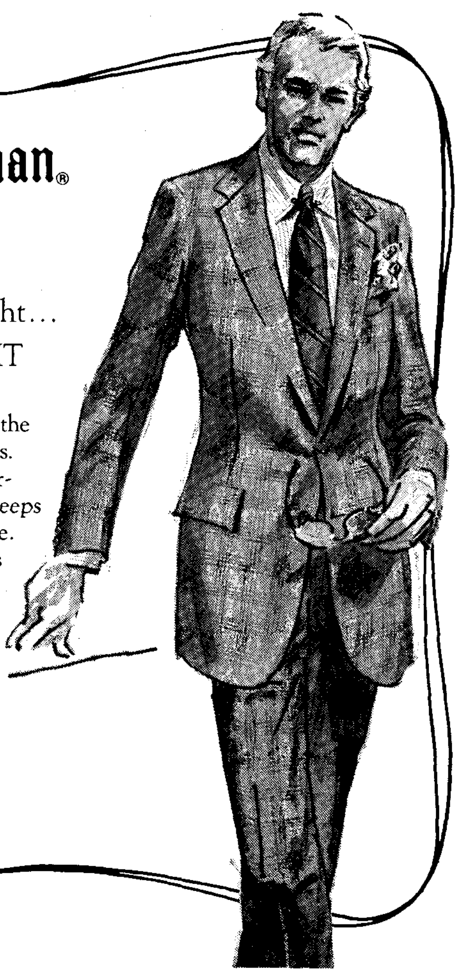

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There is a store that demands the sort of standard the people at Audemars Piguet meet. Note here, how the woman's watch surrounds time with diamonds. How the man's watch frames time with an octagonal gold braid. Both ultra-thin watches have intricately woven bands of 18-karat yellow gold. The store is in New York City. It's Gubelin.

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tial in our business. It *kills* me that my peers treat women writers with an attitude that says they're something between a pariah and a sex-crazed thrill seeker. It hurts privately. I don't think anybody knows the price we're paying.

"It confuses me when I realize that there are men who really can't see that what we care about in the locker room is not the naked bodies but our work. They can't seem to grasp that. I'm treated like a pervert for trying to do my work. It's clear that something has these people terrified. I don't understand what's behind it. I don't understand the social dynamic. Maybe I'm dense. I just don't get it."

•

ROBIN HERMAN: (*She is tall, with dark hair. She graduated from Princeton in 1973—the first Princeton class to admit women as freshmen. In college, she joined the* Daily Princetonian, *the undergraduate newspaper, and eventually became its sports co-editor. She joined the* Times *in 1973, and was quickly assigned to cover the New York Islanders, in the National Hockey League. Later, she became the* Times *writer covering the New York Rangers. She has also covered professional basketball. She is now on general assignment for the Metropolitan Desk. Twenty-seven years old.*)

"I didn't get deeply interested in sports until I was sent to the Islanders. A professional curiosity sets in, and you realize that if you're going to do it right you have to learn everything. You've got to be right. I was sent to the Islanders because they were an expansion team, way out in the boonies, and nobody else wanted to cover them.

"I was one of the first women to get into a National Hockey League locker room, but now all the teams except five—Chicago, Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit, and St. Louis—let women in. Each of them has an old-line ownership or an old hockey figure who has stood in the way. Bob Pulford, in Chicago, is a decent man, but he's adamant about this. There was a lot of trouble with the Atlanta Flames. Their coach, Fred Creighton, told me that he was against it, but that he didn't know about the players. I asked if he'd poll them, and when he did they voted unanimously to let us in. So Fred said it was O.K. It always seems easy when it finally happens.

"I was covering the N.H.L. All-Star Game back in 1975, in Montreal, and at a press conference before the

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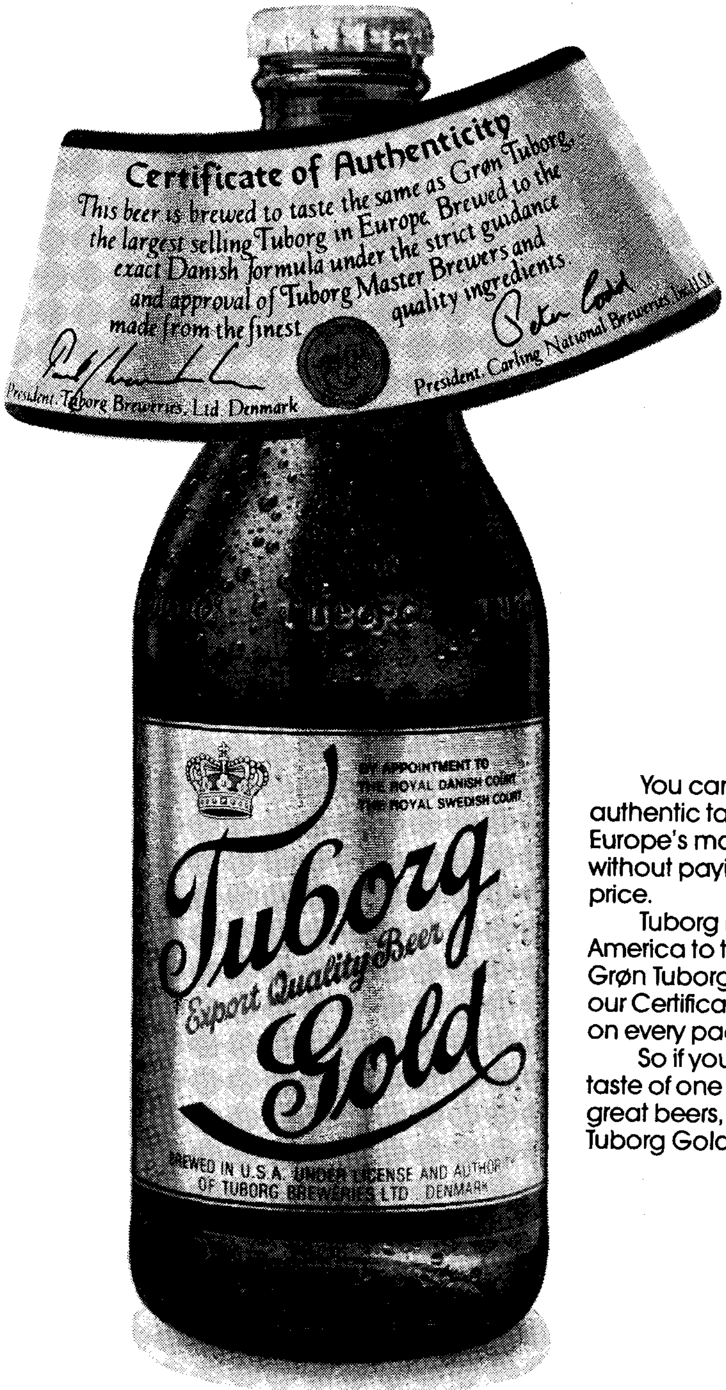
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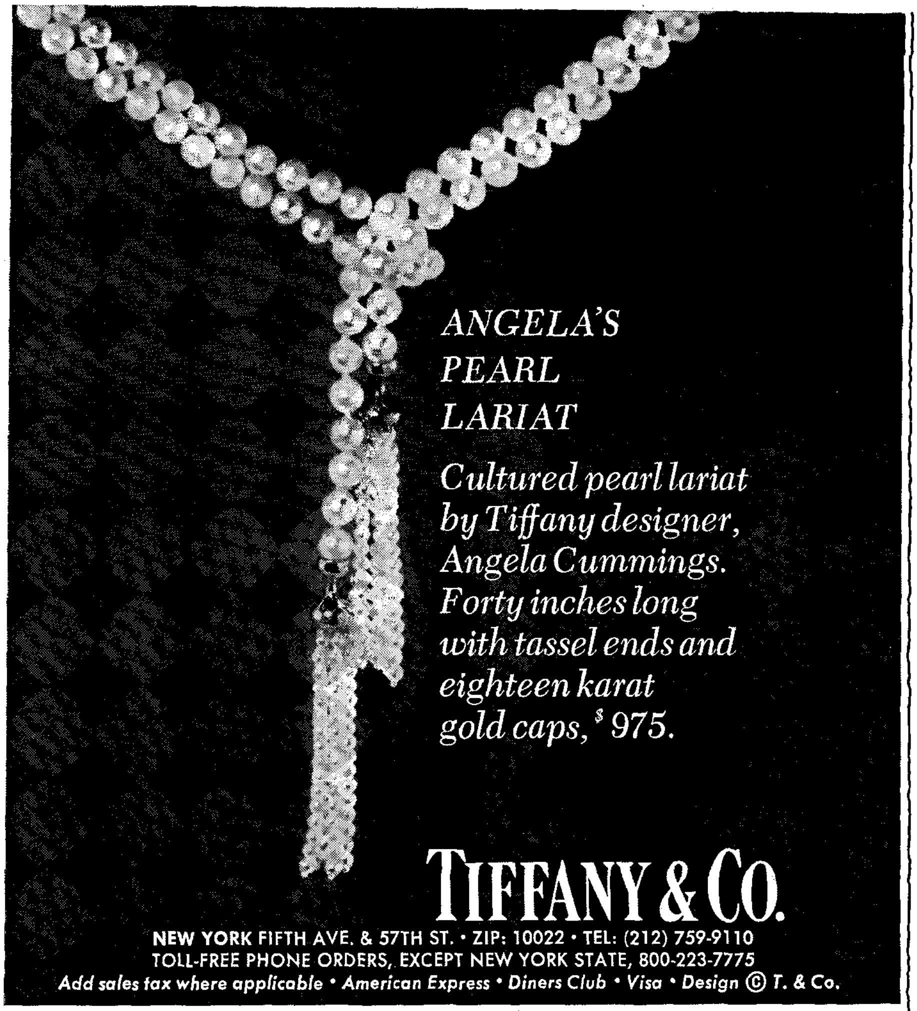
game Leo Monahan, of the Boston *Herald American*, asked the two coaches, 'When are you going to let accredited women reporters into your clubhouses?' The coaches were Fred Shero and Bep Guidolin, and they sort of looked at each other and shrugged and said it would be O.K. that night. That was how it all began. It was treated like a joke. Marcelle St. Cyr, who'd been broadcasting Canadiens games for Station CKLM, in Montreal, and I were the first women in. I had no plans to make it happen, or anything. I couldn't believe it. All-Star games are sort of boring, and Marcelle and I were the story that night, not the players. There were a lot of jokes and pranks.

"The Rangers didn't let any women in that year. Emile Francis was the general manager, and he said that the players' wives would object. Somebody always says that, but I don't believe it anymore. Once the players get used to you, it never comes up again. When John Ferguson took over at the Rangers in the middle of the 1975-76 season, I asked him if I could get in. Ferguson is a macho, no-nonsense sort of guy, but he has a real sense of fairness. He just waved his arm toward the locker room. I said 'You mean? . . .' and he nodded. Later on, when Lawrie Mifflin had started writing hockey for the *News*, he even offered to try to ban *all* reporters from the visiting-team locker room at Madison Square Garden if a visiting team wouldn't let women in, but we said no, we didn't want that. Can you imagine how that would have gone over with the other writers? Wow!

"Hockey players are friendly and polite, but basketball players are a lot looser. Most of them are black, of course, and they seem able to treat you like an individual—like a woman as well as like a reporter. They're cooler dudes, or something. They're big-city people, most of them, and almost all of them went to college. They've been around. I think they may be more at ease with their own sexuality. Basketball players are treated like men by their coaches. Nobody watches them or keeps a curfew on the road. Hockey players are treated more like boys.

"It's been tough. It was awful at the beginning. I remember a playoff game in Toronto—I think Philadelphia was playing the Maple Leafs. I'd been through it all so many times, and we were still having trouble with the Flyers then. It was late at night, my



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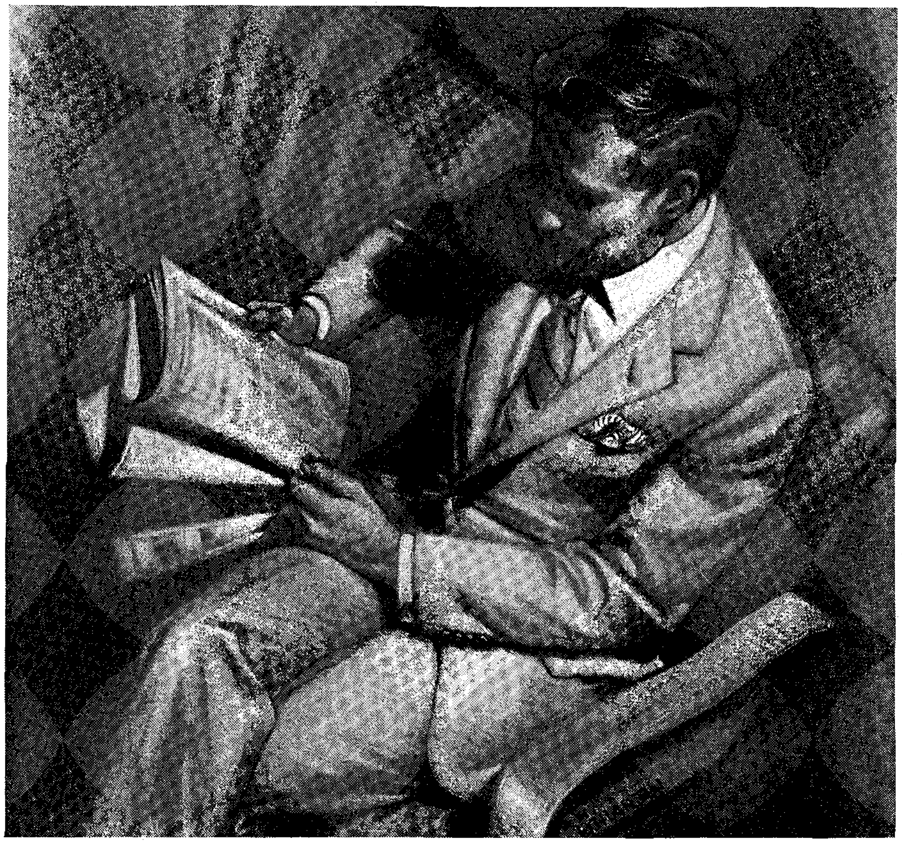

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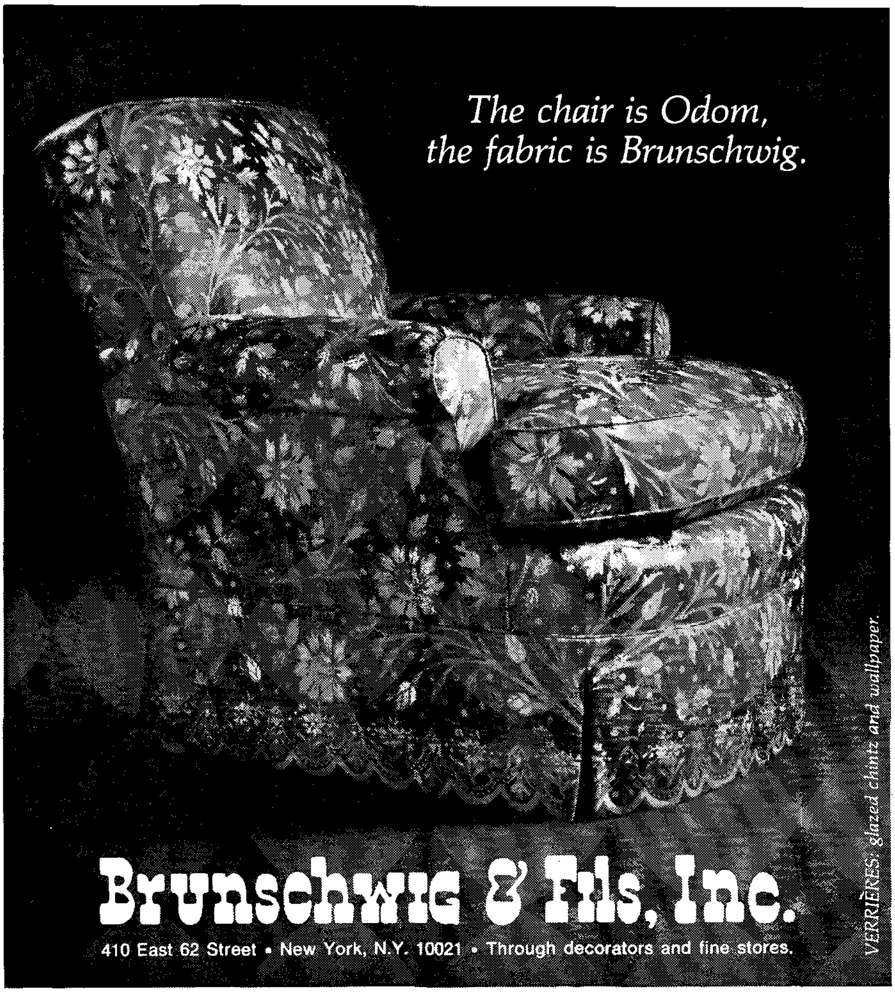
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time was running out, and I had to write. I was outside the door of the Flyers' dressing room, and there were a lot of people there looking at me and making remarks. Finally, one player came out—I think it was Bob Dailey. I asked him some questions about the game, and when I was finished I had to hurry down a long corridor and then up a flight of stairs to get to the press-room. I stopped in a stairwell, because I realized I was so angry I couldn't speak. I was like Billy Budd—I was *silenced.* I thought, What am I doing here? Why am I putting up with this? I got my crying out—nobody saw me—and then I went up and wrote my story.

"Getting into the locker room seems like such a foolish thing to waste your energies on. Sixty per cent of my time and effort used to be spent on just trying to get to the players, instead of on what I was writing. It's emotionally draining. It uses you up. Before I left sports, I sometimes wondered about writing baseball someday, but I wouldn't try it now. I just couldn't go through that clubhouse thing all over again, now that I know it doesn't mean anything."

•

DIANE K. SHAH: (*She is an associate editor of* Newsweek, *where today she writes mostly for the "Life/Style" department. She grew up in Chicago, and graduated from Indiana University in 1967. She worked as a reporter for the* National Observer *and for the Chicago bureau of United Press International before joining* Newsweek *in 1977. She has published a novel, "The Mackin Cover"—a thriller, with a professional-football setting. She is married but is separated from her husband. She is very tall, with striking, faintly Oriental-looking eyes. Thirty-three years old.*)

"Sports has changed in its attitude toward women, but baseball still has a pretty long way to go. Back in September of 1972, I persuaded my editor at the *Observer* to send me up to Boston to cover some Red Sox games at Fenway Park. The team was in a close pennant race with the Tigers and Orioles and Yankees, and everybody was very excited and involved. It looked like a great story. I got in touch with the Red Sox public-relations man, Bill Crowley, and he said, 'We don't let women on the field, and the Baseball Writers Association runs the press box.' When I called up the man who was running the Baseball Writers in Boston that year, he sort of stuttered

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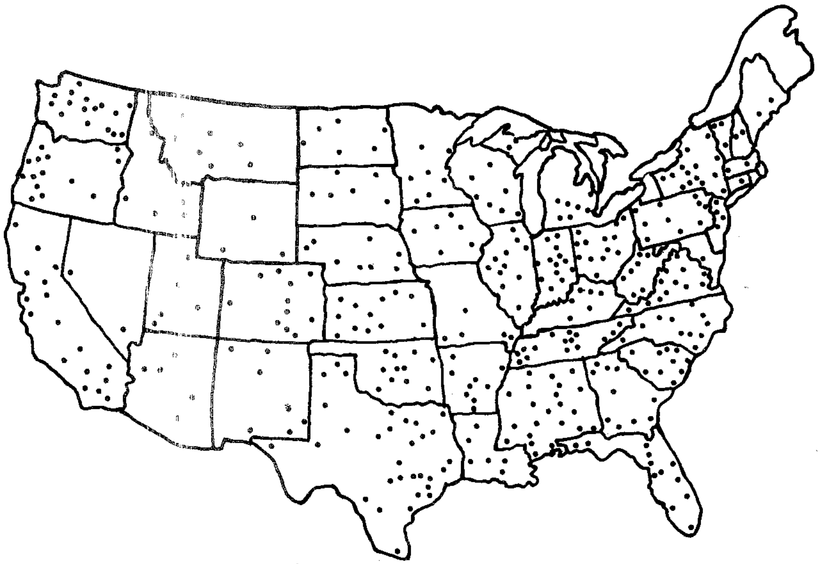

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and put me on hold for a long time, and then he said he couldn't do it. My editor, Henry Gemmill, and one of the company attorneys talked with the Red Sox people, but when I got up there all I'd heard was 'Well, that girl can come in if she behaves herself,' and I didn't know what that meant. Bill Crowley had told me he'd get me a box seat and said he'd bring players there for me to interview. I said 'You mean you'll bring Carl Yastrzemski to see me in the stands right after a game?,' and he said 'Well, I'll *try*.' Finally, I got my pass to go out on the field, but *when I went out there during batting* practice I found that none of the players would talk to me. They simply wouldn't answer when I asked them questions. Then I discovered that there had just been a team meeting, where they'd been told I was coming and warned to watch their language. Only two of them talked to me in the end—Carlton Fisk and that left-handed pitcher John Curtis. The rest thought they'd been told not to say anything at all.

"Before the game, Dick Bresciani, the assistant public-relations man, took me up on the roof, where the press box and the pressroom are. I could see he was terribly uncomfortable about something, and when we got there he explained that I could come into the press box but that the pressroom was a social place, for eating and drinking, and no women were allowed in there. I saw that they'd set up a little ice-cream table outside the pressroom, with one chair and one place setting, and there was a little folder on it with 'Ladies' Pavilion' written across it. I didn't eat at all that night. I just ignored it.

"During the game, Dick Bresciani sat between me and Bill Crowley in the press box. I think he thought I'd make a terrible scene, or something. Finally, after about four innings, I introduced myself to Mr. Crowley and I said, 'See? Nothing terrible has happened.' He said, 'Well, it will,' and I asked him what could happen. He said, 'Tomorrow, there'll be fifty girls like you here.' I said I didn't think there were fifty women sportswriters in the whole country, and he said, 'Maybe not, but they'll say they are, just so they can get at my players.'

"The next night, I was allowed in the pressroom. Tom Yawkey, the team owner, had told everybody that if I was accredited I was to be let in. I sat all alone. Nobody came near me. But then Mr. Yawkey sent word over to me to come and join him at his

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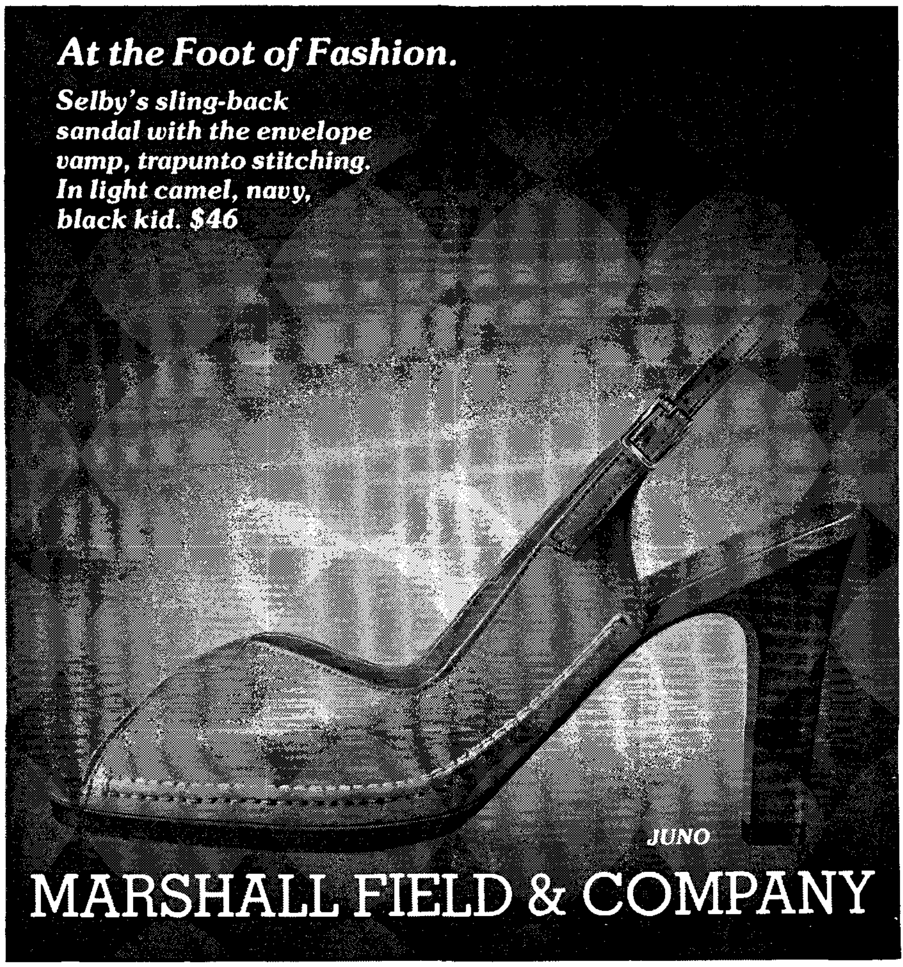

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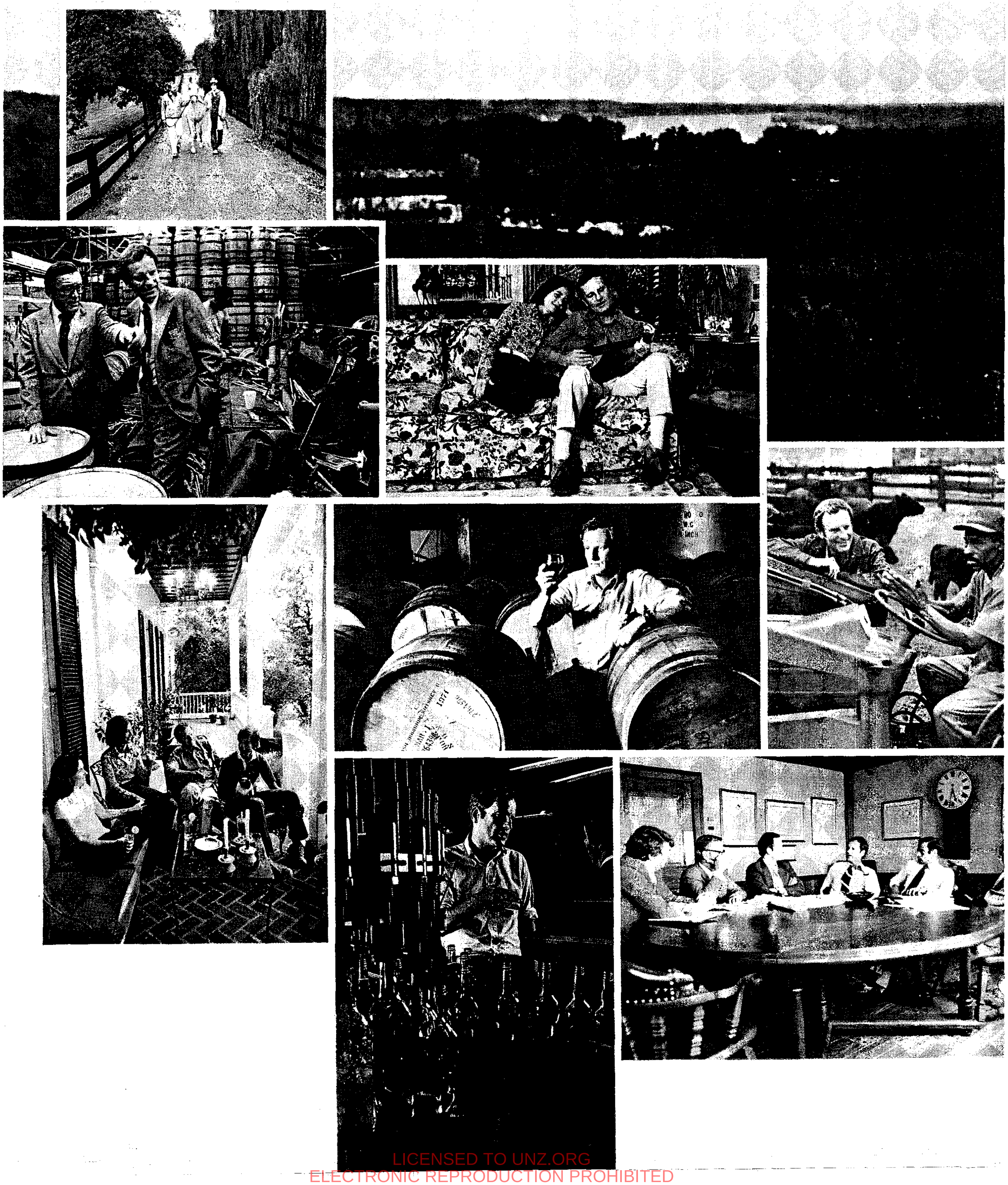

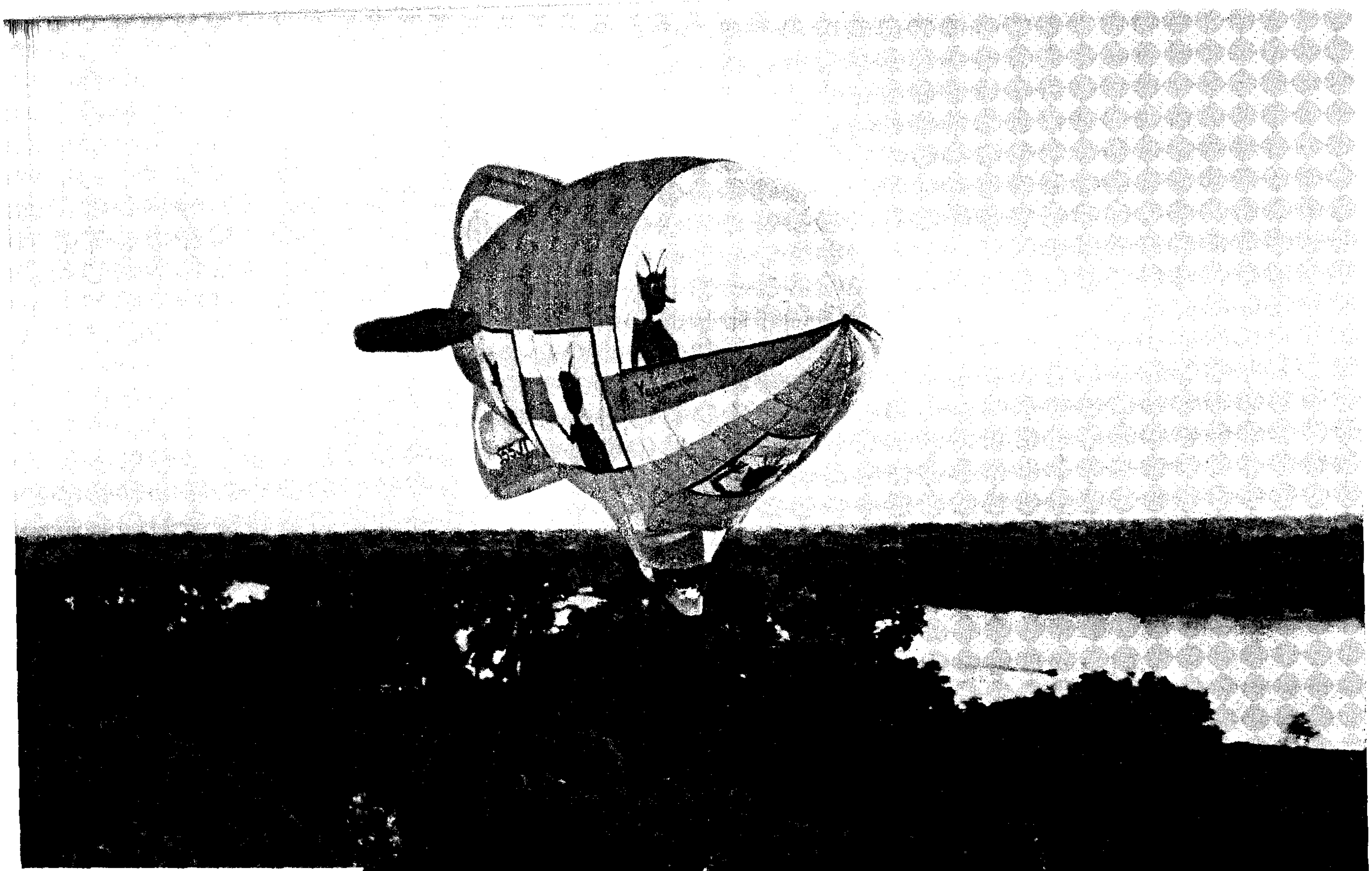

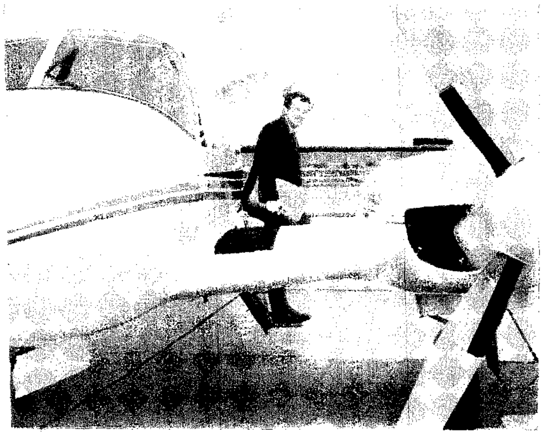

There is a rare blend of adventure and practicality in the makeup of James "Buddy" Thompson, Chairman of Glenmore Distilleries. He avidly pursues the ancient sport of hot air ballooning, but in an airship he helped design using a Volkswagen engine and modern aerodynamics for greater control. Credit for the graphics of the "Yellowstone" go to daughters Lisa and Emery, and sons Jim, Jr., and Sam. Buddy, the first hot-air airship pilot in the United States, claims his craft is "the wave of the future, and I won't let pilots of obsolete balloons forget it."

Being daring yet practical has paid off for Buddy Thompson in the liquor industry. He's helped Glenmore Distilleries grow by looking beyond his own industry for managers. He assembled a team of seasoned marketing people that have launched the 106-year old company on a program of acquisition and diversification.

Besides the traditional Bourbons of a Kentucky distillery, Glenmore now markets the immensely successful Amaretto di Saronno liqueur and Old Mr. Boston pre-mixed cocktails, brandies and cordials, Desmond & Duff Scotch and a full line of other spirits. This year the Company is looking at wines and "several possibilities outside the spirits industry."

Outside his business life Buddy Thompson is just as active in the Louisville community. He is a past Chairman of the United Way and The Fund for the Arts, and now is on the Board of Citizens Fidelity Bank, the Regional Mental Health Agency, the Regional Cancer Center and the local Airport Board. "I complained so much about the way the airport was being run they dared me to join the Board." He has been Chairman for eight years.

With his wife, Allie, Buddy also spends a good deal of time farming their 160 acres outside Louisville and tending their herd of Black Angus.

To keep abreast of what's happening in the many facets of his life, Buddy Thompson reads SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. He claims at least one article each month gives him information he needs—about computers, chemistry, behavior—plus information he enjoys.

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table. When I wrote the story, I sort of made it a point of honor not to put any of this stuff in. The strangest thing of all, when I look back on it, is that none of this seemed to have been done with any malice. They were all polite, in a distant sort of way. They just didn't know what to do about me.

"The leadership on a team makes a big difference in how you're treated. Earl Weaver, of the Orioles, is very accommodating and easy, and so are his players. So is Chuck Tanner, of the Pirates. The Red Sox always make you feel sort of uncomfortable, but I think they're an uncomfortable kind of team, even among themselves. The Yankees—well, I rode on a team bus with them in Kansas City a couple of times last year, while I was working on a story, and there was a lot of bad language in the back of the bus. I mean a *lot*. You could tell that most of it was for my benefit. Billy Martin, who was still manager then, was very nervous about it, and Elston Howard was so embarrassed that he offered to take me with him in a cab next time. The Yankees aren't exactly a mature team, to put it mildly.

"I get the feeling that baseball players have always been a pretty special sort of athlete. From an early age, their whole lives have been tied up with the locker room and its intensely male feelings. They usually get married very young, when they're still in the minors, and they talk a lot about protecting their wives. Some of them have never met a woman as an equal—maybe most of them. They have no women as friends. They live together more of the time than other athletes do. It's a long season, with a lot of travelling. They hang out together a lot.

"I always try to meet their wives and talk to them, so I can show them that I'm serious. Hardly any of them have ever met a woman reporter. The players and their wives both seem to think that you're some kind of groupie who's been clever enough to get her hands on a press pass.

"There's nothing I love more than baseball, but every time I walk out onto a baseball field I feel a dread about being there. It upsets me, because I started in with baseball exactly the same way most kids did. My father was a secret Yankee fan in Chicago—an exile—and he began taking me to a lot of games when I was about twelve. He taught me how to keep score. I used to keep Yankee scrapbooks—I cut out all the Yankee stories and Yankee box scores I could find and pasted them up. I was very self-conscious about

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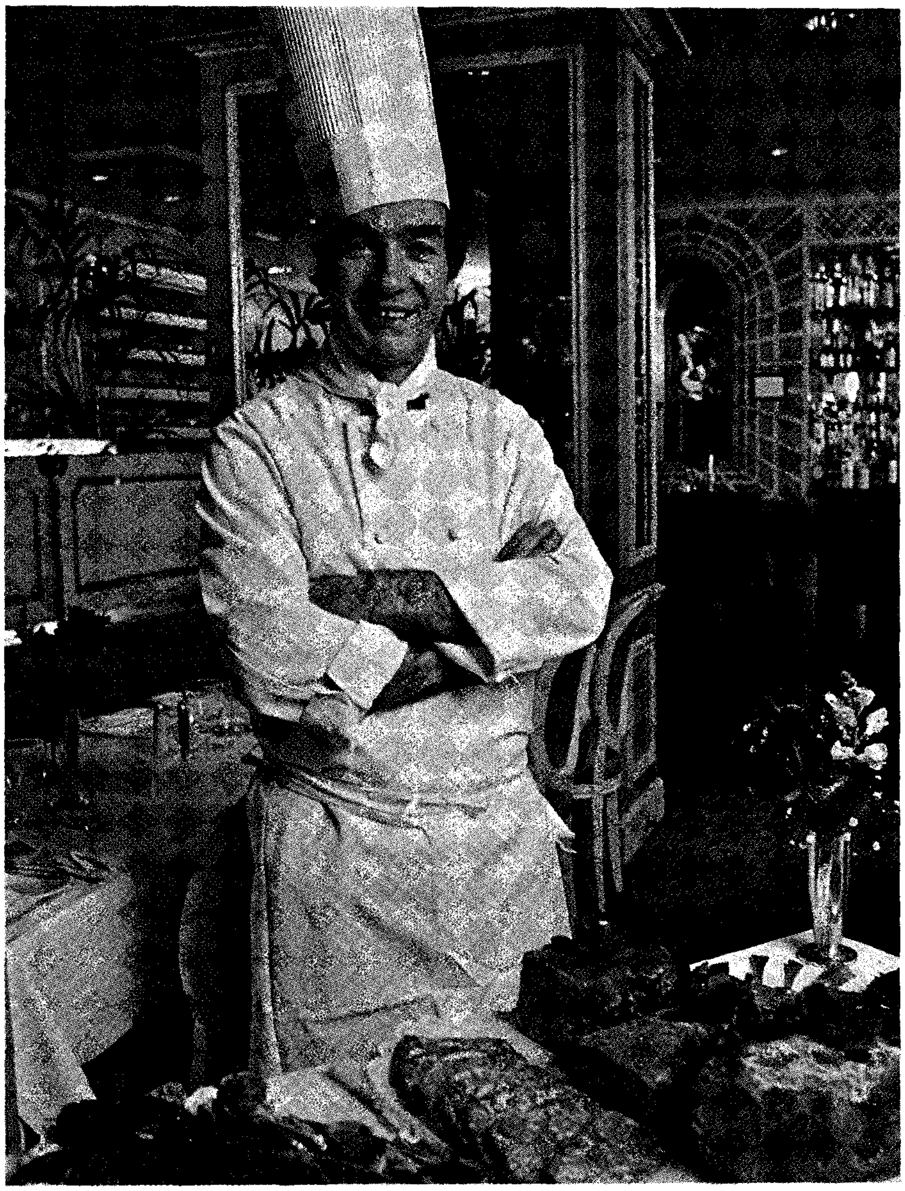

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this, because I knew other girls didn't do it. I used to buy *Sport* magazine, and I'd bring it home inside an envelope, so people couldn't tell. When I grew up, one of the very first stories I got to write for the *Observer* was about an old Yankee hero of mine, who was still in baseball as a coach. I went and talked with him, and when we went out to dinner he got drunk and fell down in the street. He said he was wearing new shoes, or something, but that wasn't it. It was sad. I didn't write that, either."

●

BETTY CUNIBERTI: (*She covers the University of Maryland football and basketball teams for the Washington* Post, *and fills in on the paper's coverage of the Washington Redskins and Bullets. Previously, she was a sports reporter for the San Bernardino, California,* Sun-Telegram *and then for the San Francisco* Chronicle. *She is twenty-seven years old, with curly brown hair and a quick smile.*)

"Most women in this business don't cover games. Ninety per cent of us don't—not a good balance. The standard idea of a woman sportswriter's story is doing Steve Garvey's wife or writing a feature about Nancy Lopez. The men on the beat are always aware of that. This is why locker-room access is the heart of it all. Access is the key to covering games, and you aren't a sportswriter—you haven't paid your dues—unless you cover games.

"Pro football is just about the last bastion. The N.F.L. leaves it up to the individual teams, but only the Eagles and the Vikings let women into their locker rooms. Tom Landry, of the Cowboys, closed his locker rooms to everybody last fall rather than let women in. Pro football is the prestige beat, the biggest of them all, and sports editors almost never let a woman near it. They think we haven't earned the assignment, or else it just doesn't occur to them. They think it's like sending a dog to do your income-tax return, or something.

"When I was with the *Chronicle* in 1976, I went on a game trip to Kansas City with the Oakland Raiders, and I heard that Al Davis, the Oakland owner, was upset about my presence on the charter flight. I had a feeling that I was being watched, to see if anything would happen. Davis told people that he was also afraid I might be bad luck—like a woman on a ship. The stewardesses didn't count, of course. I used to have real trouble with some of the Raider players. They'd

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hassle me—hide my typewriter, or hide my car in the parking lot. One of them grabbed me in a hallway. None of that ever happened with the 49ers. I finally spoke up to John Madden, the Raider coach, and it stopped right away. But those were rocky times.

"I hate to say it, but I think it's going to take more court action to change all this. There aren't enough of us, and there aren't enough editors or newspapers like mine, who will make an issue of women. I think more editors and more reporters in the business have to see that this is a writers' issue, not a women's issue. And then, even if you do get some support, at the end of it all you just get bombarded with bad mail. You know, sportswriters aren't very popular anyway. People just don't understand deadlines. The players are always blaming us for what we report—for real quotes or for criticisms of them—and they blame us when they lose. No matter what you do, the image that the public holds on to is of a ravening, fire-eating woman coming in and taking advantage of some poor, shy, tired boys. My name is synonymous with nudity—I think it's the first thing most people think about me.

"I never saw any of this coming when I was growing up. When I was a kid in San Francisco, I always knew I was going to be a writer—I asked Santa Claus for a typewriter when I was five years old—but I thought I was going to be a professional athlete, too. I was a tomboy. I was always the fastest runner on my block. My family had season tickets for the 49ers, and in the summer we went to a lot of the Giants' games. I thought I was going to grow up and pitch for the Giants. I was sure of it. My hero was Mike McCormick, who had won the Cy Young Award. The only thing that worried me about my future was that he was left-handed and I wasn't. I thought that was all there was that stood in my way."

•

MELISSA LUDTKE LINCOLN: (*She became a reporter on* Sports Illustrated *in 1974, shortly after her graduation from Wellesley. Her byline has appeared occasionally in the magazine, but for the most part she has done legwork and research for writers who are senior to her. She has covered baseball and professional basketball. She has an oval face and brownish-blond hair, which falls to her shoulders. She speaks in a flat, quiet voice. Twenty-seven years old.*)

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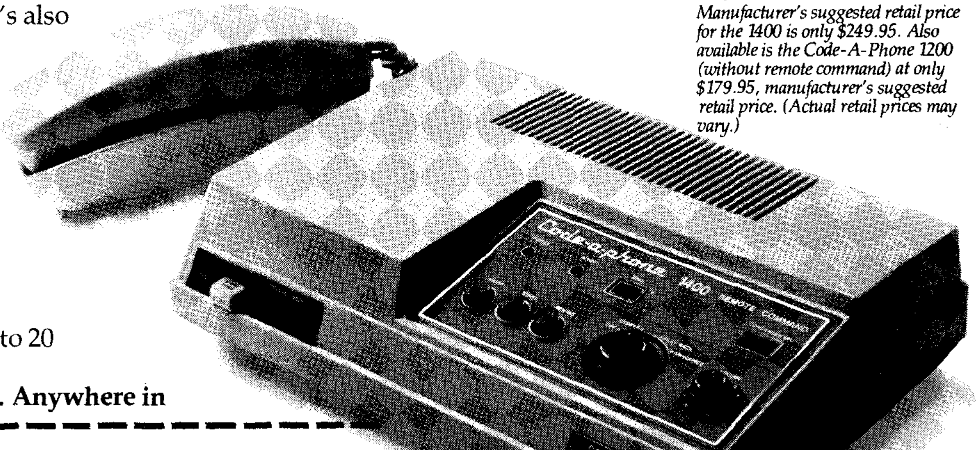

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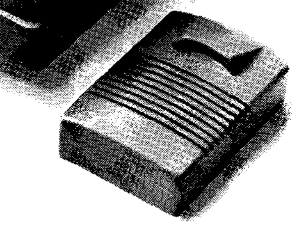

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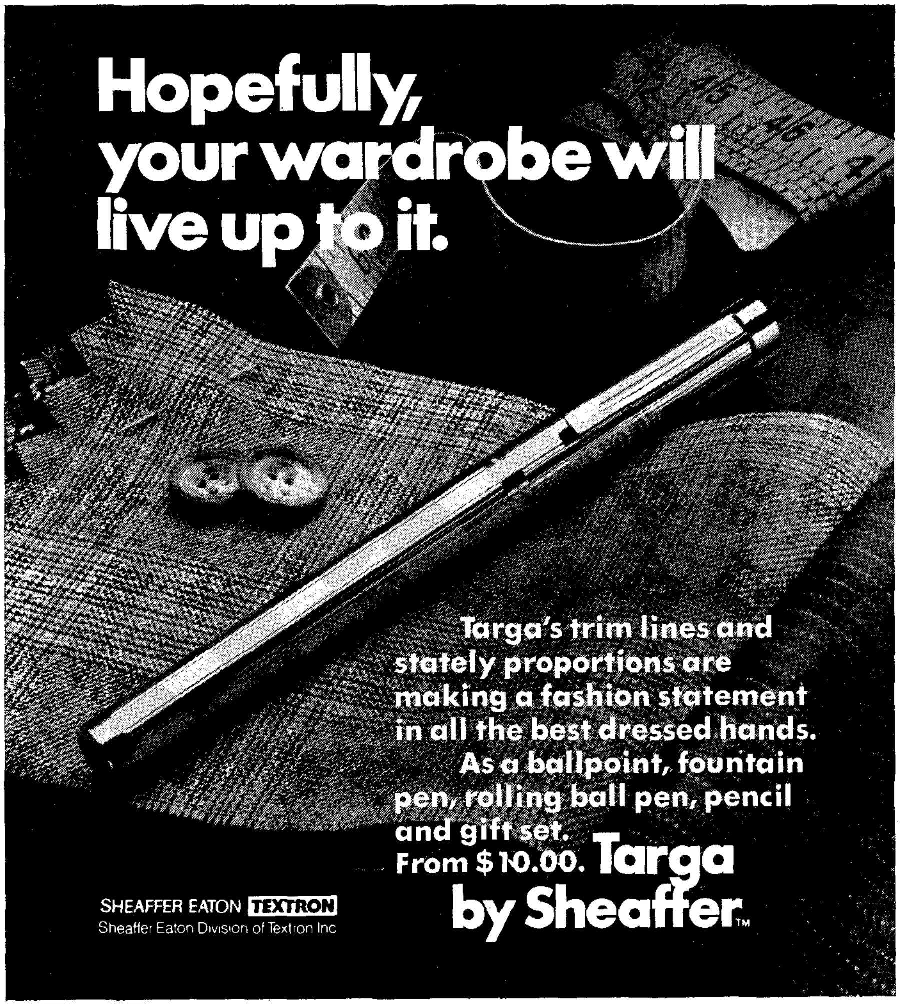
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thought much about discrimination until I saw how women were treated over the locker-room thing. When I tried to get into the locker room back at the 1977 World Series, it was for obvious professional reasons. I went through all the proper steps, asked all the right people, explained my reasons. Then the door was slammed in my face. Literally, I mean. It was Pete Carry, my editor—the baseball editor—who took it up from there and made it all happen. He was the hero. It took a long time, and it was worth it, of course, but things haven't exactly turned around. If I'm sent on a story to Detroit, let's say, this summer, I still won't be able to get into the locker room there. I'm still only one bus stop down the road.

"This crusade has worn me down. I'm a little discouraged by my own situation. I think I was a symbol for Time, Inc. More than fifty per cent of the employees there are women, and some of them filed a complaint about discrimination with the New York Division of Human Rights a few years ago. It was settled by agreement, and my suit was the most convenient way for Time, Inc., to show its support for women. But the basic workings of my magazine haven't changed much.

"I'm tired of the difference between public and private attitudes. When I first tried to get into the clubhouses in 1977, the Dodgers voted to let me in. Billy Martin said I could come into his office. Then the Commissioner stepped in and began collecting affidavits, and suddenly everything was different. Last summer, one of the Yankee executives introduced me to his wife and two daughters, and they congratulated me on what I had done. He looked at me and winked, because he and I knew that his official stand had been one of absolute opposition to me.

"Some of the Yankees were terrific with me last fall. Roy White was super. So was Fred Stanley. Reggie apologized to me for some of the bad scenes in the clubhouse. I think I got that open hostility from players like Jay Johnstone and Cliff Johnson because they hadn't been much involved in the pennant race or the playoffs. They were having trouble with their careers and their egos. It was a way for them to be a star at something—to get the writers around them.

"I hope I'll begin to feel at ease in the Yankee clubhouse, the way I do in the basketball locker rooms. I'm still not anxious to go in there. If I'm afraid, it may be because people there don't know my face yet. If people know me, I'm all right. I can't tell if

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THERE are many hundreds of men who write regularly about sports in this country—most of them for the daily papers. No survey of their opinions about women sportswriters or the admission of those women to the athletes' locker rooms has ever been undertaken. The three sportswriters quoted here were selected not in any attempt to present a balance but because each is a friend of mine and because each, it turned out, was willing to speak his mind in a remarkably candid fashion.

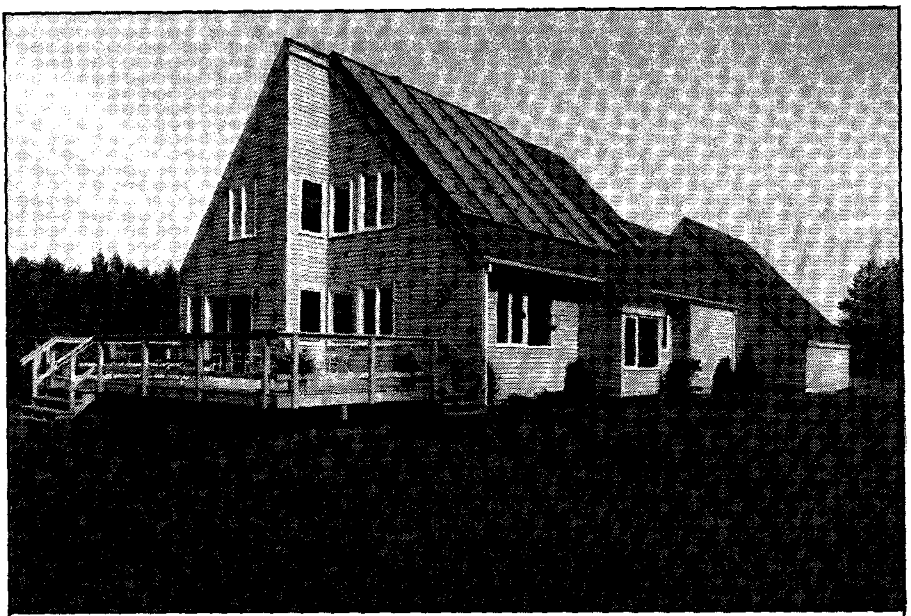
MURRAY CHASS: (*After graduating from the University of Pittsburgh, he worked for ten years as a sportswriter with the Associated Press. He has been with the* Times *since 1969, and is the current chairman of the New York chapter of the Baseball Writers of America. He covers the Yankees, and he has become widely known for his reporting on the financial, legal, and labor aspects of big-time sports. He is married, and has two sons, a daughter, a stepson, and a stepdaughter. He has reddish-brown hair and a small beard. Forty years old.*)

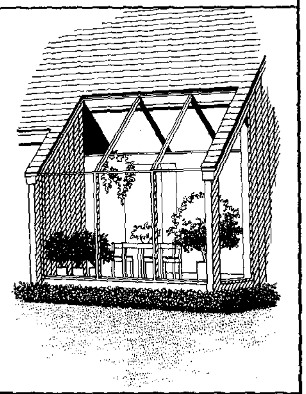
"The only thing that bothers me about women sportswriters is when they're dumb or don't know what they're doing. But I feel exactly the same way about male sportswriters. I would guess that some of the women are going to have to work a little harder at it than the men do, because they may not know quite so much in advance. There's a pressure on them to be very good. I think it's the same as it was when Jackie Robinson first came up. He knew he had to excel. I don't like to make the comparison, but it's there.

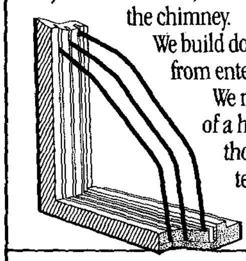
"There's no question in my mind but that the Yankees tried to turn the male writers against the women after the Ludtke ruling last fall. You could see it happening, and they did it on purpose. If the Commissioner and everyone else had just left the issue alone, it all would have been resolved in three days. It just would have gone away.

"Being kept out of the clubhouse for any reason or taking players into another area for interviews is unacceptable, and I'll scream about it. The issue is perfectly plain. It's freedom of access for all writers. Wherever I have a right to go, a woman has a right to go, as long as she's there to do a job.

"The players' right to privacy is a tricky issue, though. Last spring, in







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Fort Lauderdale, a woman photographer was allowed into the clubhouse, and some of the Yankee players were genuinely shocked. One of the pitchers was talking to me about it, and I pointed out to him that most of the players—easily ninety per cent of them, married or unmarried—fooled around when they were on the road, so they couldn't be too shy. He said sure, but when he was in bed with a woman they *both* had their clothes off, and he had been—well, consulted about it. I had to think about that. Later on, I asked my daughter Debbie, who is fourteen, what she thought about this business of the players' privacy and the reporters. She said, 'Are men allowed in there to see them?' I said yes, and she said, 'Well, then women should be in, too.' She was right, of course."

•

JEROME HOLTZMAN: (*He is the senior baseball writer for the Chicago* Sun-Times. *He has been on the baseball beat for twenty-two years, covering the Cubs for half of each season and the White Sox for the other half. He writes a lengthy summary of each baseball year for the* Official Baseball Guide. *He owns a notable collection of baseball books and memorabilia, and he has written three books about baseball. One of them, "No Cheering in the Press Box," is a series of interviews with old-time titans of the press box—men like Richards Vidmer, John Kieran, John Drebinger, and Ford Frick. He is of medium height, with broad shoulders, gray hair, and bushy eyebrows. He smokes cigars. He is married, with four daughters. Fifty-two years old.*)

"The liberal in me says that women reporters are entitled to be in the clubhouse and to get all the courtesies I get. The chauvinist and the realist in me say they don't belong. I feel that by getting their rights—all that they're entitled to—they're abrogating the players' right to privacy. Anyhow, I think clubhouse reporting is overrated. Editors are impressed by it, but players don't always tell the truth in that kind of interview. Clubhouse reporting results in a pretty sloppy kind of work. You can come to the park in the seventh inning and skip the game altogether. I think there's going to be a swing back to the other kind of sportswriting—to game writing. And that macho feeling of the clubhouse isn't a very important part of a team.

"Listen, I know it's a problem. I know women are entitled to be sportswriters. But I feel there's something unwholesome about it all. There's

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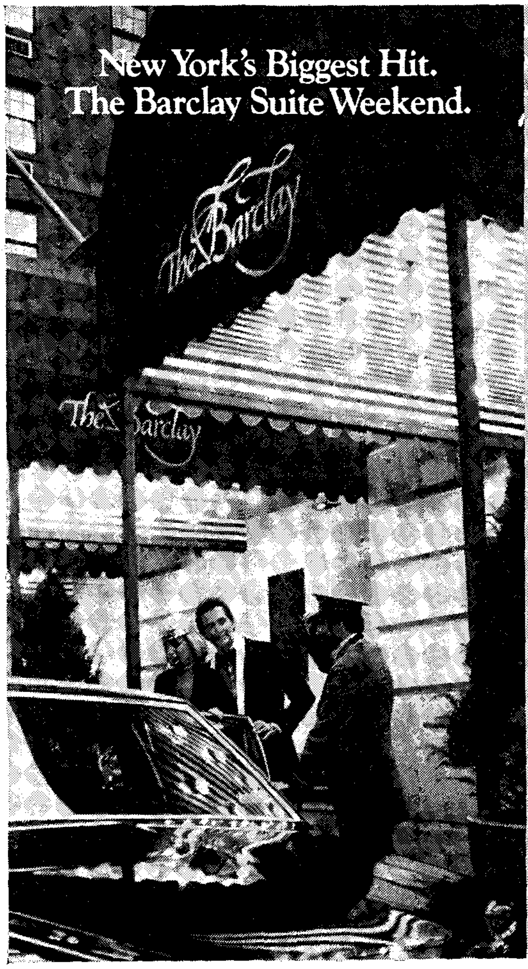

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something unwholesome about a woman having to scramble at a World Series or at a big game—having to run after the players. I don't mind men running, the way you and I do, but why should women have to do it? I think I still have something of a romantic attitude toward women.

"Women reporters have certain advantages over men. I've seen it. Athletes open up to women more in a one-on-one situation. Most of the women also have the advantage of their age, and that applies to younger male reporters, of course. I used to be a lot closer to the players than I am today. One of the worst aspects of being a sportswriter is that you get older and the athletes get younger. Jimmy Cannon once said that sportswriters are entombed in a prolonged boyhood. And the Midwest sports editor of the A.P., Jerry Liska—he's retired now—always said that after you got to be thirty-five or forty you shouldn't be a sportswriter anymore.

"The assignment has changed. There's more behind-the-scenes crap. Nobody wants to know who went from first to third. Sports is getting to be just entertainment. I suppose the fact that this was an all-male world was what made it so exciting to me at first. And now that it's being invaded and eroded it's much less attractive. Maybe I am a chauvinist—I don't know. The press box used to be a male preserve—that was its charm. I'd rather not have a woman as a seatmate at a World Series game. It wouldn't be as much fun. I've never met a woman who knew as much baseball as a man. But there was a woman once who was an official scorer. I remember reading about it. It was in some minor league—maybe the Texas League. Isn't that interesting? You could look it up."

•

MAURY ALLEN: (*He has been a sportswriter with the* Post *for eighteen years, mostly covering the Yankees and the Mets, and is now a columnist. He was one of the original "Chipmunks"—a group of young, iconoclastic sportswriters who became celebrated in the early nineteen-sixties for their questioning, irreverent attitude toward athletes and sports institutions. He has written fifteen baseball books, including a biography of Joe DiMaggio. He is married, with a son and a daughter. He has prematurely white hair and a black mustache. His manner is cheerful. Forty-six years old.*)

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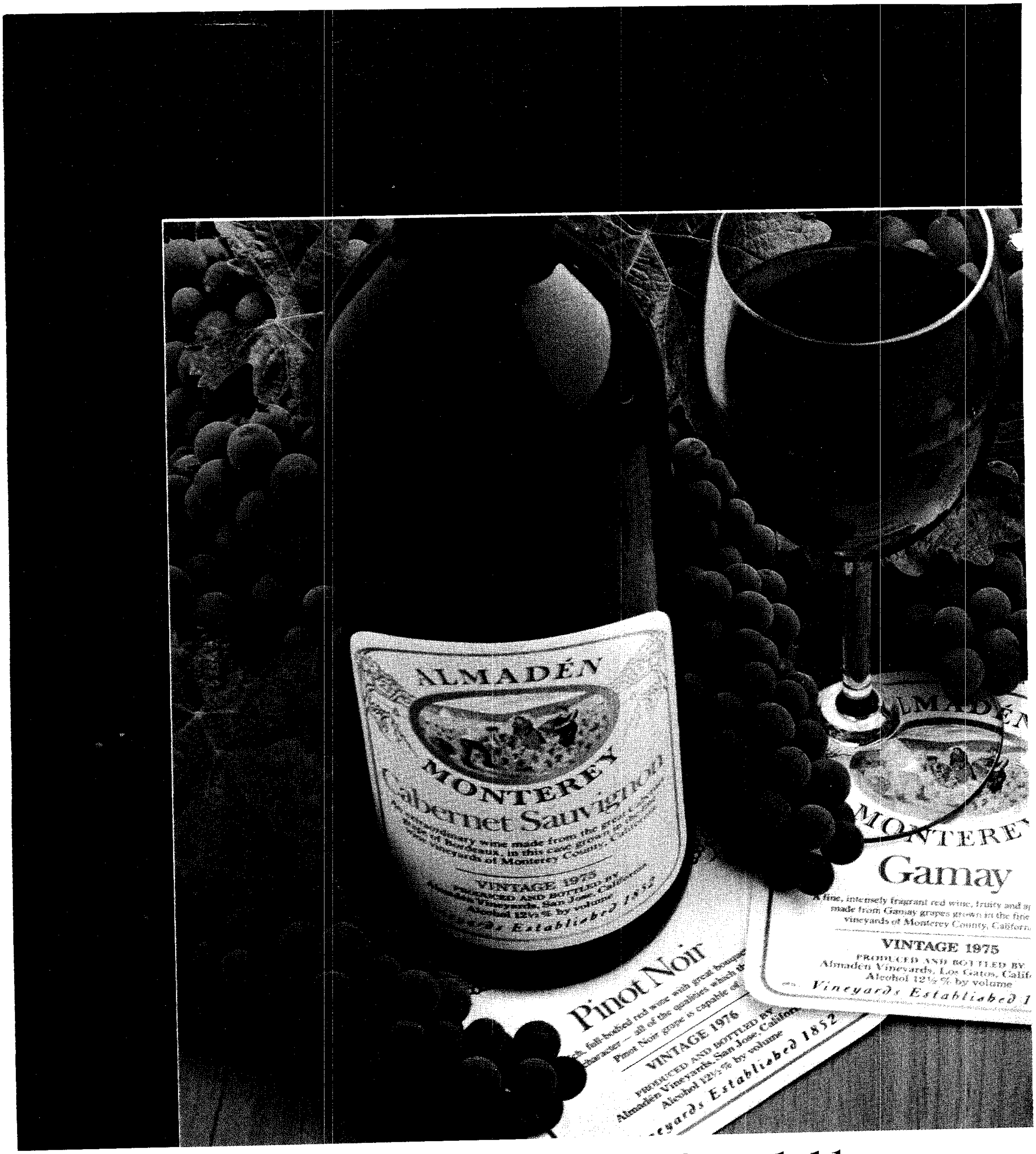
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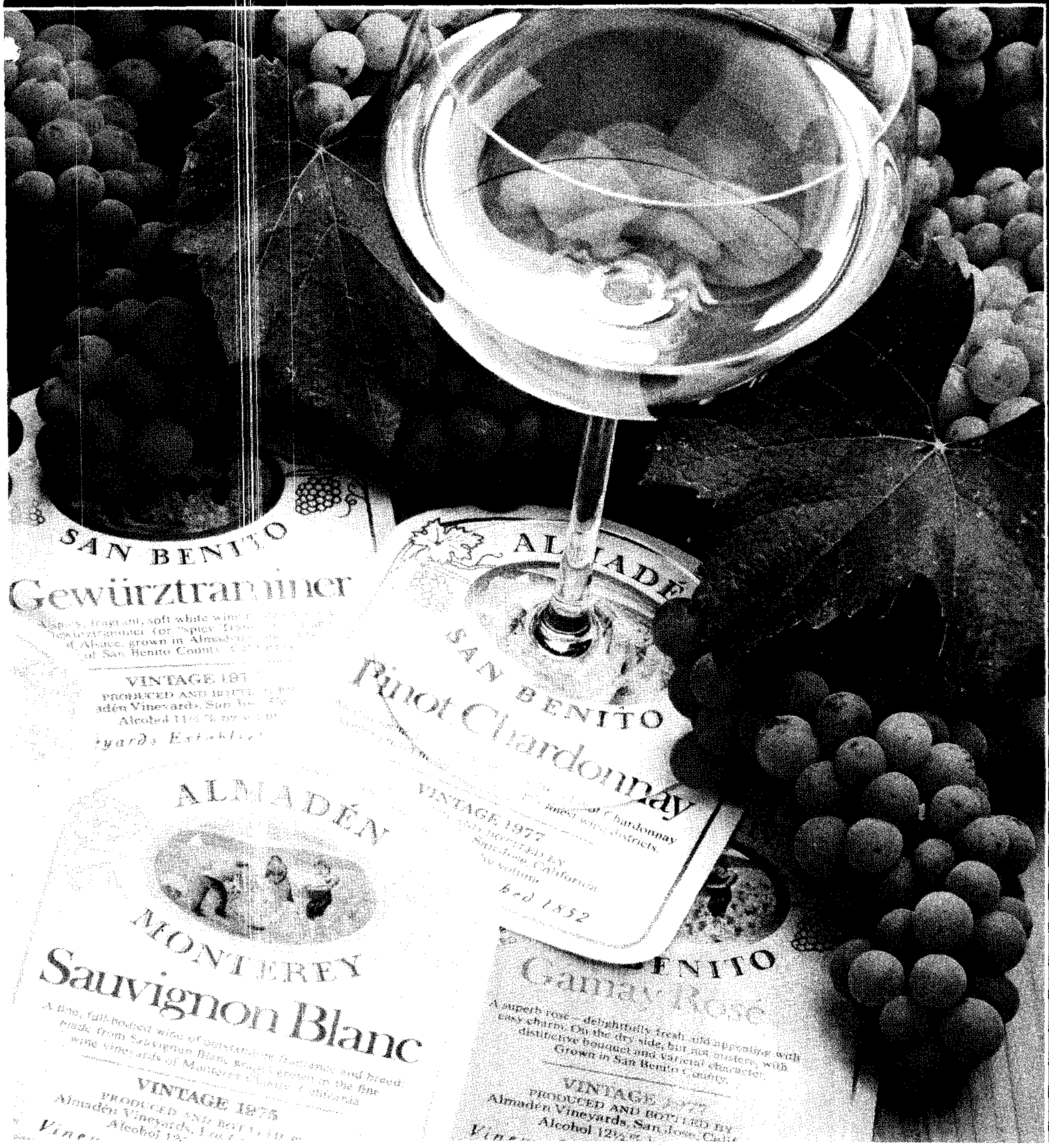
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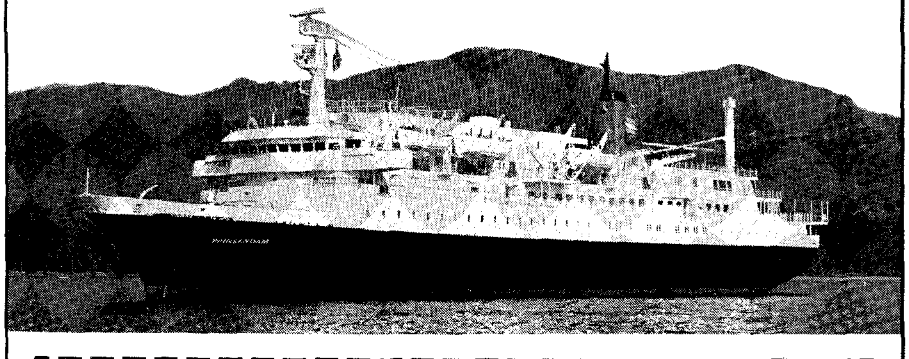
women into the clubhouse violates the traditions of baseball. The idea of a girl romping through a clubhouse filled with naked athletes is not going to be good for the game. I am also very concerned that the baseball establishment is going to use the arrival of women as an excuse to cut off the clubhouse altogether. Professional athletes make so much money now that they only just tolerate the press, and Bowie thinks that we only come into the clubhouse to agitate the players and to snoop. But you have to report the clubhouse—the inside environment of baseball. Ever since television began covering the game, the clubhouse has been the writer's beat. The players and the general managers and the Commissioner are agreed on one thing—we are the enemy.

"What will happen to the women reporters on the road? Most of the women writers I've seen are girls I wouldn't cross the street to ask for a date. But there will be some attractive girls among them, and they'll be thrown into compromising situations. There will be a scandal, and it will be bad for all reporters.

"Sex is a very significant aspect of athletes' lives. If you think about it, you realize right away that athletic performance and sexual performance always go hand in hand. Why did Joe Namath become such a national hero? Because he was macho. Because deep down in our hearts *we* wanted all those broads. I think sexual performance is even more important to baseball players, because they have so much time on their hands, being on the road so much. They have all that hotel time. The peer pressure to drink and chase girls and commit adultery is almost impossible for the younger players to resist. This is what's behind the macho, kidding-around atmosphere of the clubhouse—the cursing and that male coquettishness. The players are wary of any mention of the on-the-road part of their lives. It's never written about, and they all cover up for each other. The writers are sworn to secrecy, and they know it. That's why there was such a stink about Jim Bouton's book 'Ball Four'—it broke the unwritten rule. Any reporter who wrote about all this might just as well turn in his baseball card. He'd be as good as dead. I don't know if a woman would understand any of that.

"I think most male sportswriters are failed athletes. I was a high-school baseball player at James Madison High, in Brooklyn. But I was never much more than a fringe player, so I



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could see it wasn't going to happen. I did the next-best thing, which was to become a baseball writer. But what is the psychology of a woman in this business? Is it a misplaced role for her? I'm in terrible conflict about this. I consider myself a political liberal. I have an eleven-year-old daughter, and she wants to be a sportswriter. I want women to be brain surgeons and Supreme Court justices. If Barbara Jordan ran for President, I'd vote for her. But I think that just as I can't become pregnant, women shouldn't become sportswriters. When I was ten years old, my father began taking me to ballgames, and this relationship was very significant to me. It was male. It was something that separated me from my mother. Baseball is our most traditional game, and on an emotional level I don't want to break away from those traditions. I have disagreements with other writers about this. But I think the coverage of baseball is as traditional as the game itself. I see the erosion of all our deepest sports feelings coming. I feel that the romance of the game will be damaged.

"Maybe I don't want this changed because I want to think of sports as being unchanged, still juvenile. I want to go on thinking about baseball as being a part of our life that doesn't have the same values as the rest of it. Something about the joy of the game is going. I trouble in my mind about all this. I wish I weren't presented with it."

THREE more women:

JANE GROSS: (*She is the daughter of the late Milton Gross, who was a well-known sportswriter and columnist on the* Post. *After graduating from Skidmore, she became a researcher at* Sports Illustrated, *and in 1975 she joined the sports staff of* Newsday. *That year, she started covering the New York Nets, and she has also covered the Knicks. She has been to Wimbledon for* Newsday, *and she will soon travel to North Korea to cover an international table-tennis tournament. She is small and slight, and she speaks in a precise, confident manner. She is thirty-one years old.*)

"I'm an accidental sports reporter. I planned on being a different sort of writer. I didn't play sports as a kid, and I don't much like sports. I never watch sports on TV on my day off. I think I was hired by *S.I.* out of college because they were sure I knew all about sports—on account of my father. All I had was a network of sports con-

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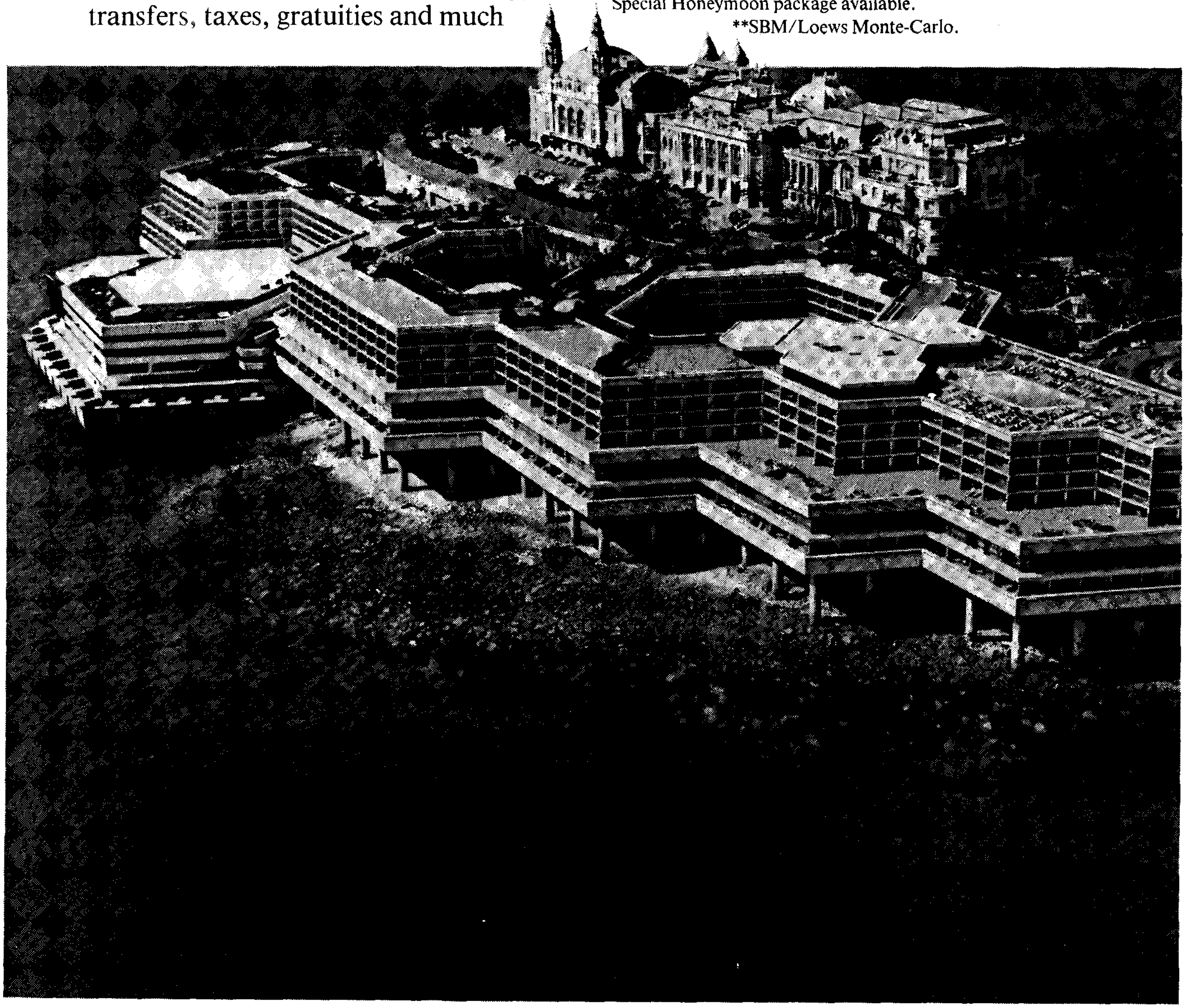

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nections, and I had to learn a lot of things that Stephanie Salter and Melissa Ludtke knew already. My father almost hysterically discouraged me from going into sports. He wanted me to be in an easier side of journalism, like magazines or TV, where there would be rugs on the floor. I've heard that because of my father some old-time sportswriters get upset at the thought of me in the locker room with a lot of naked athletes. But I'm loyal enough to his intelligence to think that I could convince him it was right. Maybe not, though.

"I was perfectly sure that Melissa was going to win her lawsuit, and I was perfectly sure that the Yankees would respond to it by closing the locker room in some way. They would fulfill the obligation to be equal, but 'equal' would take something away from the men. That's a very worrisome trend, because we women writers have to live in this world and we're so outnumbered. The men are going to be justifiably furious if their prerogatives are taken away from them, and a lot of them are going to take it out on us.

"I think women reporters have a lot of advantages, starting with the advantage of the players' natural chivalry. We women are interested in different things from the men writers, so we ask different questions. When Bob McAdoo gets traded from the Knicks, my first thought is, How is his wife, Brenda, going to finish law school this year? And that may be what's most on *his* mind. I'm very close to the players' wives. Julius Erving's wife, Turquoise, is a good friend of mine. I don't think the wives worry about me or other women writers when the team is on the road. Athletes' wives have very anxious lives. They have a lot to be nervous about, but the only complaint I've ever had from them is that I get to spend more time with their husbands than they do.

"The other advantage of being a woman is that you're perpetually forced to be an outsider. As a rule, you're not invited to come along to dinner with a half-dozen of the players, or to go drinking with them, when maybe they're going to chase girls. This means a lot, because I believe that all reporters should keep a great distance between themselves and the players. It always ought to be an adversary relationship, basically. That's a difficult space to maintain when you're on the road all through a long season. I can remember a trip, when I first started out, when I called room service for my meals for nineteen straight days. It was hard to take, but later I saw it was really an advantage, a strength.

"I've not always been perfectly at ease in a locker room, but I'm comfortable now. It's an earned comfort—it takes a long time. I don't think anybody who hasn't been in a locker room when women are there can believe that it isn't a big deal. Most of the men who have fought so hard to keep women out probably have never seen a locker room with women in it. My presence doesn't change the way the players act or talk. I've begun to see that the pleasure men take in being with each other—playing cards together, being in a bar together—isn't actively anti-female. It isn't against women; it just has nothing to do with them. It seems to come from some point in their lives before they were aware that there *were* women. They have so much fun together. I really have become much more sympathetic to men because of my job.

"I wonder if a lot of the suggestions that men make about women reporters may not have something to do with sexual envy of blacks. I'm sure the black players treat me differently from the way they treat male writers. They don't think I'm a honky—I'm another oppressed minority. They may not have thought this all the way through, but it's there. Male sportswriters all seem to think that the athletes are going to take a shot at us on the road, but it hardly ever happens. In fact, that comes much more from the sportswriters than from the players, and you can tell them I said so."

•

STEPHANIE SALTER: (*She grew up in Terre Haute, Indiana, where she was a high-school cheerleader. She went to Purdue and became the editor-in-chief of the undergraduate daily, the* Exponent. *Like Jane Gross and Melissa Ludtke Lincoln, she was a researcher and reporter with* Sports Illustrated. *She became a free-lance writer in 1974, and joined the sports staff of the San Francisco* Examiner *the following year. She covered the Golden State Warriors, of the National Basketball Association, for two seasons. Now she covers the Oakland A's and is a backup writer on the San Francisco Giants, which makes her one of the few women in the country with a regular baseball beat. She has light-brown hair. She talks rapidly, with a wry, half-amused smile. Twenty-nine years old.*)

"I sometimes think the whole sports world exists in order to maintain some

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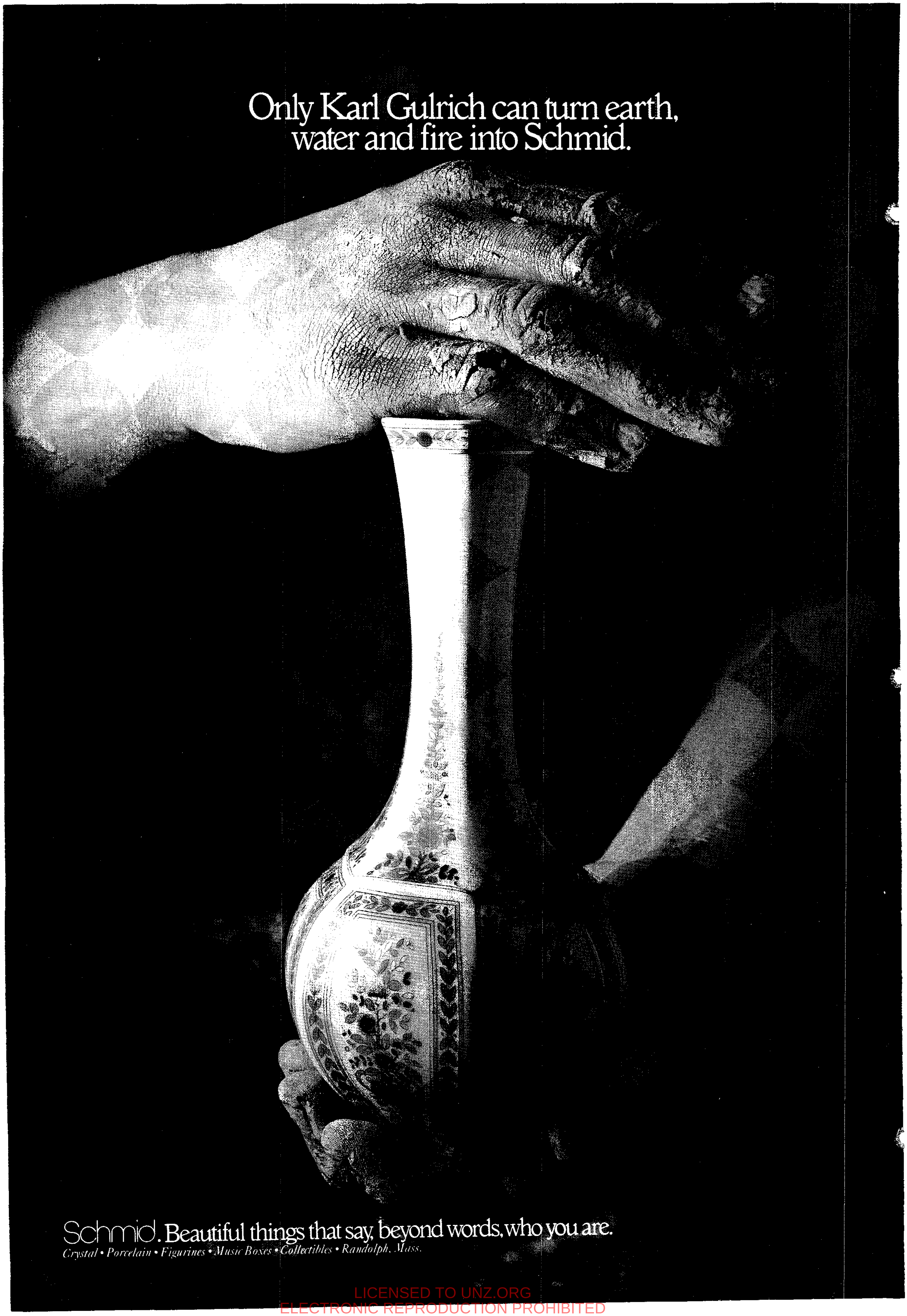

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code of meaningless courtly manners. I used to have these shouting matches with guards or officials who wanted to keep me out of press boxes, and I was always told I couldn't get in because of the bad language in there. Well, as it happens, I curse a lot—I'm not proud of it, or anything, but it's true—so that always made me laugh. It was hysterical. But the way I talk sort of confirmed something for the men, too—the only kind of woman who wants to come into a press box is the kind who talks dirty. With a lot of sports people, women are either revered or despised. There are good girls—the ones they marry—and there are the other ones, the kind they shack up with on the road. We women writers are a challenge to that simple filing system. They just don't know what to make of us. This isn't the majority attitude with the players anymore, but somehow it carries over and becomes the official sports attitude. It's what the front offices hold on to. The older men in sports almost insist on it, for some reason.

"I'm always amazed at the amount of hostility among the male writers that is directed at the players. Obviously, not all the writers are failed athletes, but there are far too many of them. You hear them asking these smart-aleck questions that are meant to show up the players and prove that the writers know as much about the sport as the players do. It's as if they're fighting over who will be the leader of the pack: Which of us is more virile—me with my pen or you with your bat? At least, we women are free of that.

"I don't think that the presence of women is going to change big-time macho sports in any real way. There are so few of us, and it's all so much bigger than the tiny fists we beat against it. Years ago, I tried to crash the Baseball Writers' annual dinner in New York, and I got thrown out. Now I'm a member of the Baseball Writers, but the invitation to the big New York dinner this year still said it was a stag affair. Men only.

"I'm tired. I don't feel like fighting anymore. The thought of the start of another baseball season is so damned discouraging. I really love baseball, but I don't look forward to standing outside the clubhouse anymore and going through all that crap. Neither the A's nor the Giants are opening their clubhouses this year. When you get these bad feelings, you begin to ask yourself, 'Why *am* I doing this?' I think of myself as a feminist, as somebody who wants to win a cause, but I've

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begun to wonder about myself. Am I looking for male approval? Am I here because I'm incapable of not trying to please men in some special way? But this is a trap that's sort of been set for me. Maybe I've begun to think there's something wrong with me because so many other people seem to think there is.

"I hate the analogy of women and blacks, but it's there. When you stand outside the clubhouse, you're the perfect symbol of the eternal outsider. I always feel as if my arms were tied to my sides. I have dreams that I'm outside some clubhouse and there are ropes around me. There have been times when I just couldn't do it anymore, because it hurt so much. I had to go away, because they'd made me cry again."

•

LAWRIE MIFFLIN: (*She graduated from Yale in 1973, worked as a summer trainee at the Philadelphia* Bulletin, *and then attended the Columbia School of Journalism. She was hired by the* News *as a general-assignment reporter, and then went on the City Hall beat. After two years, she became the first woman reporter in the* News *sports department. She covers the New York Cosmos and the New York Rangers—both of which admit women to their locker rooms. She is married to an artist, Richard Raiselis, but has kept her own name. She is five feet tall, with thick hair, large eyes, and an earnest, eager manner. Twenty-seven years old.*)

"I'm pretty strange, because I really believe in all the clichés about sports. I think sports do build character. I believe that sports allow you to channel your aggressions and to use them in a specific, controlled way. Men have always been brought up with that advantage, but women have been taught to hang back, not to sweat too much. If I had my way, I'd rather be a professional athlete than a sportswriter. If I could get paid enough for it, I'd be a professional field-hockey player. I play every Sunday in the fall. I get up at six in the morning and take a train out to the middle of New Jersey and then change to another train and then walk a mile to the field. I play left wing with the Essex team, in the New Jersey women's league. I grew up in Swarthmore, outside Philadelphia. That's always been a great center for women's sports, for some reason. I was the oldest of five children—I have two brothers and two sisters—so the locker room has never been a surprise to me. At

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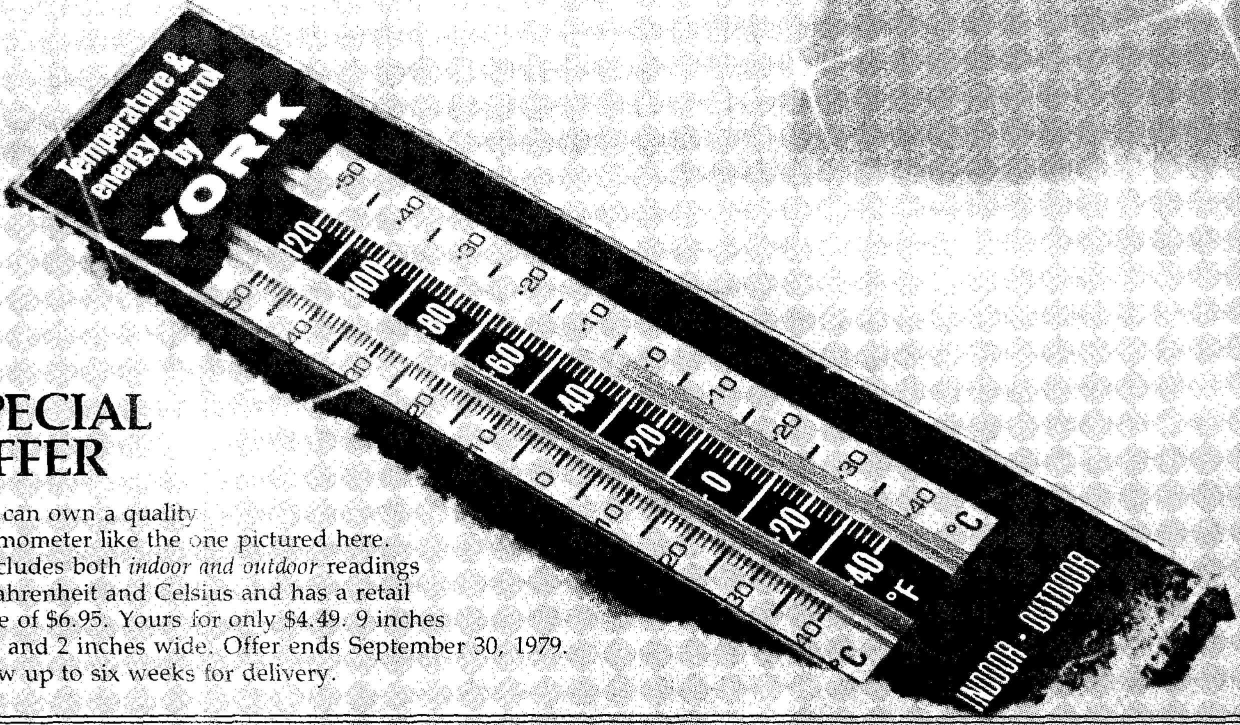

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Swarthmore High, the girls' field-hockey team was just as important as the boys' football team. The school had *six* competitive hockey teams for the girls. Everybody always called it 'hockey'—the other kind was 'ice hockey.' It wasn't until I was about eighteen, at Yale, that I realized that most people thought that only big, ugly girls were supposed to take sports seriously.

"Not enough sportswriters have been trained as journalists. They don't seem to have learned to ask the right questions, and they don't challenge the answers they get. A lot of them grew up knowing all the names and rules and stats in sports, and they seem to think that's enough. There isn't an analogy to this anywhere else in newspaper work.

"I think that to the players all of us reporters are aliens. They tend to lump women into the same group of aliens, and that really disturbs some of the regular writers. These men are suddenly forced to realize that they're strangers in the locker room, too, and not part of the team at all. They're forced to see that they're really much closer to any woman reporter there—even someone brand-new on the job—than they are to the players, because they and the women are both in the same business. It almost drives them crazy. But this is true only of some of the older writers. Most of the younger men think of us as being the same as they are—of the same ilk. They haven't reached the stage of feeling bitter about sports.

"I've never wanted to be part of the hanging-out side of sports. I never go into the locker room when the Rangers have a practice, because I don't have a deadline then. Women can't be part of all that, and I don't miss it at all. My husband has nothing to do with sports. Most of our friends are painters and sculptors, and we never talk about sports. I think I'd be sort of depressed about the whole sports scene if I never could get away from it.

"I don't think there's any advantage to being a woman in my business. The real advantage for me is my age. The Rangers are a very young team, and the players relate to me because we're about the same age. We can be friends. I've always been able to get along with men in an easy, nonsexual way. The younger people are, the less they worry about sex differences."

MEN and women, sports and sex, tradition and privacy, young people and older people—that parade float has become still more crowded with symbols and overtones, and still more, I believe, we on the sidewalk should resist looking for a moral or an easy summary as it creaks past us. I am upset by the cruelties that men in sports have inflicted on the women who have recently come into their world, hoping to share its pleasures and complexities and rewards. I pull back instinctively from these cuts and slights, and I suspect that I have hoped to purge myself of my own complicity in them by writing about the subject. But nothing is easy here, and, like Stephanie Salter, I must also ask myself why I was so attracted to sports in the first place, and (in my own case) why I have continued to watch sports and to write about sports now that I am well past the age when, according to Jerome Holtzman, I should have left them. I am not persuaded by Maury Allen's arguments about the sexual implications of our adulation of athletes, but I can't quite say they are a lie. I have always sensed a covert resentment of the players among men in the front office and in the press box, who spend their adult lives in pursuit of these gifted, golden creatures. The players are fawned upon and also bullied and patronized, it seems to me, because out there on the field, in the light and the noise, they can actually do that beautiful thing that all of us once wished so deeply to be able to do. Perhaps we can now guess also that our mixed envy and hatred of them persists—not just in the stadium but on the road and in their hotels—because they are at some peak of youth and physical power and freedom and sexuality that all the rest of us men have longed for and still long for. Maybe this is what sports are *for*.

It seems to me that the people who run sports and who claim to be most concerned about the "sexual privacy" of their athletes in the clubhouse—surely one of the most sexless and joyless surroundings in which men and women can meet—are men who want to keep both sports and sex in some safe, special place where they first locked them up when they were adolescents. The new presence of capable, complicated women in the inner places of sports means that relations between the sexes cannot be relegated just to marriage, or just to hotel rooms, either. When women are not easy to sum up or dismiss, traditional male responses to them suddenly begin to look pathetic. The mass male preening of the locker room and the foul-mouthed aggressiveness of the team bus lose their purpose when grownups fail to pay attention,

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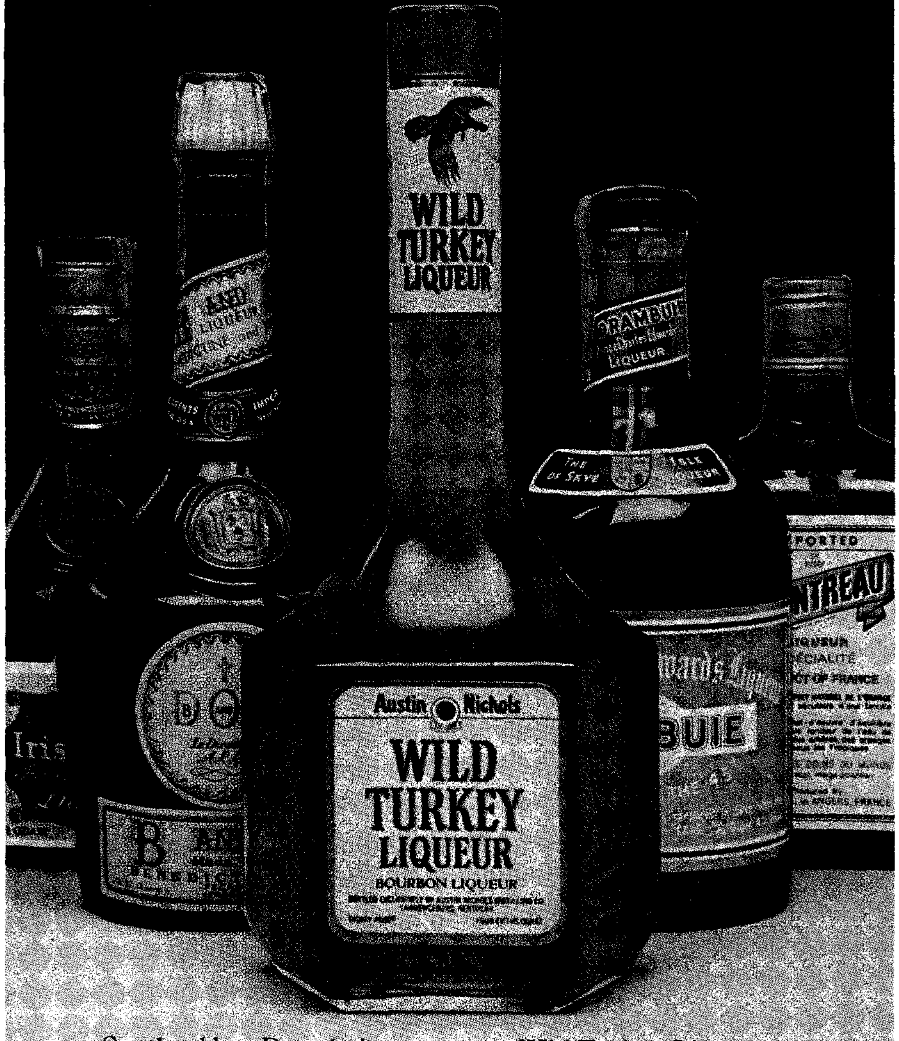

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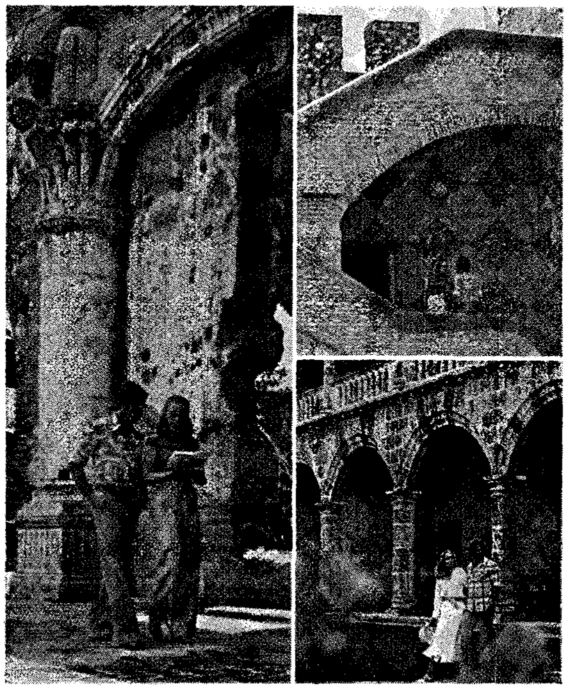

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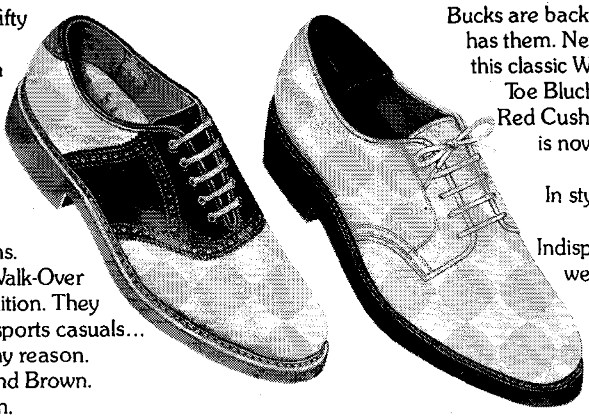

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and most mothers I know would probably just as soon be spared the fussy, hypocritical anxieties that beset front-office elders who wish to preserve the innocence of American children by presenting them with an image of sports as a place of infantile sexual purity. Sex becomes a lot simpler and happier when it is freed from these old obsessions, and in time it may become even more significant than the athletes perceive it to be. If men discover that the company of men does not equal the company of men and women together, they may decide that sports can be a common property of us all, a great dream or pageant or drama to be shared among us all, and that its idealization as a male ritual and religion is part of a national neurosis—a form of infantilism that degrades its players and watchers and feeds childish anxieties and delusions, which we can all begin to outgrow now, at long last.

One missing voice here, it will be noticed, is that of the players. This is a considerable omission. In the past weeks, I did ask a good many baseball players and basketball players and hockey players what they thought about the arrival of women reporters in their locker rooms, and many of them showed an awareness of the conflicting issues involved. But they also expressed strong feelings about their own privacy, their wives' anxieties, and the importance of a clubhouse in maintaining team morale. "That's where you *become* a team," said Vida Blue—who, by the way, favors the admission of women reporters to his own San Francisco Giants clubhouse. Players have a difficult sort of life, all in all, and their customary attitude of irritation or sullen patience or cynicism about the habitual cajoling and bullying and meddling they must put up with at the hands of the front office and the writers and the fans has not been improved by the news that some *court* has now ruled that their own privacy can be taken care of with a robe or a towel. It is my own belief, however, that the players' privacy has already been fatally compromised by the presence of the scrambling, questioning, rumor-hunting male reporters in the clubhouse. At the same time, I think the reporters are demeaned when they are forced to kneel or crane or shove one another for a better position beside the cubicle of some naked, sweating sports hero, or to follow him to the door of the shower room or the training room in hope of the favor of one more muttered quote. I think we should ask the athletes to keep their uniforms on for as long as seems necessary for the press to do its job, and to let everyone in to talk to them. In time, it may be hoped, newspaper readers will diminish their demand that athletes be transformed into mere celebrities; when that happens, we can close the clubhouse altogether and give our attention, as writers and fans, to watching the players when they are at their splendid best, which is on the field.

ON a weekend in late February, I went to Madison Square Garden, where I watched New York's two pairs of local professional winter teams have at each other on successive nights. On Saturday, the Knicks beat the Nets by 111 to 107; on Sunday the Rangers upset the powerful Islanders, 3–2. Both games were noisy, exciting affairs, with the doubly partisan crowds in wild voice. I visited the locker rooms after both games, and found many other male reporters there, of course, and a few women. A basketball locker room is a good deal smaller and scruffier than a baseball clubhouse, and the extremely tall undressing or towel-clad or naked or getting-dressed basketball players in the quiet Nets' room and in the somewhat happier Knicks' quarters were—well, close together. Nobody minded, that I could see—or if anyone minded he kept quiet about it. Nobody *looked*, and then, because I was looking to see if anyone was looking, I began to feel embarrassed at being there on such an odd errand. I talked to a few players, and ended up in conversation with Phil Jackson, a bony, bearded six-foot-eight forward and center, who used to play for the Knicks and is now a player-coach with the Nets. He was towelling himself after his shower and chatting with Eric and Melissa Ludtke Lincoln. I told him what I was there for, and Jackson said, "Nobody thinks about it anymore. Oh, we had some rookies on the Knicks last year who were a little tight about it—a few guys ran into the training room—but we told them to shape up, and they did. I don't know why baseball makes so much of it all. Nobody cares or notices. Nobody looks—except for Melissa here. Melissa is a peeker, a regular Peeping Thomasina."

He laughed, and we laughed, and he put on his underpants.

The next night, in the Rangers' locker room, I talked to Dave Maloney, the team's twenty-two-year-old captain, who is a defenseman. I had heard that hockey players were gen-

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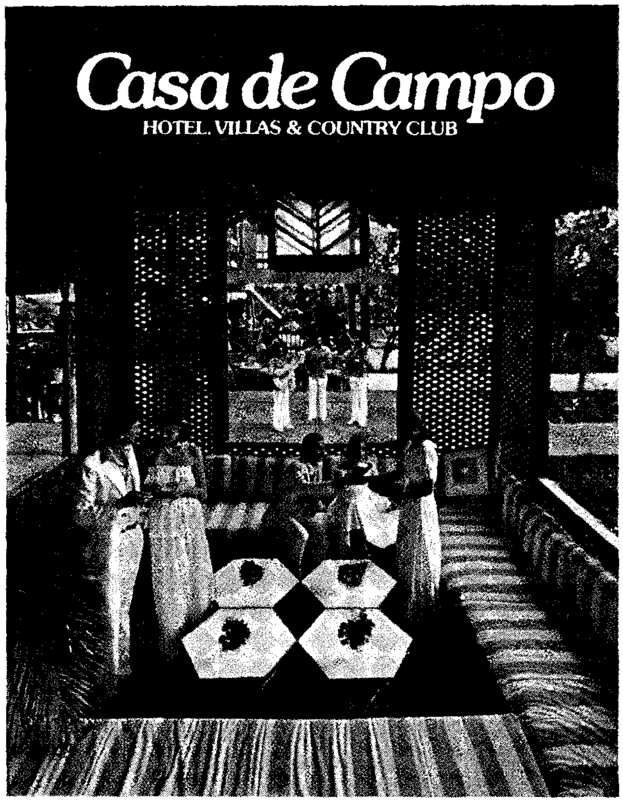

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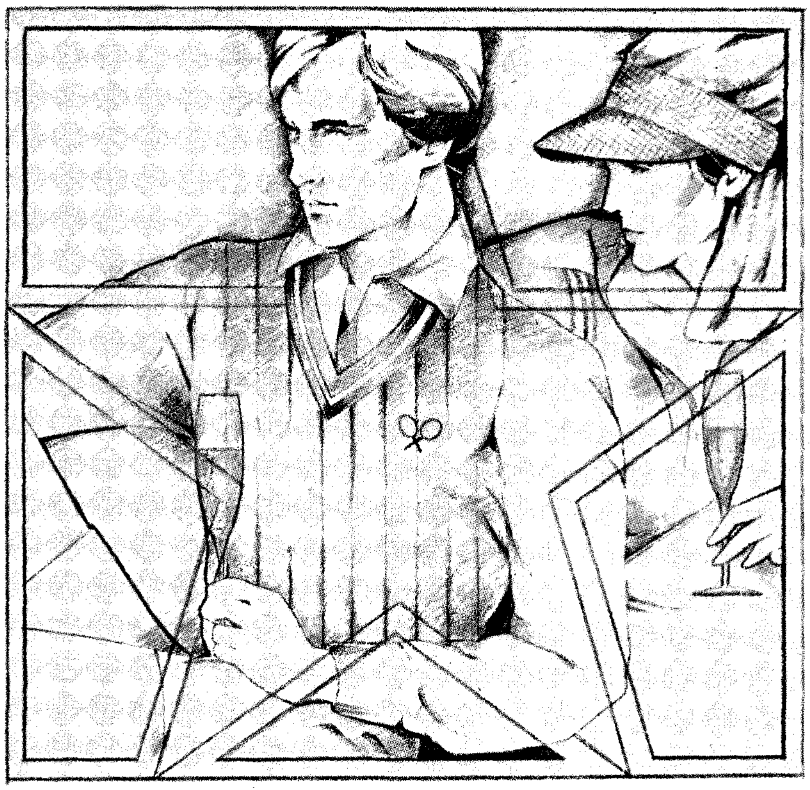

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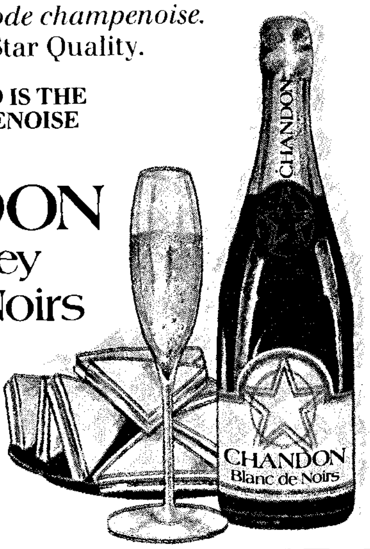

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erally more modest than basketball players, but my impression that night was almost the opposite. Maybe it was because there were more women there—four or five of them, at least, including a photographer and a member of a TV crew—or maybe it was because there are so many more people on a hockey squad than on a basketball squad that the cumulative nakedness seemed both more noticeable and less noticed. I had seen Lawrie Mifflin talking to Maloney about the slam-bang game we had just watched, and when she moved along to interview another player (she had a preoccupied, near-deadline expression) I introduced myself to Maloney. He had a freshly skinned patch on the bridge of his already battered nose, and he seemed almost terminally exhausted. "Boy, I'm glad I don't have to play eighty games like that one!" he said, in an "o"-accenting Canadian voice.

I asked him what he thought of Lawrie Mifflin.

"Lawrie is—well, I *like* Lawrie," Maloney said. "She shoots straight. She's friendly. When she's in here asking questions it's just two people talking together—not a man and a woman but friends. She's patient, and patient people are better at that job, I think. Lawrie is just like a sister."

I told him that these were almost exactly the words she had used when she talked about her feelings about the Rangers. Then I asked him if he had ever felt anxious about the presence of women in the Ranger locker room.

"I guess I was sort of surprised by it when I first came up, three years ago," Maloney said, "but I got used to it. This is the big city, and you learn to go along with things. But I'll tell you, we never had anything like this back home. I come from a small city in Canada—Kitchener—and it's different there. I thought about it when I first saw Lawrie and the other girls in here, and I realized that the last woman I'd seen in a hockey-team locker room was my mother. I was about seven years old then, and she was in there to lace up my skates."

—ROGER ANGELL

•

"If I had any one-word recommendation for President Carter today, it would be to get rid of Mr. Schlesinger and start off with an energy chief who could look at the whole problem of energy in this country with more imagination and more intelligence," McGovern said.—*Washington Post.*

Come on, Senator, give it another try.

THE THEATRE

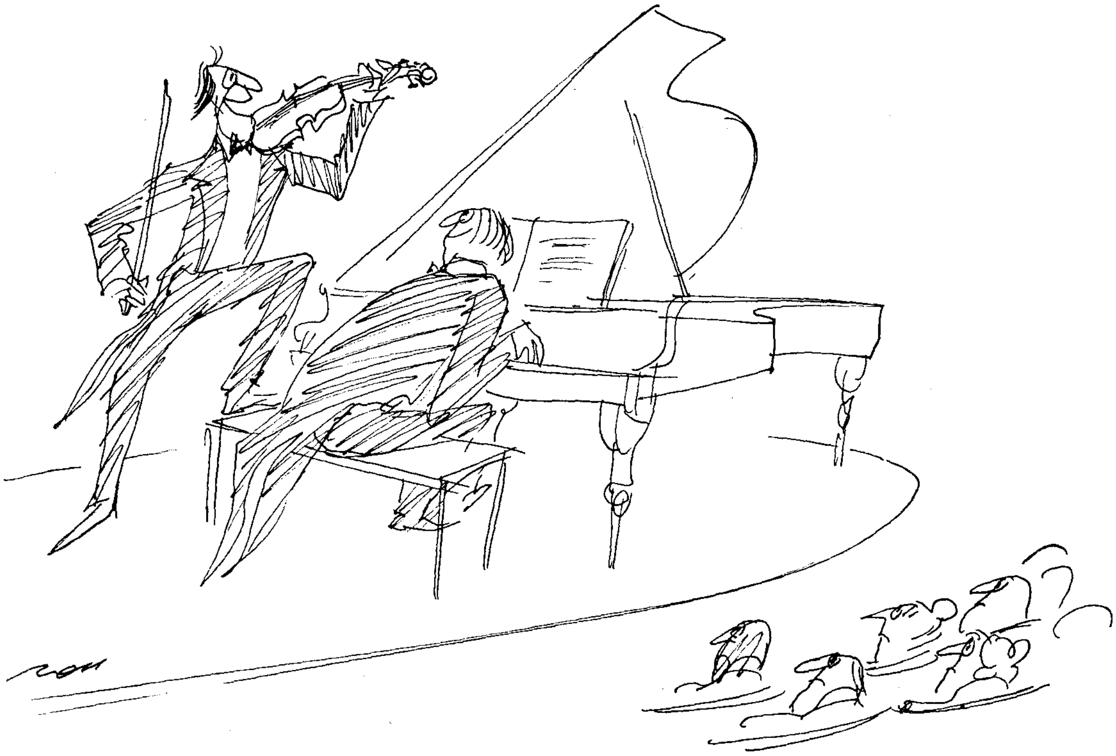
No Good Deed Goes Unpunished

ALAN AYCKBOURN'S "Bedroom Farce" is modestly named. It is indeed a farce, and an exceptionally good one—on opening night I heard several of my colleagues laughing out loud for the first time within memory—but instead of taking place in a single bedroom, as a literal-minded theatregoer might surmise, it takes place in three bedrooms, set in a row along the stage of the Brooks Atkinson. Moreover, the play isn't content to concern itself with the three couples that most of us might consider a sufficient number to fill three beds; no, it provides a fourth couple, who in the course of a long Saturday night tirelessly trample upon the lives of all the others and bring much temporary misery into the world. This couple, Trevor and Susannah by name, plainly ought never to have married each other, but they are clinging grimly to their mistake, as if it were the only reality they had any confidence in. Stuck in the soft mucilage of their minds is the Socratic dictum to the effect that the unexamined life is not worth living. They examine their lives continuously, and are wholly blind to what they discover there; rhinoceroses trumpeting through other people's houses, they believe themselves to be cuddly lambs nuzzling fellow-members of the flock. The three couples who make the mistake of expressing sympathy for Trevor and Susannah and of seeking to help them are forced to learn a truth even older than Socrates: that no good deed goes unpunished.

As a writer of farces, Mr. Ayckbourn is a faithful disciple of Molière. Trevor, the protagonist of "Bedroom Farce," is dominated by a single obsession: though he sees it as his fate to be a clumsy destroyer of people and things, he believes that he possesses a miraculous gift for putting things right. At all hours of the day and night, and under no matter what circumstances, he is sure that he will be able to patch things up by manfully confronting his victims and "communicating" with them. Characters in a farce are never altered by the events that befall them; as the plot unfolds, they become more and more intensely and outrageously themselves. Moreover, they are not intended to be observed in the round. They exhibit a single aspect of their natures, and amuse us by repeatedly calling attention to that aspect. Mr. Ayckbourn is diabolically clever at inventing funny scenes that obey these rules and yet seem to ignore them. In "Bedroom Farce," seven of the eight members of the cast are, by the author's design, paper-thin; the eighth—a housewife named Kate—continuously hints at having many sides. She amounts to an unexpected and enchanting enigma, and I hope we encounter her again, in some later Ayckbourn work, not as a cog in a clockwork but as a heroine.

What superlative actors and actresses have been gathered together at the Brooks Atkinson! In fairness, I must name them all: Michael Gough, Joan Hickson, Michael Stroud, Polly Adams, Derek Newark, Susan Littler (it is she who plays the mysterious Kate), Stephen Moore, and Delia Lindsay. The pleasantly complex set was designed by Timothy O'Brien and Tazeena Firth, and the lighting is by Peter Radmore. The play has been directed jointly by the author and Peter Hall, director of the National Theatre of Great Britain, where this production originated. I wish it a long run here.

SPEAKING of runs, a play that closes after its opening-night performance can scarcely be said to have run at all, and this was the sad case with "A Meeting by the River," by Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy. Based on a novel of the same name by Mr. Isherwood, it was a wordy, not to say preachy, account of certain anguished transformations in the life of two upper-class English brothers. One was bent upon serving God by becoming a Hindu monk; the other was bent upon serving Mammon, whether as a publisher or as a maker of movies. Much of the action of the play turned out to be epistolary—letters were constantly being written home to Mummy, somewhere in the English countryside, and Mummy, a sharp-tongued old bitch, was firing off an occasional reply. The English characters in the play were all woebegone, and the Hindu characters, occupants of a monastery on the banks of the Ganges, were a gaggle of gigglers—the giggle appearing to be, in monastic circles, a consequence of purity. Heading the cast of this fugitive misadventure were Keith Baxter, Simon Ward, Siobhán McKenna, and Meg Wynn-Owen. The handsome scenery was designed by Robert Mitchell, the costumes were designed by Marianne Custer, and the lighting was designed by Clarke W. Thorn-



"And now a battle of wits between the violin and the piano."

ton. The direction was by Albert Marre. My sympathy all round.

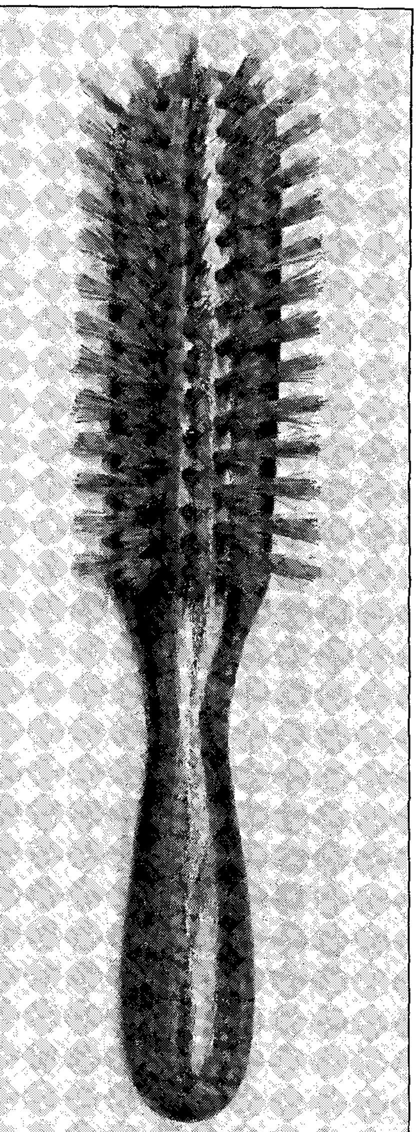
—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Proper Little Demons

"GOOD LADS AT HEART," at the Brooklyn Academy through April 8th, is a production of the National Youth Theatre of Great Britain, a troupe of gifted, disciplined, not yet professional actors, none of them over twenty-two years old. The director, who founded the company in 1956, is Michael Croft. The action takes place in a reform school (for "boys that can be helped," says the severe headmaster) on the day that one of the boys, Les, is to be released. A pair of therapists, male and female, spend the afternoon there, providing a bit of recreation for the boys in the form of games and playlets, and the scenes are so cleverly performed, and the effect of improvisation is so credible, that I had to look down at my program to make sure that all this was actually written. It was, and the dramatist's name is Peter Terson. To start off, the therapists, fatuous and fervent, drag out a hamper of costumes and make each of the boys pick something to wear. Then they assign rather simple exercises at random ("Tell us how you feel about the person on your left" and "Jump, and let's see how big you can be"—that sort of thing), and the woman therapist strips down to her working clothes, a black leotard; this so electrifies the boys that the headmaster has to intervene and send everyone off for an intermission. At the beginning of the second act, the therapists decide to adapt Hogarth's "The Rake's Progress" to modern London. They choose Les to impersonate the Rake, and instruct the other boys to act out, in episode after episode, Les's prospects as a former delinquent, substituting drugs for the Rake's gambling, and a mental hospital for Bedlam. This time, the therapists incite the boys to near riot. During it, the hitherto careful, well-behaved Les becomes a ringleader, shouting his grievances to the headmaster. He also, it must be said, shows a defiance and a courage that will probably stand him in good stead on the outside.

The story, for all its humor and tension, is essentially a framework—and a very useful one—to display the talents of this nimble, beguiling company; a side advantage is to give the audience in Brooklyn the chance to see the best kind of English acting still in the making. Everybody is good. David Tag-



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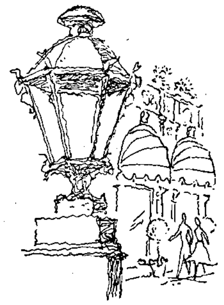

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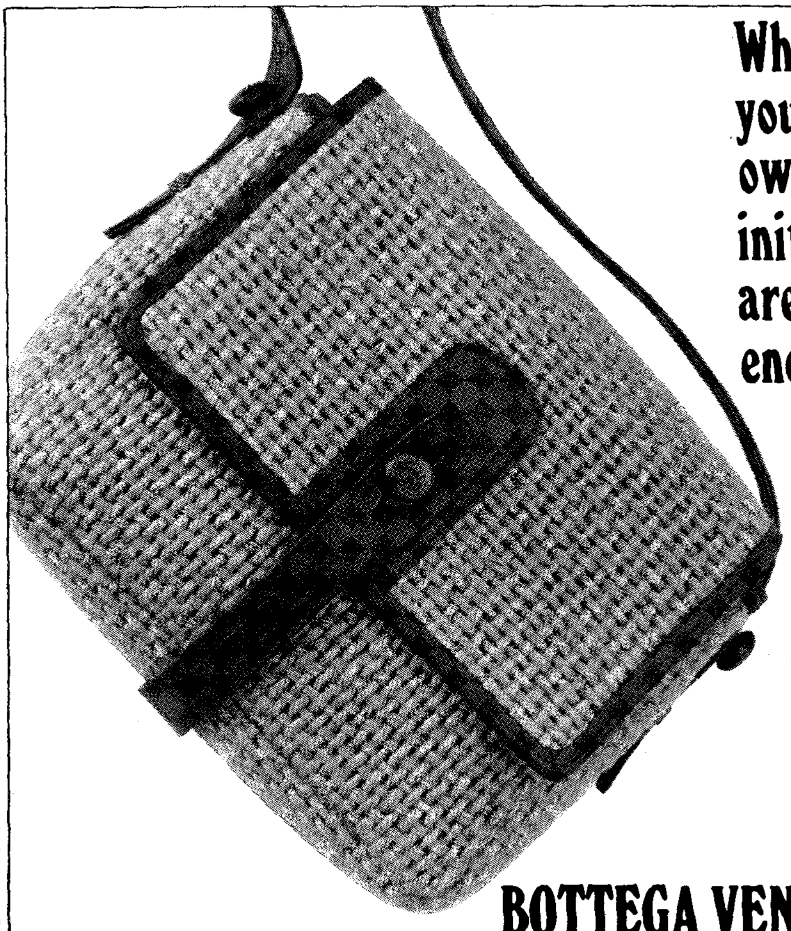
gart as the headmaster and Peter Lennon as a faculty member both seem at first to be just martinets but later show that they are considerably more than that. Richard Burge and Anne Miller are the therapists. Among the boys—all of them funny, witty, and volatile—Paul Blackman as Les, Tim Coombs as a bully, Philip Beckwith as a loner and an epileptic from Glasgow, Colin Cox as the son of a well-to-do family, and Antony Howes as a quick-change female impersonator are especially good. There is no setting; the audience sits in a semicircle on the large stage of the opera house, surrounding the performers.

"TIP-TOES," which was first done on Broadway in 1925, is kept fresh—and then some—in its current revival at the Brooklyn Academy by the songs of George and Ira Gershwin, and, on the side, by its dancing (which Arlene Croce discusses in her department this week), by the performance and general demeanor of Russ Thacker, its dynamic young leading man, who has somewhat the aspect of a fleet-footed Dick Cavett, and by the performance and general demeanor of Georgia Engel, in the title role, for whom the word "ingénue" could have been coined. There are (to get them out of the way as quickly as possible) a few creaky spots—notably some dismal comedy routines, which are not helped at all by the comedians assigned them. The setting is a never-never-land Palm Beach in the days when cheerful mockery of millionaires was still possible in the theatre, and the story (a matter of lighthearted inconsequence by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson) is about a team of vaudevillians—Tip-Toes, her brother, and her uncle—whose usual circuit is upstate New York, and who are booked to entertain at some festivity or other and are then cancelled for some reason or other. Whether they can remain in Palm Beach by passing Tip-Toes off as an heiress to tempt a wealthy young man in the glue business is what concerns us here, in a manner of speaking. What truly concerns us, of course, is those songs—"Looking for a Boy" and "That Certain Feeling" and "Sweet and Low-Down," among other beauties—which are well sung and danced to by all concerned. William Cox and Gregory Dlugos, at two pianos in the pit, do a most creditable imitation of Ohman and Arden—a delightful private joke that works. The director is Sue Lawless, and the stylish costumes were designed by David



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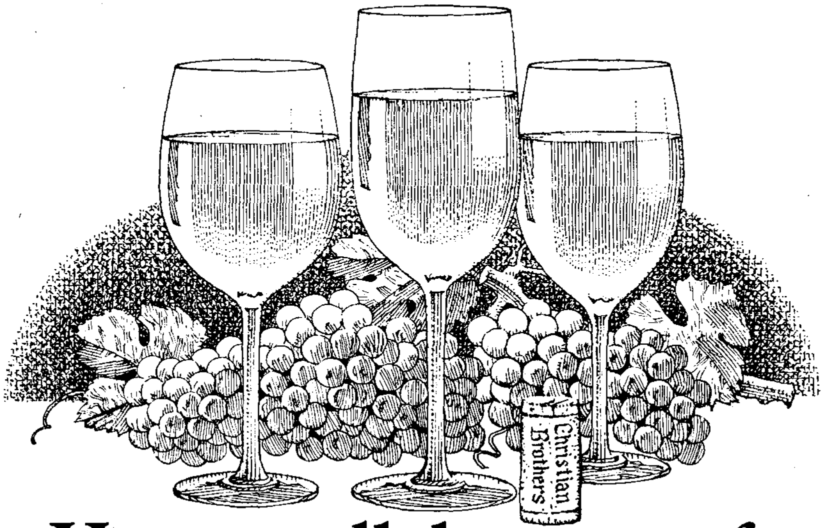

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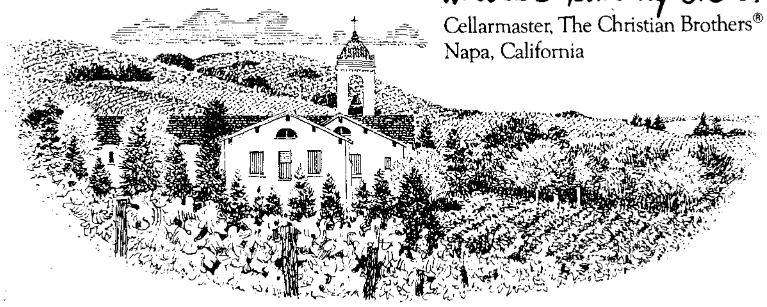

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Toser. Dan Siretta is the choreographer, and it is him we have to thank for the spirit of the show, which is always entirely in keeping and entirely infectious.

"SANCOCHO," a musical, lately in residence at the Public, about Puerto Ricans in New York, boiled over with vitality and excitement but was so ear-splitting that it became unintelligible and all but unbearable. What need could there possibly have been for all that amplification in the small Lu-Esther Hall? "Sancocho" means "pot-luck stew" in Spanish, and the turbulent show was an attempt, I guess, to approximate the turbulent heritage—part African and part Spanish—of the Puerto Ricans and other local citizens of Hispanic descent. Its hero, one Raul Sanchez, arrives here as a boy with his bewildered parents—father black Cuban, mother white Puerto Rican—and eventually falls in love with a beautiful, intelligent black young New Yorker. There is a plot, of sorts, but the story is best told in the music and dancing. In the first act, there is a big dance number in which an African chief, an African witch doctor, and African gods are violated by a Spanish priest and nun and a Spanish slaver, and the final number—a wedding scene entirely in dance—ends with the black father of the bride and the Puerto Rican mother of the groom, at last reconciled to their children's romance, rumbaing off into the sunset. The score and lyrics were by Jimmy Justice and Ramiro (Ray) Ramirez, and the book was by Mr. Ramirez, who also danced and played the maracas with the orchestra and appeared in a couple of roles. The direction and choreography were by Miguel Godreau. Hector Jaime Mercado, who played Raul, is a spectacular dancer, and Ka-Ron Brown, as his bride, was good, too. Best of all was a singer, Avery Sommers, whose renditions of "America" (as a schoolgirl) and of a fine song called "Get Off on Somebody Else" (as a postadolescent) galvanized the show. Also worthy of mention in this highly competent, racially mixed cast were Ramon Franco, Pamela Pilkenton, Antonio Iglesias, Ellis Williams, Dan Strayhorn, and Teresa Yenque. —EDITH OLIVER

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SKETCHBOOK

A Slow Start

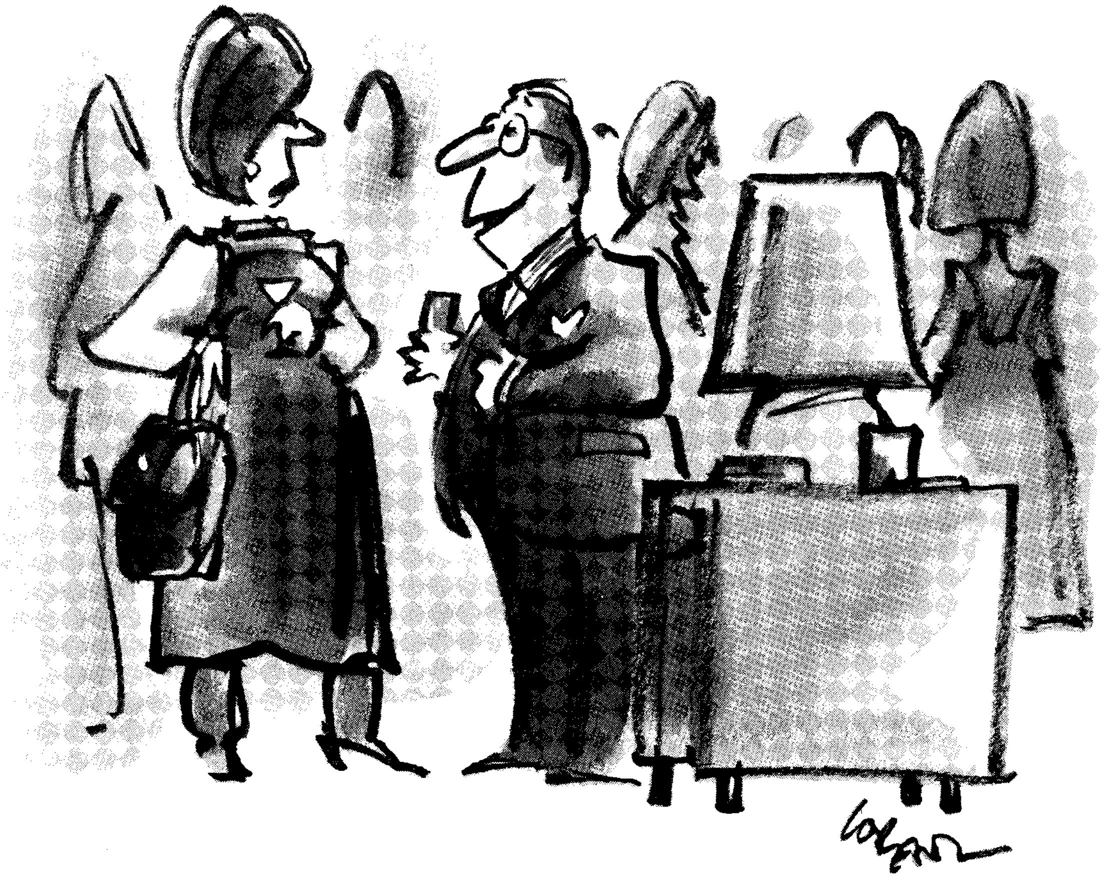
ONE reason that Congress has been so slow in getting started this year is that it hasn't really wanted to get started. The agenda is not a very inviting one—members walk around Capitol Hill as if with their arms folded before their eyes, hoping it will all go away. The issues they are facing are difficult or unpleasant or contentious, or some combination thereof. There is hardly a one that gives a member a leap of the heart at the thought of having to debate it or vote on it. Many, perhaps most, members are confused about just what it is the public wants them to do. Some of the wiser members also point out that the legislative agenda hasn't seemed very pertinent to what is really going on. There is always a certain amount of self-pity on Capitol Hill, but this year it takes a somewhat new and different form. As the members see it from up there under the dome, the voters are angry, the issues are lousy, and the problems that really matter are beyond their control or their legislative capacities.

The members are busy—getting their committees organized and meeting constituents and holding hearings and rushing from place to place—but no one would seriously argue that much of consequence has happened. True enough, as we were taught in our political-science courses about "how a bill becomes a law," first a committee holds hearings on a bill and then "marks it up," and then the bill goes to the floor for consideration. But it is also true that there usually are bills that get to the floor quickly, because they were well along the route in the previous Congress or because some urgency is attached to them. Not this year. "I don't remember its taking so long to get going," one member of the House said to me not long ago. When I asked one senator as he rushed to the Senate dining room about what Congress was accomplishing, he said, "It's the worst ever." I asked him why. He shrugged and replied, "I don't know."

"It's a hard time," someone close to the House leadership said to me mournfully one afternoon in late February. On that day, the House had passed its first substantive bill of the session: one to make a certain song the official march of the merchant marine. "Every question is a damage-control kind of question," he said. "How do you get the least bad solution to what we have to do?" He listed a number of issues: the budget; lifting the "temporary" ceiling on the national debt; the Administration's proposal for insuring wages against inflation; legislation implementing the Panama Canal Treaties (which would give the House its first opportunity to vent its frustration over the treaties and whatever other foreign-policy matters are bothering it—only the Senate will deal with the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks, or SALT, treaty); an Administration proposal to contain the costs of hospital care (which failed last year); and reorganization proposals and so on. In the last Congress, after almost two years of struggle, an energy bill was brought forth which bore little resemblance to what the Administration had proposed, and which could not be expected to have a major impact on the problem. As of late February, it seemed clear that the energy problem was taking still another turn for the worse. At that point, I asked this man if there would be another energy bill. "No energy bill," he replied wearily. "We don't have it in us."

House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill said to me in an interview shortly after this conversation, "We've got nothing but problems around here, as you know." And then he, too, sorrowfully went down the list of pending legislation.

Part of what has been happening—or has not been happening—on Capitol Hill is explained by the way a great many of the legislators interpret the 1978 elections. As they see it, the voters were saying that they are tired of federal programs and taxes. And, whatever people may think, Congress tends to react—some members would say overreact—to what is generally said to be "the public mood." One hears a



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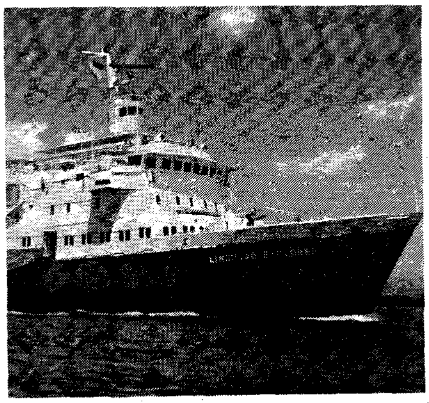

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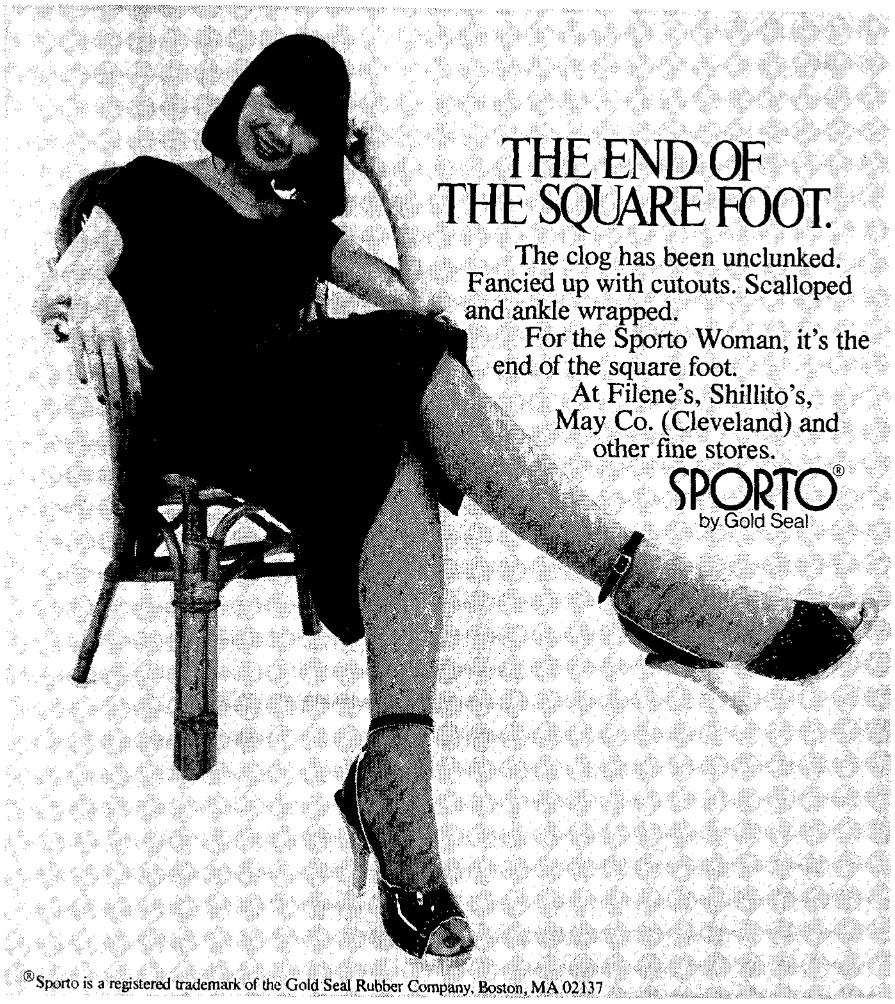
great deal of talk on Capitol Hill this year about "oversight" and about "sunset" legislation, which would put a cutoff date on virtually every piece of legislation and theoretically force a review of its necessity and effectiveness before it was reënacted. "Oversight," which means that committees will have a look at the programs they have initiated, is, it would seem, something that should have been going on all along, and in a few instances it has been. But now, like "sunset," the term is all the rage. Both make sense, and both also give politicians the appearance of coming to grips with government. Both also provide procedural, mechanistic substitutes for dealing with substance. Of course, "sunset" and "oversight" exercises, if they are serious, must at least approach substantive questions, including why a particular program is on the books and how it is working, but they are not likely to examine the connections or disconnections among programs or to review in any breadth what the government is doing. These are questions that politicians—particularly those who started the programs in the first place and who maintain mutually useful relationships with the interest groups that back the programs and the bureaucracies that administer them—do not particularly like to face.

Recently, I talked with Representative Thomas Foley, Democrat of Washington and chairman of the House Democratic Caucus. Foley, who is fifty, is one of the more thoughtful people around Capitol Hill, and though he is in the stratosphere of the leadership he has not lost his capacity for looking at things freshly. I asked him about the impression that Congress was unusually slow in getting about its business this year. He replied, "This is my fifteenth year here, and it's the slowest in my memory. I don't know how to explain it. There is a kind of sense that there is no great clamor out there for legislation. The atmosphere is slower. There's no sense of people here saying, 'When are they going to bring this bill to the floor?' The conventional wisdom is that there is going to be a lot of oversight. But Congress doesn't have the mechanism for it. A committee holds a hearing and issues a press release and gets a headline: 'Committee on Hill Charges Food Poisoned by Additives.' And then it issues a report, and that's the end of it. So, often it's oversight directed toward a press release rather than change. Besides, the hearings are a very poor exercise. Frequently, oversight is an excuse for interest groups or agencies to come up here and get what they want. There's a lot more talk about oversight than is going to be produced in terms of monitoring programs. At the same time, I think it's needed. But to be effective it has to be patient and paced and rational, and not particularly publicity-conscious." And then Foley went through the list of unappealing issues he and his colleagues face. "It's a long list of unattractive legislation," he said. "How about the possibility of reviving the draft? That's a real winner." He concluded, "Congress is going to be in the position where it is going to be seen to be ineffective in dealing with real problems. I can't think of a single positive thing that lies ahead. What good news are we going to provide the American people? What presents are we going to bring?"

One day in late February, I had lunch in the House dining room with Butler Derrick, a Democrat from South Carolina, who is in his third term. He, too, said that he could not remember its taking so long for Congress to get going. At twelve-thirty, he excused himself briefly to go to the House floor for the first roll-call vote of the year. When roll calls take place during the lunch hour, the dining room empties and refills like a tide going out and coming in quickly, as members rush upstairs, cast their votes by electronic machine, and return. This vote was on a resolution to provide funding for the House Veterans' Affairs Committee. Such resolutions are almost always approved routinely. When Derrick returned, I asked him why there was a need for a roll-call vote on such a question. "Beats me," he replied. "I suppose it was so that we could all go on record as being for veterans." Shortly thereafter, he excused himself again, this time to vote on a funding resolution for the Small Business Committee. When he returned again, he said, "When I first came here, people were doing some interesting things. Now there's more attention to administrative functions. There ought to be some other way of handling these funding resolutions we're voting on today. This body was created to serve a basically agrarian economy, and it hasn't changed substantially since then: we've gotten a couple of computers and we vote electronically, but I don't know how it has really changed. The only real difference is that we stay here longer. I'm talking about the basic structure. We never address that. When a new kind of problem comes along, we just add some new sort of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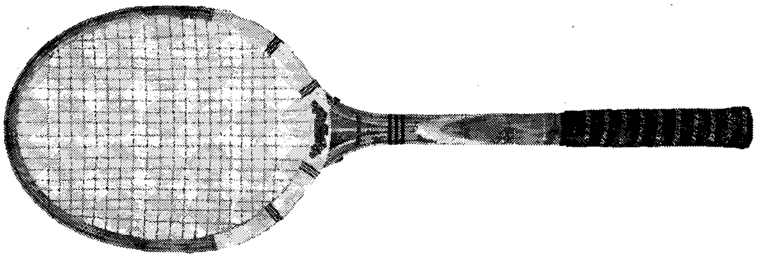

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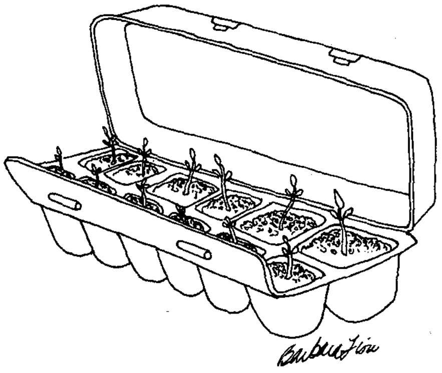
committee, a 'select committee.' We've got committees, select committees, permanent select committees. When we get to a problem like energy, about ten different subcommittees have jurisdiction, so we set up a select committee and then what it does has to be redone by the subcommittees. I think there are almost a hundred and fifty chairmen of committees and subcommittees in the House. When you walk down the halls and you don't know a member's name, if you say 'Hello, Mr. Chairman' you come out right one out of three times."

Congress seems not to be eager to charge in because it seems not to know what exactly to charge into. Derrick said, "Who knows what the hell we're going to do about inflation. Nobody. Who knows what we're going to do about our image in the world."

One Democratic senator said to me in early March, "My sense is that Congress isn't going to do very much. It's reacting to the election and a sense that people are fed up with too many bills. And we're already in Presidential politics. How we're proceeding doesn't make sense in the face of a need to prop America back up again, to give it an energy policy, a foreign policy, an economic policy. I think people are very confused about how to solve those problems. People are frustrated and confused, and I think a good part of America doesn't want Congress to create any more problems."

Congress, then, has been at a loss. It began with no real agenda, other than the routine matters of providing for the funding of committees and the passing of appropriations bills, and a few pieces of legislation proposed by members or by the Administration. The Administration, having struggled so long and won so little—measured against what it sought—has grown gun-shy. It used to come up with "comprehensive" proposals. After that the word "comprehensive" was practically banned among the people at the White House. Say "energy" and they would leave the room—until they no longer could. The

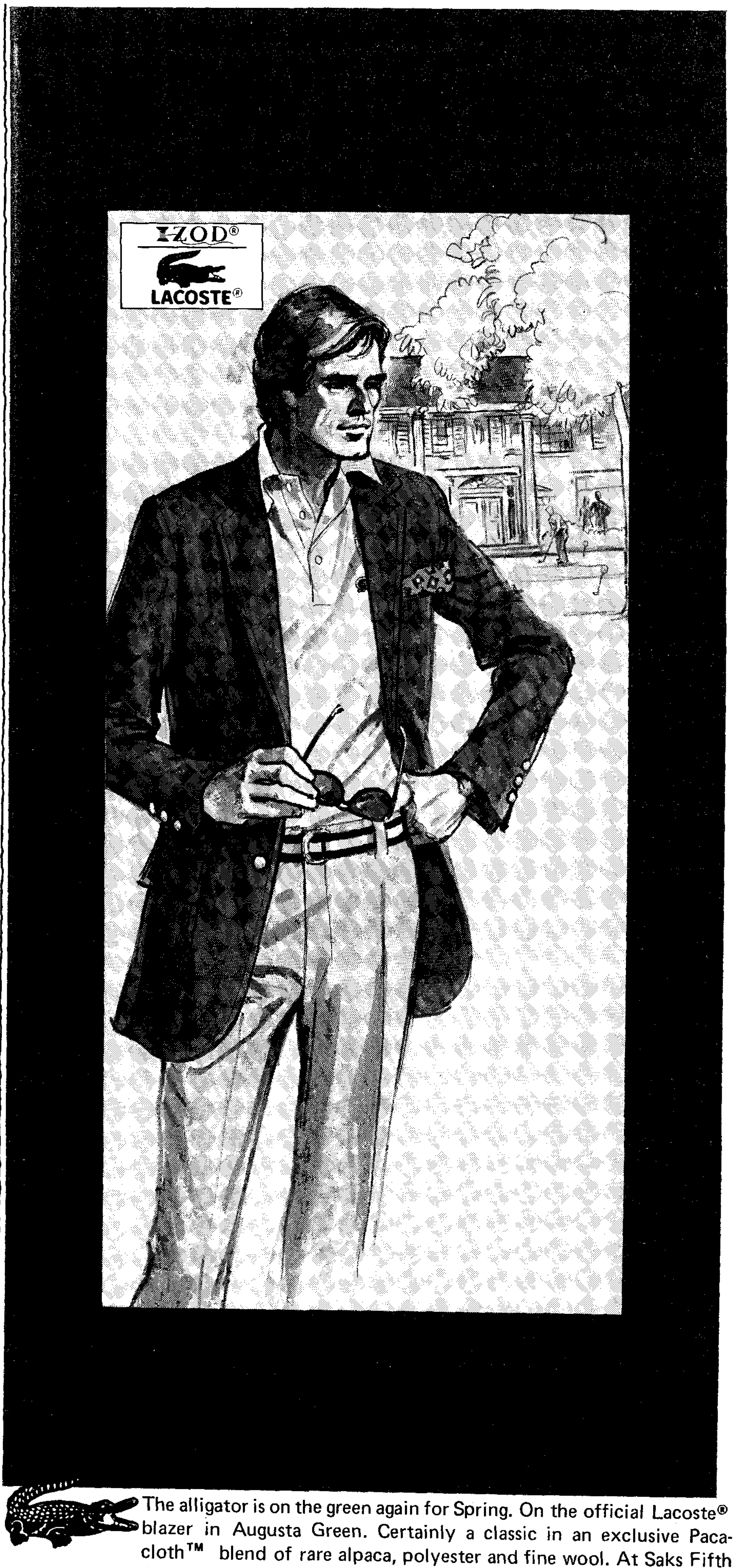


things that come most easily to Congress, or to an Administration—proposing a program, passing a bill—don't seem to be relevant exercises.

The Democrats are essentially on the defensive. Democrats who must run for reëlection are clearer about what they have to defend themselves against than about what they will be arguing for. Several of them feel that they have no agenda as yet.

A New Force

ONE of the truisms that came out of the last election is that it produced a great swing to the right in Congress. Some are not so sure. The presumption is not borne out in the numbers: Republicans gained only three seats in the Senate and only twelve in the House. Still, a number of people believe that the center of gravity has shifted to the right. While the Republican Party did not pick up many Senate seats, its nature as the minority party has changed, and it is in a very powerful position. Senate Republicans have proceeded in the past two years—even before the 1978 election—with an unusual degree of unanimity, and have been able, through use of the filibuster, or threat of the use of it, to delay or block all manner of legislation. There are now forty-one Republicans in the Senate; sixty votes are needed to close off a filibuster, and there are usually a few Southerners who can be counted on to join the Republican ranks. Some moderate Republicans, such as Clifford Case, of New Jersey, James Pearson, of Kansas, and Edward Brooke, of Massachusetts, did not, for various reasons, return to the Senate, and this has affected the minority's tone. It used to be that the Senate was less partisan than the House: because only a third of the Senate must run for reëlection at a time, there was less rivalry within state delegations, and in general the senators comported themselves in a live-and-let-live spirit. There *was* something to the idea of the Senate as a "club." But this is becoming less and less true. Moreover, Howard Baker, the Senate Minority Leader, who has been instrumental in forming a unified Senate minority—but who also gave the Administration his support on a few key issues—would like to be President, and the Senate will be his forum. Beyond that, Baker has to contend with a new force in the Senate—a critical mass of extremely conservative, not to say right-wing, Republicans such as has not been seen in Washington since the late forties and early fifties. These



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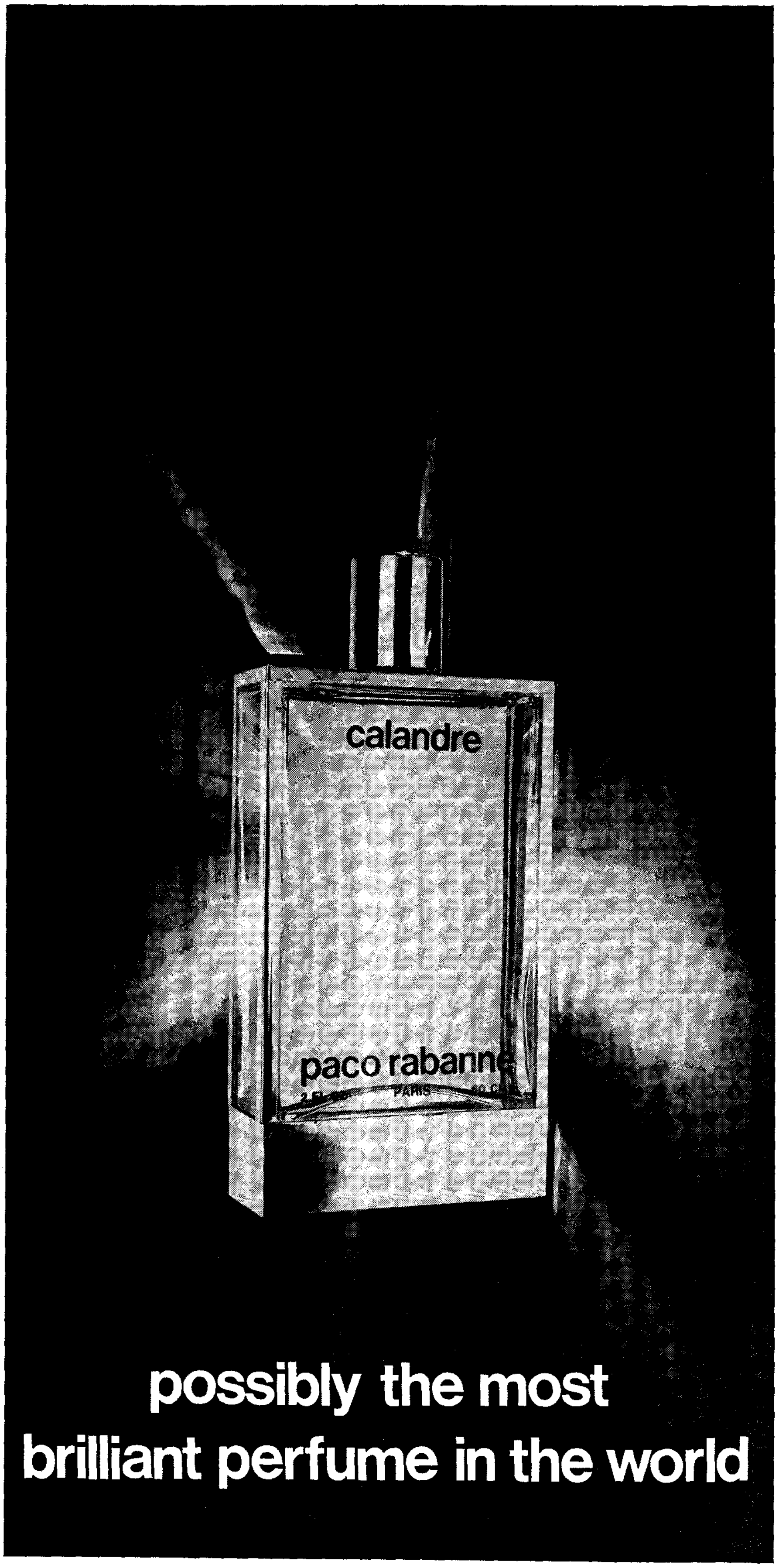
Republicans are, for the most part, younger, brighter, and more attractive than the conservatives who immediately preceded them—the Roman Hruskas and the Carl Curtises—and they seem more determined. Another important fact about them is that, for the most part, they have had limited previous experience in legislative bodies, or even public life. They have not developed the spirit of comity that makes legislative bodies function. Their immediate predecessors were less inclined to see issues in terms of a holy war and themselves as performing a messianic function, were less rigid as legislators. And because what these new conservatives are talking about seems congenial to what so many take to be the public mood this group is feeling confident, is assertive, is riding high. Even in the last session, a few senators—and that's all it takes—began using all manner of devices to delay or prevent consideration of a number of pieces of legislation. (This is more possible in the Senate than in the House, because of differences in the rules.) Toward the end of the session, the Senate was, on occasion, near paralysis. In the past, the filibuster was a device that was used rarely, and used for the most part by Southerners to block or delay civil-rights legislation. When they lost—when the Senate voted to shut off a filibuster—the Southerners turned in their swords. Then, more recently, the late James Allen, of Alabama, discovered ways to continue to delay Senate action, and his methods were adopted by liberals to try to stop natural-gas legislation. At the beginning of this session, Majority Leader Robert Byrd attempted to get some changes in the rules to make the Senate a more orderly place, but he had only limited success. The problem was not just that so many Republicans were opposed but also that some Democrats, remembering how quickly the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution sped through the Congress, and mindful of their constitutional mandate to reflect the passions of the moment to a lesser degree than the House does, have misgivings about making the Senate too "orderly."

Another and very different kind of change that has taken place in the Congress is that for perhaps the first time in modern history the chairmanships of committees are fairly representative of the membership as a whole. For as long as anyone could remember, the committees were chaired by a disproportionate number of Southerners when the Democrats controlled the Congress. Now, as a result of retirements and mortality and a public that is less impressed with seniority, this is no longer the case.

Youngest Member

JAMES SHANNON, who has just turned twenty-seven, is the youngest member of the House of Representatives. He is a Democrat from Massachusetts, and his congressional district, which includes the no longer prosperous mill town of Lawrence, is the one that was previously held by Paul Tsongas, who was elected to the Senate last November. Shannon is a knowing young man, and though he is the youngest kid on the block he already has a certain aura of power, and it is clear that he intends to have more of it. He has obtained one of the most sought-after committee assignments—a seat on the Ways and Means Committee. He is the youngest member to serve on it since 1804, and his elders on the committee pronounce themselves impressed with him. Shannon wrote his undergraduate thesis, at Johns Hopkins University, on Tip O'Neill, which didn't hurt his entrée into the Congress, and he served as an aide to a Massachusetts congressman off and on for two years, and therefore is more familiar with Washington than the usual freshman congressman. Shannon is a practical young man, and he also holds some unfashionable views about the current state of politics. "What I really believe," he said to me in a conversation not long ago, "is that the last election was completely misread by the media, by the political analysts—that the people who were elected last year were not elected because of conservative, budget-cutting positions. That isn't what people want. I think that people's discontent is a lot more fundamental: it goes to a lack of leadership, lack of direction. They don't see people in public life beginning to come to grips with the problems, and they're looking for new directions. I think the Democrats ran for the trenches prematurely; instead of being creative, we went into retreat. Last year, a lot of what seemed to be the new ideas came from the right—the Kemp-Roth proposal for cutting taxes by a third over three years, balancing the budget—and, with the absence of any ideas from the left, there's a vacuum. So there's a fundamental fallacy in the thinking about American political life now. At the same time, because of what's happening in the economy, there's a kind of quiet panic taking over. So what people are saying is that we have to go in a radically different



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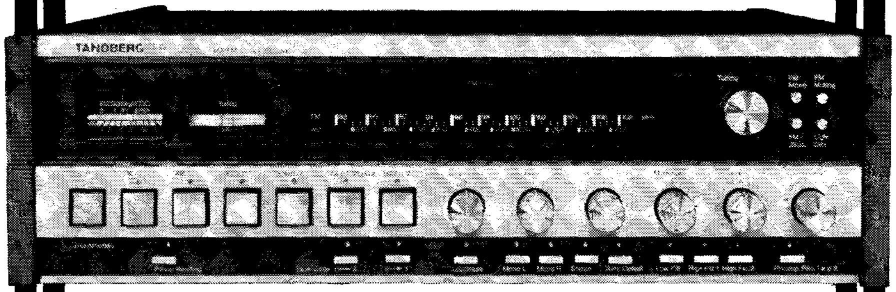

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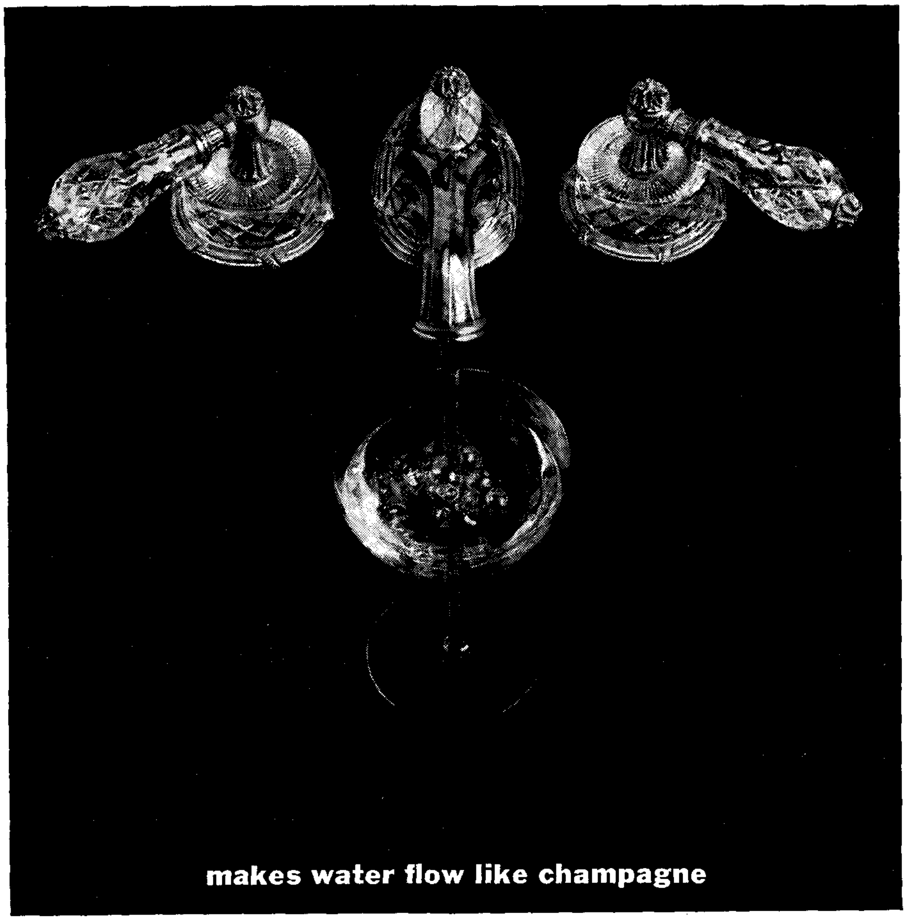

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"Supposedly, the 'philosophical underpinning' of the new Congress is moderate to conservative, against federal spending—that the old approaches haven't worked, that a balanced budget and Kemp-Roth are deeply held ideas. But if it just so happens that those aren't deeply held ideas—and I don't think they are—then any number of factors could turn the situation completely around: a recession, a jump in oil prices, an international crisis of some sort."

So, I asked him, it would still require some outside event to turn things around?

"Yes," he replied, "and we're going to get something, don't you think? What's more, as the conservative proposals become more right-wing, they are going to be less palatable. I think the balanced-budget idea is going to become an albatross to those backing it as people understand its implications and if we enter some sort of recession. In the 1978 campaign, a lot of people paid lip service to certain 'conservative' ideas: that they were going to make government more efficient—as if there were a lobby to make it inefficient—and for sunset legislation and against scandals. They talked about a lot of things that are noncontroversial. I've never heard anyone run on a pro-inefficiency campaign, have you? The one truth of the campaign is that inflation is *the* issue, and the Democratic Party is at a crossroads on that. We can become the Republican Party and try to always balance the budget and so on or we can go the other way and say to people, 'If you're concerned about the cost of health and the cost of education, we're going to deal with these things.' There is a very strong feeling on the part of a number of newly elected Democrats that they don't want to go through another campaign apologizing for being Democrats and not offering any leadership and vision. One freshman from a Western state ran endorsing a balanced budget, and he told me recently that he hopes that when he runs for reëlection Ted Kennedy is the candidate for President. He wants some guy who gives legitimacy to the positions Kennedy is espousing, so that he can espouse them. He's just afraid to get caught out there alone. I think a lot of people are afraid of that."

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

SHANNON was one of two freshmen O'Neill placed on the Ways and Means Committee, and the way

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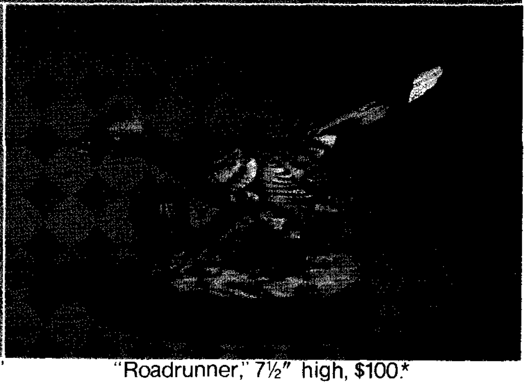

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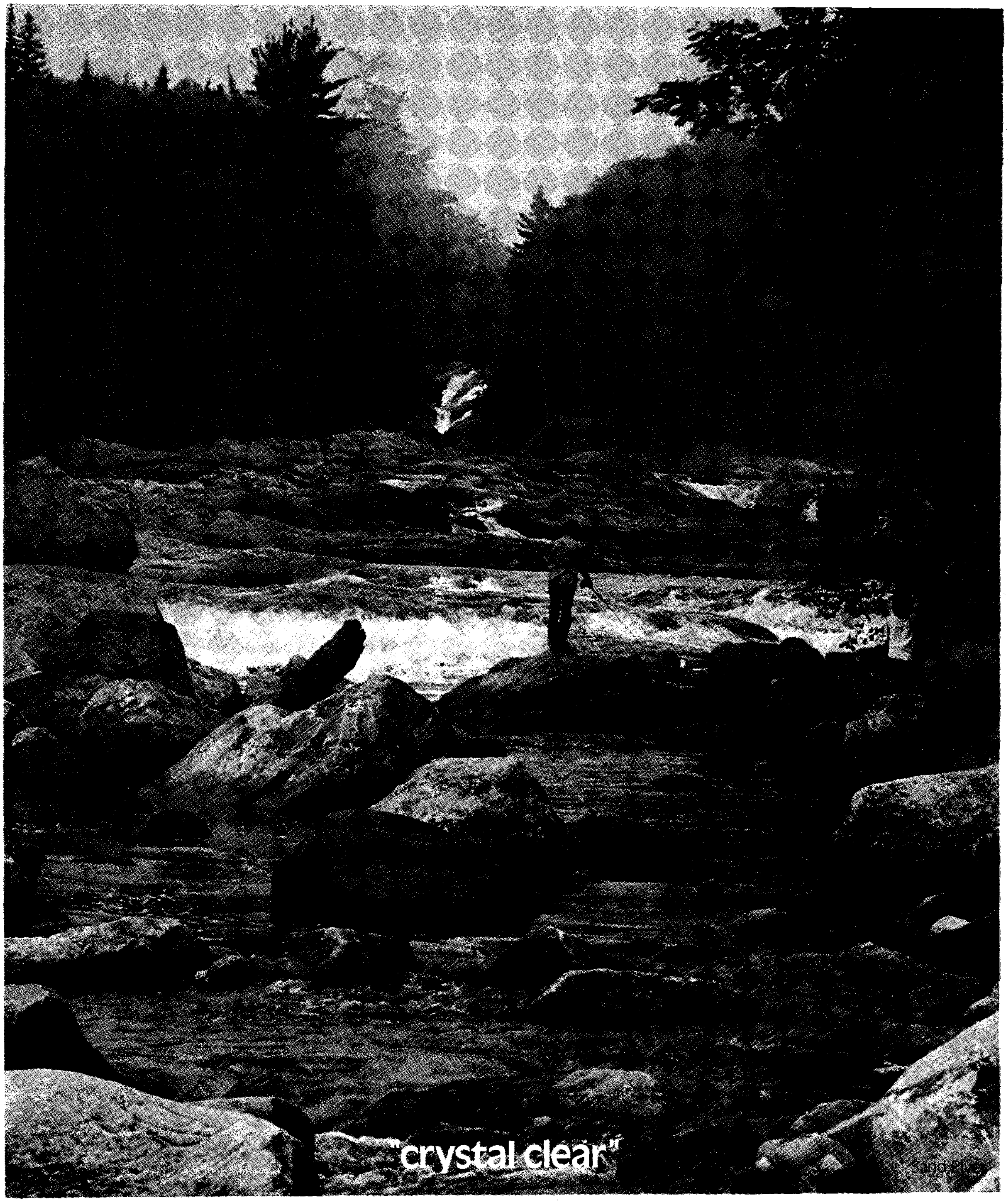

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O'Neill distributed such assignments explains in part what is widely seen as the relative tameness of the new Democratic members of the House. Thus, the otherwise startling statistic that more than half of the House has been elected for the first time in the last six years (almost half of the Senate has) is significant, but not so much as might have been expected. In addition to the two freshmen placed on Ways and Means, others were given choice assignments: three were placed on the Appropriations Committee, one on the Rules Committee (which schedules legislation for floor debate and offers a position of great power), and two on the Budget Committee (which is now coming to be in great demand). O'Neill also took steps to give other freshmen, particularly ones who had close elections, good assignments. "We don't have much to complain about," one freshman said to me. Moreover, of the forty-two Democratic freshmen thirty-eight had previously held elective office or worked on Capitol Hill. "This crowd will be easier to talk to," O'Neill said to me. "It's a real break when you get some people like that."

Another thing that explains the relative tameness of the new group is history. The class that was elected in 1974, known as "the Watergate babies," came to town determined to shake things up, and was instrumental in bringing about a number of reforms in House procedures. But now there have been those changes and Watergate is a dimmer memory, so there was no real reason to expect the new class to be like the earlier one. Still, some of the now more senior members were shocked when some of the freshmen argued that the Democratic Caucus held at the beginning of the session should be closed to the press and to outsiders. And there is a feeling, not without validity, that Congress is growing increasingly colorless. Each new group of late has seemed, on the whole, to be careful, without passion, unlikely to take risks—gray. "We're electing a bunch of bookkeepers," one important Democrat in Washington remarked to me. There are few of the colorful old curmudgeons left, and one begins to miss them.

A Sea of Circumstance

The Republicans in Congress are in their own kind of stew. Many of them went charging down the balanced-budget-constitutional-amendment path. House Minority Leader John Rhodes, of Arizona, who is a fairly conservative man, at first

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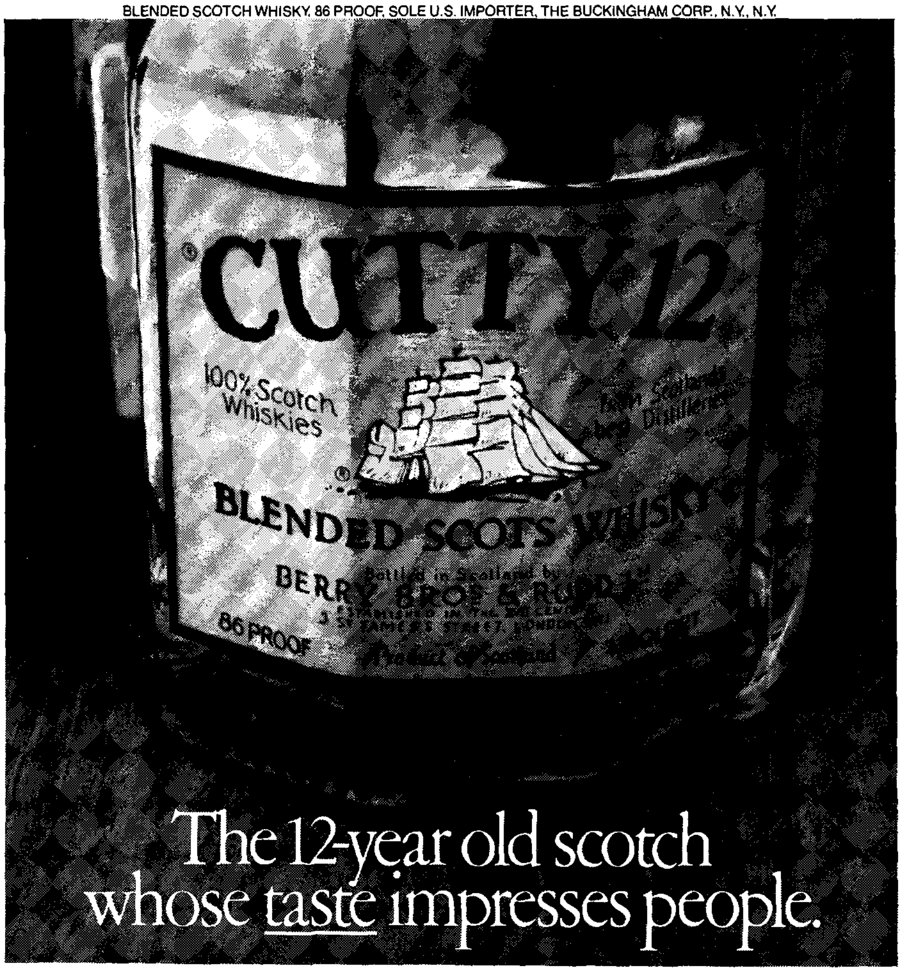

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opposed the idea ("I just don't like gimmickry"), but then, in the face of opposition from his own troops, reversed course. Barber Conable, a moderate-to-conservative Republican from upstate New York, puts out one of the few congressional newsletters worth reading, and early this year, while everyone else was saying what a conservative Congress this was going to be, he wrote, "Like all other human enterprise, we float in a sea of circumstance." In mid-February, I had lunch with Conable in the Capitol Hill Club, near the House Office Buildings, where Republicans can have lunch and hold other social events. It is a Republican-looking place, decorous and well lit (as compared with the Democratic Club, which is dark and tends to the raucous). The Capitol Hill Club has a circular staircase, and the staircase and dining room are lined with paintings of former Republican Presidents. (Richard Nixon's is off in a corner.) "I feel tentative about how to describe this Congress," Conable said. "One of the reasons is that the character of a Congress isn't determined by its inherent characteristics, or even the rhetoric at election time. It's likely to be determined by outside events: the state of the economy, the collapse of Iran. Therefore, I don't feel committed to a course at this point. If we have real economic problems or energy problems, whatever the long-term expectancies of the candidates were at election time may be supplanted by short-term expectancies. If the unemployment rate or inflation jumps way up, people who said 'Get government off our backs' are going to be saying 'Do something.' It sounds cynical, but I don't think anybody's committed this Congress at this point to be any particular kind of Congress—a conservative Congress, a balanced-budget Congress, a tax-cutting Congress. So all this talk about how this is going to be that kind of Congress is baloney."

CEILING

EACH year, the House of Representatives takes the opportunity to demonstrate its frugality by voting against a proposal to increase the "temporary" ceiling on the national debt to whatever level is needed to pay for the programs that Congress has enacted. Actually, there is no point in having the debt ceiling. The theory is that by establishing a ceiling on the national debt Congress imposes on itself a limit on what it will spend, but in practice it works the other way around: Congress enacts the spending legislation and then raises the debt ceiling to pay for it.

"I've never understood exactly why we do it," Foley said to me, "or why anyone can think it's 'fiscally responsible' to vote against raising the debt ceiling when we've already incurred the responsibilities. It's like not paying your bills. It's silly to go through the posturing that you're saving money by not voting to increase the national debt." On occasion, the House rejects the debt-ceiling increase several times, until the moment comes when the government cannot legally spend any more money—salaries cannot be paid, the Social Security checks have to be stopped. And this year the House did not resist the opportunity to reject the debt increase, before approving it on March 15th.

Scene: On Wednesday, February 28th, the House is taking up the proposal to extend and increase the debt ceiling, which currently amounts to seven hundred and ninety-eight billion dollars. The "temporary" ceiling expires on March 31st (but the money is expected to run out before then), so the House leaders brought a bill to the floor to extend the limit to September 30th and to increase it to eight hundred and thirty-six billion dollars. This year, the leaders are making a real effort to get the increase through the first time, arguing that eventually it will have to be approved, so why not get it over with—that each time the members have to vote on it they will be on the spot again. It is late in the day, and large numbers of members are present, and the place, as it can be, is a bit rowdy. Sam Gibbons, a Ways and Means Committee member from Tampa, Florida, is speaking from the well of the chamber. Gibbons is a lanky man and has a soft accent. He is arguing for passage of the debt-ceiling bill. He tells the members of the House, "I have voted every way you can think of on this issue." The members laugh. An hour later, they vote down the bill to increase the debt ceiling.

BEES

SOME things in the capital don't change, whatever the political winds. Just how hard it is to get a grip on the budget is demonstrated by an effort being made by the Administration this year to eliminate the funding for something called the Beekeeper Indemnity Payment Program, which reimburses beekeepers for bees killed as a result of the use of pesticides and through no fault of the beekeepers. Several attempts have been made by Administrations in previous years to curtail or end the program, but none

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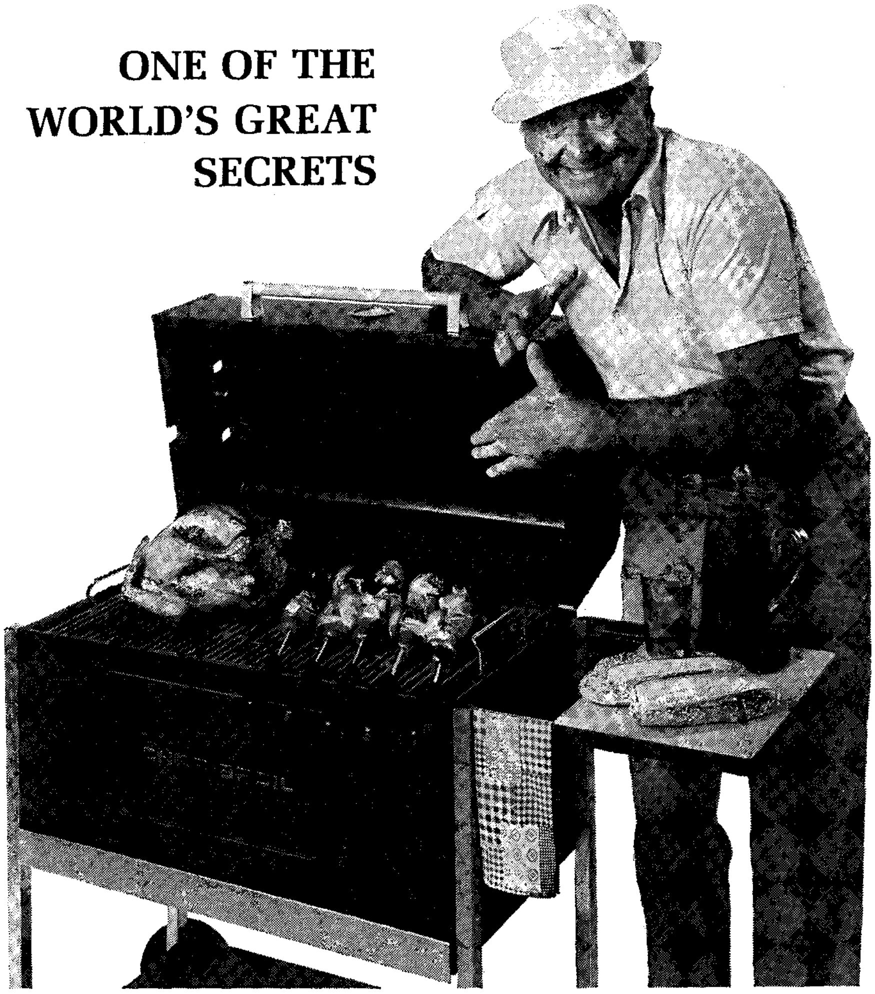
succeeded. The amount involved is not all that great—the program cost $4,334,842 in the last fiscal year—but federal officials argue that the program is subject to abuse, that it is not justified, that it discourages beekeepers from looking after their bees, and that the five-hundred-billion-dollar federal budget is, after all, made up of aggregates of a few million dollars here and a few million there. Under the program, a beekeeper can claim that his bees have died as a result of pesticides, and then a representative of the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service (A.S.C.S.) will go out and inspect, and file a report. The inspector has to make a determination as to whether the damage fits into the category "moderate," "severe," or "destroyed." One federal official told me, "The objective basis for making a judgment on the extent of the damage is crazy, and there has to be speculation about the cause, too." Even Agriculture Department officials have been willing to recommend that the program die. One cannot escape the suspicion that they do so knowing that Congress is not likely to go along and that the Office of Management and Budget officials single out the program for elimination because, aside from what they think of its merits, they sense it has a comic ring to it. "One of the problems with the beekeepers program," an Agriculture Department official told me, "is that the county committees of A.S.C.S. are crop or livestock experts. They don't know bees from hummingbirds. They go out on the farms and see all these bees lying around, and they have to decide how they died. Sometimes they bring in the state apiarist. But how do they really decide that those bees were killed by pesticides?" When Agriculture Department officials met some time ago to talk about the program, one of them remarked, "Since the enactment of the Beekeeper Indemnity Program, no bee has ever died a natural death." The program was enacted six years after a similar one had been enacted for certain livestock, but Agriculture officials point out that it is easier to determine that a cow has been poisoned by pesticides—by testing the milk—than that a bee has. An argument is made within the government and also by a few (very few) members of Congress that such a flat-out payment program is a bad idea—that the risk involved for the beekeeper is simply a risk of doing business—and some suggest that the bee indemnity program should at least be replaced by the sort of program by which the federal government helps farmers insure crops, to which the farmers contribute. But an Agriculture official says, "I'm not sure how in hell you'd administer a bee-insurance program, either."

Every item in the budget has some political backing—that's one reason it's there—and, as it turns out, the beekeeper program has very strong backing. And every item in the budget has some justification to someone, and the justification for the beekeeper program is that bees are utilized to pollinate some twelve billion dollars' worth of crops (there is also a price-support program for honey, but that is another matter)—fruit crops such as apples, cherries, plums, and pears; seed crops such as alfalfa and clover; some soybeans and cotton; and almonds. I talked with Dr. E. C. Martin, who coördinates the research on bees for the National Program Staff of the Science Education Administration of the United States Department of Agriculture, and whose office, like other Agriculture research offices, is in Beltsville, Maryland. Dr. Martin explained to me that of the estimated one million colonies (hives) of bees that are involved in commercial pollination about two hundred and fifty thousand work on almonds in California alone. (According to a report by the Economic Research Service of the Department of Agriculture, there are some two hundred and twelve thousand people involved in beekeeping, about ninety-five per cent of them hobbyists.) Officials who argue for getting rid of the program say that a suspiciously large proportion of the payments go to a small number of producers. It is estimated that twenty beekeepers, or about one per cent of large-scale commercial beekeepers, get twenty-eight per cent of the money. An Agriculture Department official says that in 1976 and 1977 six beekeepers in Washington State received more than seven hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars; in California four beekeepers received two hundred and eighty thousand dollars; and in Arizona two beekeepers received almost a hundred and forty-four thousand dollars. From the date the program began through 1976, nineteen per cent of the money went to beekeepers in California, eighteen per cent to beekeepers in Washington, and fourteen per cent to beekeepers in Arizona. Virginia, where bees are used to pollinate apple crops, did not even make the list of the top twenty recipients. One official told me that in 1974 Virginia beekeepers, who maintain seventy-nine thousand colonies, re-



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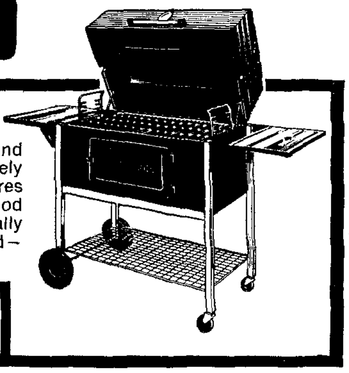

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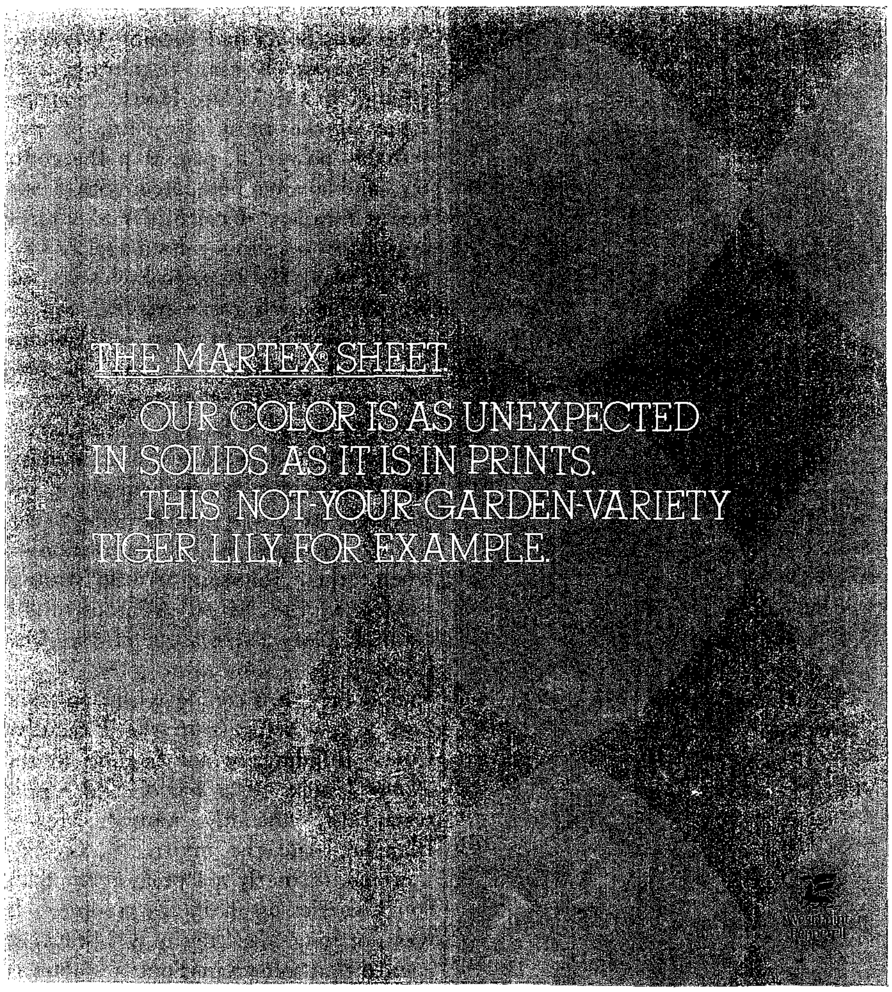
ceived four thousand four hundred dollars, whereas Arizona beekeepers, who maintain fifty-five thousand colonies, received four hundred and fifty-one thousand dollars. "There's something funny there," he said. Others attribute the apparent differential in the mortality rate of bees among the states to such factors as weather conditions and the types of crops that the bees pollinate. The program amounts to, among other things, a subsidy for the farmers who use the bees for pollination: another way for the beekeepers to be compensated for the risks they take is to charge more to the farmers who use them.

The indemnity program, first enacted in 1970 (and made retroactive to 1967, when a great many bees in Arizona, California, and Washington apparently died from spraying by pesticides), has the strong backing of members of Congress from Arizona, Washington, and California, who have been on the right committees. Other members of the committees go along, because the amount of money involved is "insignificant," and, as one Agriculture Department official said to me, "almost as a courtesy." Moreover, the beekeepers themselves are well organized. There are two trade associations that represent them: the American Honey Producers Association and the American Beekeeping Federation. The Honey Producers Association has about six hundred members and broke away from the Beekeeping Federation over a policy difference (but not over the indemnity program) in 1969. Glenn Gibson, a commercial beekeeper who is also the mayor of Minco, Oklahoma, is its executive secretary. (I was referred to Mr. Gibson and to Frank Robinson, the secretary of the Beekeeping Federation, by Dr. Martin. "I find in this job you can't keep to research," he said.) The Honey Producers Association comes to Washington every other July and holds a reception in the Rayburn House Office Building and gives a case of honey to each congressional office. Its operation is not very elaborate as such things go. One Agriculture official says, "About three senators, eleven congressmen, and eighty-eight assistants turn up at the reception and get their free booze. Those fellows aren't high rollers. They come in and make their argument, and a senator or a congressman says, 'It's such a small amount of money, why not make a few people happy back home?' " I spoke by phone with Frank Robinson, of the Beekeeping Federation, who lives in

Gainesville, Florida. He told me that there are members of the Beekeeping Federation in forty-eight states and that in several states there are both state and local associations. He also told me, "We work very closely with the state apiarists." The state apiarists also have a national association, and every other year they hold their annual convention in conjunction with that of the American Beekeeping Federation. In January of this year, for example, both groups met in San Diego, their meetings beginning one day apart. Mr. Robinson told me that his organization has a little over eighteen hundred members. Speaking of the Administration's proposal last year to discontinue the indemnity program, he said, "By the time we went around to see the chairman of the House Agriculture subcommittee that deals with bees, his staff had already pencilled it back in." This year, Mr. Robinson and three fellow-officers of the Beekeeping Federation spent about a week in Washington in February. (Mr. Gibson and a colleague in the Honey Producers Association came to Washington for a week in late March. Mr. Gibson told me he works closely with Representative Tom Steed, a Democrat from Oklahoma and an important member of the House Appropriations Committee. "He's the number-one bee champion on Capitol Hill," Mr. Gibson said.) Mr. Robinson called on officials of the Agriculture Department, on members of the House Agriculture subcommittee that deals with bees, and on members of the House Appropriations Agriculture Subcommittee. They began in the House because that is where appropriations bills begin. They also called on some senators, and made a second trip to Washington in late March, when the Senate Appropriations Agriculture Subcommittee held its hearings. Mr. Robinson told me, "We are also in the process of contacting by mail all the senators and representatives on the full Appropriations Committee, and some others, too." Mr. Robinson told me, "I would say that everyone that we talked to in the Congress was sympathetic."

THE PLACE TO BE SEEN

WHATEVER else has been happening in the world, much has been made in Washington of the fact that Paul DeLisle, who had been the maître d' at the Sans Souci restaurant since it opened, in 1963, resigned. Whole columns and newspaper articles were devoted to the subject. One of them questioned whether Washington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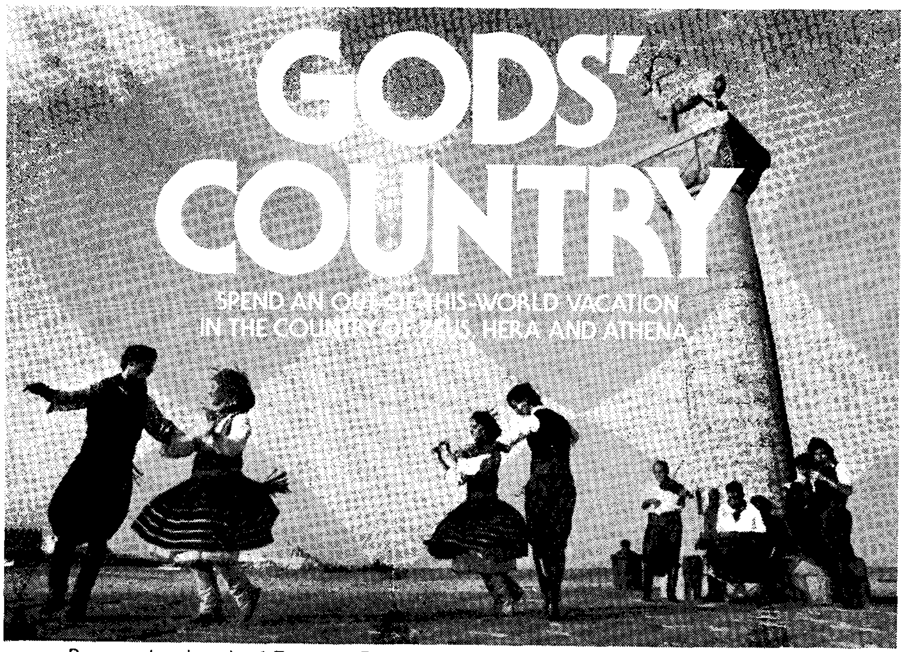
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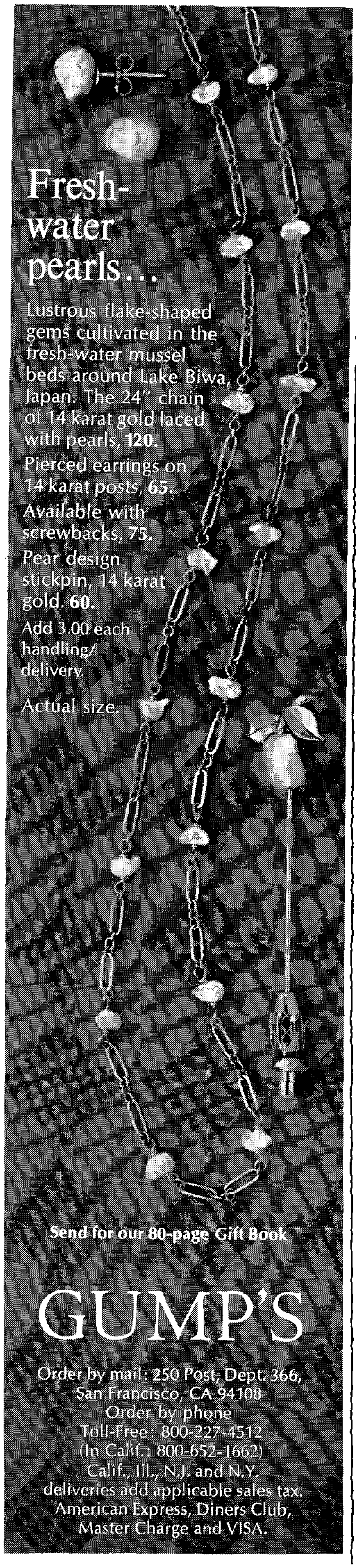

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would be able to continue to function. The Sans Souci had become Washington's see-and-be-seen restaurant, near enough to the White House to attract some of the most powerful, or presumably powerful, people in the country, and always populated with a sufficient number of celebrities to impress out-of-town visitors—Paul DeLisle ran it that way. He assigned tables according to his own caste system, and he knew whom not to place near whom. ("Ah, Madame, zat table is near Monsieur X, and Monsieur X has ze very big ears.") So for a number of people Paul's departure was a calamity. But Washington is a resilient place, and just as it has the resourcefulness to adjust to changes in Administrations—when the Johnson Administration yielded to the Nixon Administration, Charles Colson replaced Harry McPherson as a luncheon guest at the Sans Souci—it is coping with this crisis. Just a few steps from the Executive Office Building, which is next to the White House, there has opened a new restaurant, unsubtly named Maison Blanche. And the maître d', George Torchio, formerly a captain at the Sans Souci, carries on in Paul's tradition. It was not long after the new restaurant opened that some Sans Souci regulars—Charls Walker, the lobbyist; Mel Elfin, the Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek*—shifted their base. Then it was reported in the press that the Sans Souci had stolen Maison Blanche's chef, and that Art Buchwald, after a brief hiatus, had returned to his regular table at the Sans Souci. Maison Blanche quickly informed the press that the employee in question was a mere cook, not a chef. Many in the nation's capital study this power struggle, and await its outcome, with the intensity—and the jockeying to have been in the right place at the right time—that they devote to a race for the Presidency.

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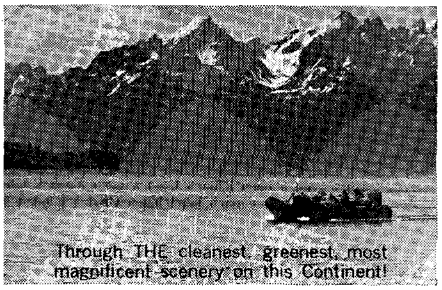

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THOUGHTS ON A CAJUN RENAISSANCE WHILE WATCHING CHICKENS BEING CHASED

IN the countryside around Mamou, in Evangeline Parish, it is traditional for horsemen celebrating the Cajun version of Mardi Gras to stop at farmhouses and beg a chicken for their gumbo. If the farmer tells the horsemen to help themselves, they are entitled to jump off their horses and scamper—to the extent that anyone with a quart or two of beer in him can be said to scamper—across a muddy barnyard in pursuit of a frightened hen that is more agile than it looks and has the advantage of complete sobriety. These days, it is not uncommon for someone to donate a chicken that is frozen. Although Cajuns are known in Louisiana as celebrators of almost limitless imagination—people who can make the two-step at a country dance hall seem celebratory and may celebrate the end of the evening with a fight—they have not yet devised a way to chase a frozen chicken. They accept the gift, and content themselves with dancing in the farmyard—sometimes on the ground and sometimes standing on the saddles of their horses. A band, hauled along in its own cart behind the riders, plays the Mardi Gras anthem and other Cajun songs—the tune carried along by an accordion and a couple of fiddles, the words sung in a bouncy, slightly nasal French. Then, at a signal from the captain—a man wearing a cowboy hat and a silk cape instead of the conical hats and jester costumes favored by the other riders—everyone moves along slowly to the next house, hoping for a thoroughly thawed fowl. These days, Cajuns who want to keep the old traditions alive have learned to make do.

Someone who participates in the Mardi Gras ride in Mamou is called a Mardi Gras himself, and is said to "run Mardi Gras," even though he does it on horseback. In Mamou, it is natural to celebrate on horseback. Mamou is a small trading town in the upper section of the south-Louisiana Cajun parishes—a section usually called the prairie, to distinguish it from the bayou country closer to the Gulf. On the prairie, Cajuns traditionally made their living as farmers rather than as trappers or fishermen. There are still Cajuns in the area who live in the traditional way—getting along with a ten- or fifteen-acre cash crop and a kitchen garden and a few head of cattle or a flock of chickens. One of the first stops of the Mardi Gras run this year—a stop that produced a live chicken, handed over in a gunnysack—was at the home of an elderly farmer and his wife who have a small holding planted in soybeans. The farmer, like most prairie Cajuns in their sixties and seventies, spoke English with the accent of someone who has spoken French first. His wife spoke no English at all. The sort of man who donates a frozen chicken, though, may find his work not on the land but on the Gulf—working seven and seven on an offshore oil rig. He may live in a rather new brick house—jutting out of the prairie without the accompaniment of trees and shrubs, like a tract house that has somehow strayed from the tract. Asked by the captain for permission to bring the Mardi Gras onto his property, he may decide that he values his lawn more than he values the spirit of the occasion. A hundred or so Mardi Gras leave Mamou early in the morning—after gathering at American Legion Evangeline Post No. 123—and wend their way through the countryside until three or four in the afternoon, asking anyone who welcomes them for a contribution of chicken or rice. Still, completing the gumbo usually requires going to the supermarket for twenty or thirty chickens.

THE current version of Mardi Gras in Mamou has existed only since 1952. It was organized by a local attorney named Paul Tate, with the help of Revon Reed, who was then a high-school teacher and is now the editor of a newspaper called the Mamou *Prairie*. Both Tate and Reed had a strong interest in preserving Cajun culture and the French language. Such an interest would not be considered remarkable today—south Louisiana is in the midst of a "Cajun Renaissance" that includes the state's importing hundreds of foreigners to teach French to Louisiana children—but in the early fifties it was regarded as somewhere between quaint and laughable. The culture and language of the Cajun French had been preserved for almost two centuries simply by isolation. The core of the Cajun population was formed by the migration of the Acadian French from Nova Scotia to a remote area of southwestern Louisiana in the middle of the eighteenth century, and a lot of people from Germany or England or Ireland or Haiti or Mississippi or Brittany were swallowed into it in the next two centuries. In Mamou, it is not considered noteworthy that the two people who have made the town one of the centers of Cajun culture have names like Tate and Reed instead of Broussard or Fontenot or LeBlanc. Both of them grew up speaking French and referring to the English-speakers on the other side of the Atchafalaya Basin as *américains*. When the isolation began

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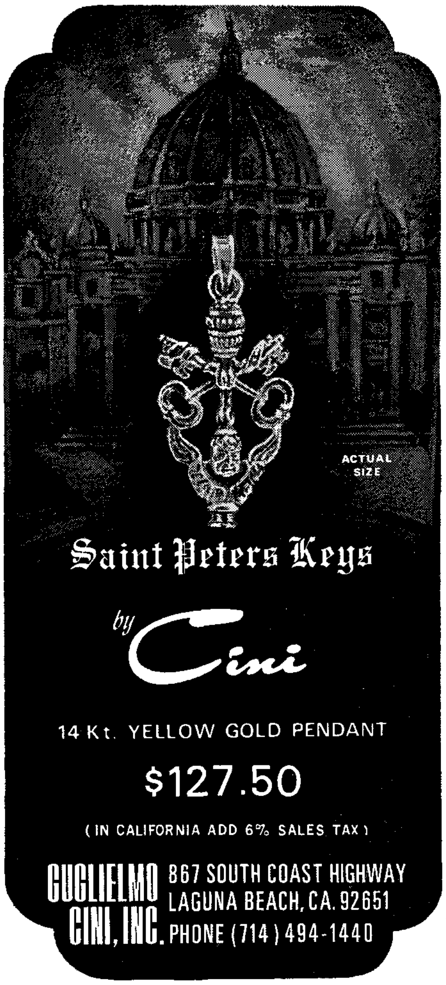
to break down under the pressure of *américains* searching for oil and the American government searching for soldiers to fight the Second World War, both Cajun culture and the French language came to be considered badges of inferiority—reminders of rural poverty and illiteracy and "Cajun jokes" about a comically ignorant trapper named Armand Boudreaux and contemptuous references to "coonasses." For Cajuns seeking respectability and opportunity, Cajun music was shunned as "chanky-chank" music. In school, Cajun children, some of whom had arrived speaking only French, were punished for speaking it even in the schoolyard.

The men Tate recruited to run Mardi Gras in 1952 were presumably more interested in a good time than in a legitimate ethnic experience, but Tate, who served as captain for twenty-five years, was always intent on keeping the celebration within the Cajun tradition. For years, it had been customary for bands of Mardi Gras from a number of small settlements in the area to ride the country roads looking for donations to their gumbo. According to Tate, the custom never ended but simply deteriorated—so that the riders might take more than the farmer had offered, and might toss a bottle or each other through the barn window in the excitement of the chase. In the thirties, an argument about a band of Mardi Gras riders entering a farmyard resulted in three of them being shot dead. But Tate says that a farmer near Mamou named Marcelus Deshotels successfully presided over his own small Mardi Gras run well into the forties. Tate had some long conversations with Deshotels about methods of maintaining control over the riders. As Tate organized the Mamou Mardi Gras, rules were read, in French, before the horsemen left the American Legion Hall. As each horseman went out the door, he was searched for weapons or bottles—weapons being forbidden, and drink being limited to the official provisions under the control of the captain. The young men who run Mardi Gras these days do not seem the sort to attack each other with knives or guns, but the search is still carried out. The rules are still read in French, although an English translation is also offered—giving some assurance that the younger riders actually understand what it is they're forbidden to do. Tate and Reed, still committed to a Mardi Gras that is traditionally Cajun, remain vigilant against the possibility that the run might degenerate into the sort of



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daylong drunk that could as easily be staged by whooping horsemen in Texas, or into the sort of spectacle Cajuns associate with the elaborate New Orleans Mardi Gras parades that sprinkle trinkets on tourists while gliding down Canal Street. Assuring the preservation of a tradition in its pure form, of course, requires the same process as assuring the preservation of a chicken: It has to be frozen. One of the rules read in French and English every year to those who run Mardi Gras in Mamou states, "The Mardi Gras run shall be in the traditional style, and no innovations such as beads or doubloons shall be allowed."

CAJUNS never completely abandoned chanky-chank music. According to Barry Jean Ancelet, the director of the Center for Acadian and Creole Folklore at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, the music's slide in the forties toward Western swing and bluegrass was checked by the success of a single song, "La Valse du Pont d'Amour," recorded in the traditional style. An organized effort to legitimize the French language in Louisiana did not begin until 1968, with the founding of CODOFIL (Council for the Development of French in Louisiana), but Paul Tate and Revon Reed had already taken a Cajun band on tour in 1957. Reed has been running a Saturday-morning broadcast of traditional Cajun music from Fred's Lounge, on the main street of Mamou, since the early sixties. Among the musicians playing Cajun music during the Mamou Mardi Gras this year—playing in the cart during the run, playing for the celebrators jammed into Fred's Lounge the evening before, playing for the street dance after the return of the horsemen, playing for the masked ball that evening in the American Legion Hall—a remarkable number were young people. On the Cajun prairie, a twenty-five-year-old who can speak only English may manage to sound very French on the accordion or the fiddle or the guitar or even the triangle.

People like Tate and Reed recognize the value of music as a cultural cement—a thoroughly Cajun phenomenon that can be presented to college students at the Cajun music festival that Ancelet organizes every year at the same time it is being presented in country dance halls. It can be experienced directly—unlike, say, a *boucherie*, which these days is meant as a way of demonstrating how the Cajuns traditionally butchered hogs coöperatively rather than as a way of butchering hogs coöperatively. The limitations of music

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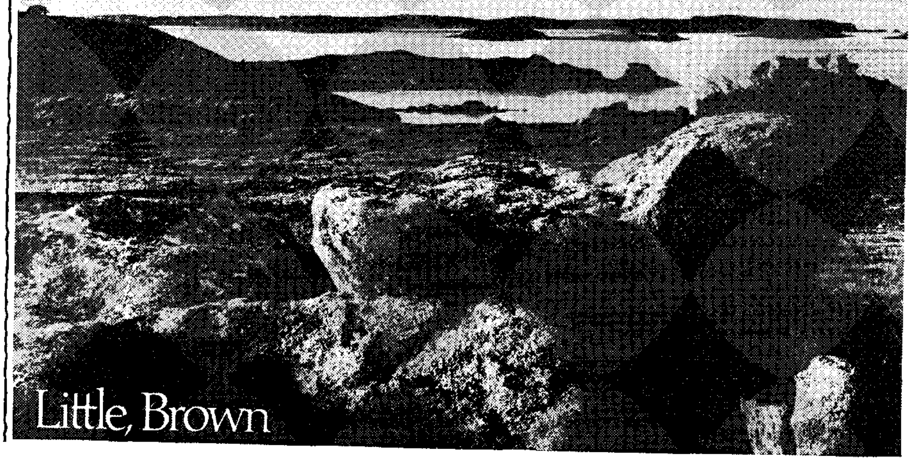

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are also recognized. "The music is the easiest thing—a stabilizing thing. We rally around the music," Tate said recently. "But you could lose the music and save the culture. You can't lose the language and save the culture."

AROUND noon, the Mamou Mardi Gras riders stopped to eat boudin. Boudin is a sort of meat pudding, with pork and rice and spices, packed like sausage into a casing made of hog intestine. It is not merely a ceremonial dish. Any country store in a Cajun parish is likely to keep a steam pot full of homemade boudin, for immediate consumption. In Lafayette, which is now a large city dominated by the American oil business rather than by Cajuns, a store that may appear to be a typical American supermarket will probably sell hot boudin, to be eaten by hand in the parking lot. Cajun food—boudin, for instance, and crawfish *étouffé* and seafood gumbo—has never been in any danger of disappearing into the American mainstream. Nobody ever thought of chicken-and-oyster gumbo as a badge of inferiority. There was never a period when boudin seemed to be slipping in the direction of the American hot dog. In modern Nova Scotia, where the equivalent of the Louisiana Cajun joke is a joke about Newfoundlanders, part of the standard routine ridicules the Newfies' fondness for salt cod and pork scraps. Cajun jokes have never included ridicule of eating boudin and seafood gumbo. Boudin and seafood gumbo taste quite a bit better than salt cod and pork scraps. They taste quite a bit better than anything eaten by people who tell Cajun jokes. No folklorist or culture reviver has ever had to exhort Cajuns to be proud of their boudin.

AMONG the Cajuns waiting on the main street for the return of the Mamou Mardi Gras, command of French could be predicted with fair accuracy according to age. A seventy-year-old asked about speaking French may answer in French. A fifty-year-old is likely to speak an English that has overtaken the French he spoke as a child. Someone who is thirty-five or forty may understand French and not speak it. A twenty-year-old is almost certainly monolingual. Efforts to reverse this trend include the presence this year of two hundred and sixty-five young people from France and Quebec and Belgium and Tunisia teaching French in the schools of Louisiana. The very existence of a state agency to promote the teaching of French has, by all accounts, done a great deal for

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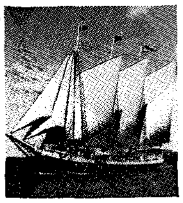

the pride of the Cajuns, but it may have done relatively little for their French.

The teachers are not just in parishes like Evangeline, where the 1970 census showed that three-quarters of the residents grew up in homes where French was spoken, but in the Baptist parishes of north Louisiana, where French was traditionally considered the language of wicked, whiskey-guzzling Papists. CODOFIL, the sponsor of the program, derives its money and its authority from the state, and it has always operated on the premise that French can only be promoted as a useful tool for children in all parts of Louisiana. CODOFIL talks about the state's French heritage but also about the usefulness of a second language in the modern world. People active in the Cajun revival see French as a prerequisite for the survival of a distinct culture rather than as an advantage for someone who wants to work for a multinational computer company, but James Domengeaux, a former congressman from Lafayette who founded and presides over CODOFIL, says, "There's no justifying it unless you can justify it economically."

Among people involved in the Cajun revival, it is customary to acknowledge CODOFIL as the preeminent institution, to work within its programs, and to criticize it constantly. There is some criticism about the way CODOFIL teaches French and even more criticism about the sort of French it teaches. There are people who believe that the schoolchildren in Cajun parishes should be concentrating on the sort of French that may sound foreign or even quaint to a shopkeeper in Paris but sounds just right to their grandparents in Mamou. Traditionally, Cajuns have been apologetic about not speaking "the good French." A French-speaking disc jockey from Ville Platte speaks in what is apparently archaic French, with English phrases like "front-end alignment" or "barbecue supplies" bursting out of it. These days, of course, linguists would argue about whether there really is one good French, but CODOFIL has refused to teach Cajun French. Domengeaux says that teaching Cajun French would be the equivalent of teaching Redneck English. Cajuns complain about their children being unable to speak to grandparents, but Anglos in Shreveport can hardly be expected to support a state program to teach their children to speak like Armand Boudreaux.

In the past year or so, a number of school boards have voted to discontinue

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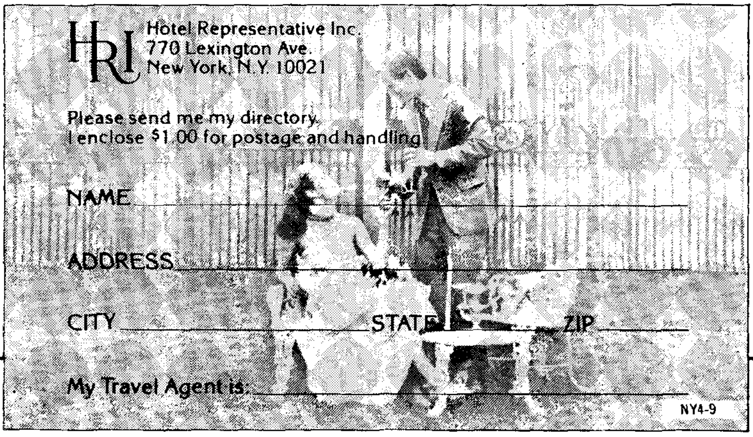

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the CODOFIL program—which provides French instruction at almost no cost to the local board. All of the school boards have been in predominantly Cajun parishes. It may be that Cajun parents are more critical of the standards of instruction because they are more knowledgeable about French. It may be that some school superintendents with French names find it impossible to reverse a lifelong belief that worldly success comes with learning English and forgetting French. Except in Jefferson Davis Parish, where parents from both English- and French-speaking backgrounds insisted, on academic grounds, that French instruction be reinstated, the dropping of the French program has provoked no protest from Cajun parents. There is talk now in CODOFIL of including some Cajun vocabulary in the instruction partly as a way to engage the interest of Cajuns.

"The French program never did stir up genuine commitment among the people," Ancelet said recently. Arguments about the legitimacy of regional conjugations do not interest fishermen or oil-rig workers or even most lawyers. CODOFIL's early efforts to maintain local chapters faded quickly. The Cajun music festival and the annual boudin festival draw large crowds, but the serious activists in the Cajun revival could meet in a small room—in a club that only admits people with advanced degrees. All of them would agree that the Cajun culture is linguistically based—that the music and the celebrations and even the everyday customs and values would not make sense in English—but Cajuns who can be engaged by an accordion or a Mardi Gras run are not engaged by the academic study of the language. It is, in fact, difficult to find precedents for preserving a language that is not needed for day-to-day communication. Still, the leaders of the revival see the future in French. Asked recently what he hopes the next generation of Cajuns will be left by the Cajun revival, Barry Jean Ancelet said, "I want them to be able to think the way Cajuns think and feel the way Cajuns feel, and that means that they think and feel in French."

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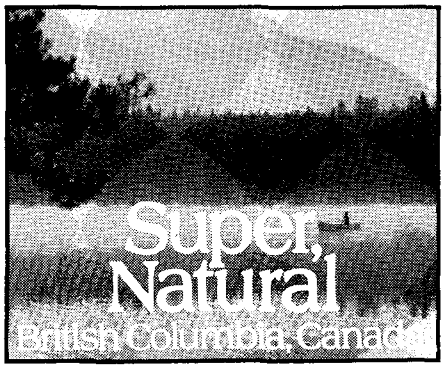

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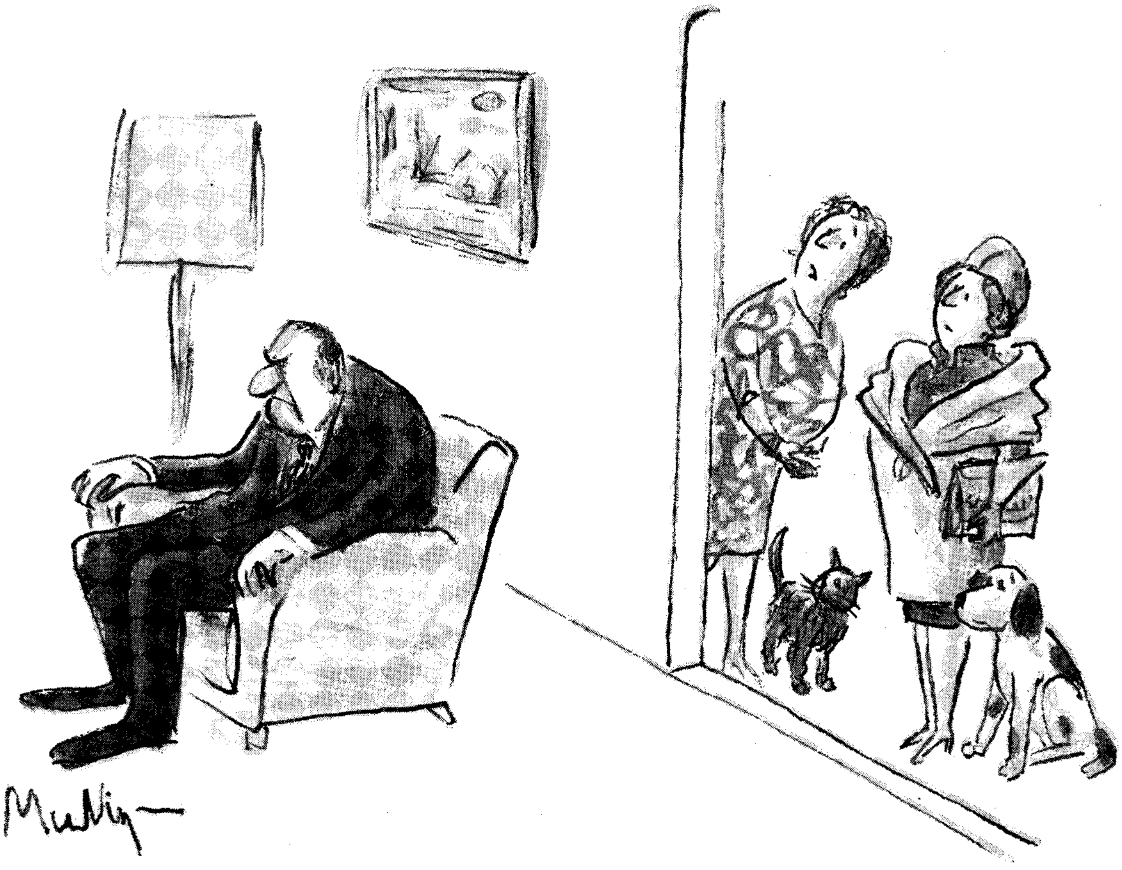
MUSICAL EVENTS

Fire in April

"MISS HAVISHAM'S FIRE," Dominick Argento's fourth full-length opera, was given its first performance last month by the New York City Opera, which had commissioned it (the company's seventeenth world première and thirteenth commission). The work proved easy and attractive to listen to; it is skillfully composed, and it was well performed. The libretto, by John Olon-Scrymgeour, Argento's collaborator on four previous pieces, is described as being "after Dickens," but "Miss Havisham's Fire" is not a straight operatic version of "Great Expectations." The title continues, "Being an Investigation into the Unusual and Violent Death of Aurelia Havisham on the Seventeenth of April, in the Year Eighteen Hundred and Sixty." Joe Gargery, Mrs. Gargery, Biddy, Mr. Wopsle, Wemmick and the Aged Parent, Abel Magwitch, and Herbert Pocket are omitted; Mr. Pumblechook speaks only his name and two sentences, as he delivers Pip to Satis House. It is not Pip's story but Miss Havisham's, extracted from Pip's first-person narrative and then elaborated. None of the marsh, forge, or London events are represented; all but one of the sixteen scenes are set in Satis House or its garden. The frame of the drama is an inquest in the library; testimony given during the inquest by Nanny Broome, Sarah Pocket, Mr. Jaggers, Pip, Raymond Pocket, and Old Orlick is dramatized in a series of flashbacks. Nanny Broome, Miss Havisham's former governess, and an unnamed Examiner officiating at the inquest are inventions of the librettist; Old Orlick and Bentley Drummle draw their names but not their characters from Dickens. Pip, Estella, Miss Havisham, and her Pocket relations play in the flashbacks much the roles that they do in the novel. Mr. Jaggers is reduced to a cipher. It might be best to forget Dickens altogether, but no one who has read "Great Expectations" can hope to do so. As Angus Calder remarks in his introduction to the Penguin edition of the book, Miss Havisham is "one of the many Dickens creatures . . . who are as much part of the permanent furniture of the private and public rooms of the Western mind as Ulysses and Sinbad."

The opera falls into two acts, each of about eighty minutes. It also falls clearly into two parts, differently divided. The second part is a long scena (lasting about half an hour) for Miss Havisham; described as an epilogue, it is a freely invented fantasia on the Dickens character, and is not drawn, as much of the first part is, from the events and the actual dialogue of the novel. In fact, in dramaturgy as in language this closing section differs so much from the preceding scenes that it comes as no surprise to discover—from an essay in the program book, by Hans Heinsheimer—that originally the epilogue had an independent existence, as a monologue entitled "Miss Havisham's Wedding Night." In 1974, Argento composed a forty-five-minute monodrama for baritone or tenor called "A Water Bird Talk;" "Miss Havisham's Wedding Night" was written as a companion piece for soprano and orchestra. Argento set it to music, but when he and the librettist "discussed it between themselves and also with others it seemed too short; and it was also felt that Francis Poulenc in 'La Voix Humaine,' Arnold Schoenberg in 'Erwartung,' and Hugo Weisgall in his Strindberg opera 'The Stronger' had already covered similar exasperated ground in their monologues. So back to Dickens they went, and a full-length version emerged."

There was already in existence a work even more similar in the ground it covered—Peter Maxwell Davies' "Miss Donnithorne's Maggot," a monodrama for soprano, based not on Miss Havisham herself but on the woman who was probably Dickens' principal model for her, Miss Eliza Emily Donnithorne, of Newtown, New South Wales. One morning in 1856, Miss Donnithorne dressed for her wedding; the wedding breakfast was laid out; the guests assembled; but the groom did not appear. For thirty years thereafter, Miss Donnithorne shut herself in her house, allowing nothing to be disturbed, while the wedding feast decayed into dust. According to a contemporary, she found her only solace in books. (She could have read "Great Expectations," for she died only in 1886.) Both Davies' work, which has a text by Randolph Stow, and Argento's epi-



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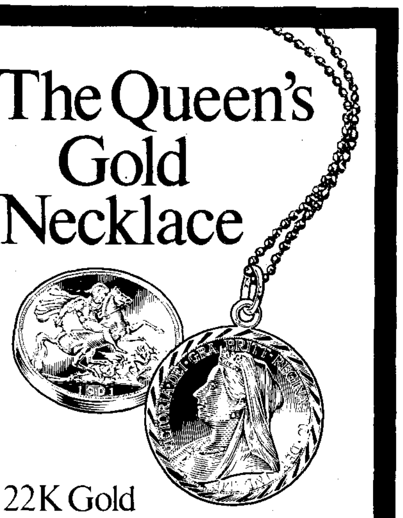
logue are a series of contrasting episodes in which the character's disordered fancies range freely, madly, with sudden, keen moments of self-awareness, between her present and that disastrous bridal day. "Miss Havisham's Wedding Night" is a striking and effective piece that, like "Miss Donnithorne's Maggot," might well be performed with success on its own—even as a work of concert-hall music theatre. A tattered wedding dress could provide theatrical setting enough.

Whether the preceding scenes are really necessary, how much they add to the drama of Miss Havisham, and, by extension, whether so much time, money, and talent were well spent on the excellent City Opera production are open to question. The expansion from a monodrama to a full-scale opera with a large cast was deftly achieved, but there is something schematic about the result. The donnée is that a mystery attended Miss Havisham's death: "This lamentable event has given rise to very grave suspicions, rumors, innuendoes," the Examiner says, and Mr. Jaggers says, "What we want are facts. Nothing but facts." Hence the inquest. Nanny Broome, the first witness, says, "You are all guilty of her death!," adding, to Estella, "You, a vampire, who took her blood, her breath, her soul!" Old Orlick, the last witness, says, "I killed her. I killed the witch before her bridegroom could touch her! . . . She loved me! . . . I hurled the fire with heaven's blessings!" But that makes no sense in terms of the novel, and very little in terms of the operatic drama. Miss Havisham is not Estella's victim. The operatic Orlick is deranged; what he says isn't evidence, and Mr. Jaggers, that clear-minded lawyer, steps incomprehensibly out of character when he insists on hearing it ("Let him be. He's inspired"). On the narrative level, there is no special mystery about Miss Havisham's death. In a prologue to the opera, we are shown the cause of it more or less as Pip describes it in the novel:

> I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back towards me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away, I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment, I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

In other words, the dramatic structure of the whole when closely examined seems contrived and even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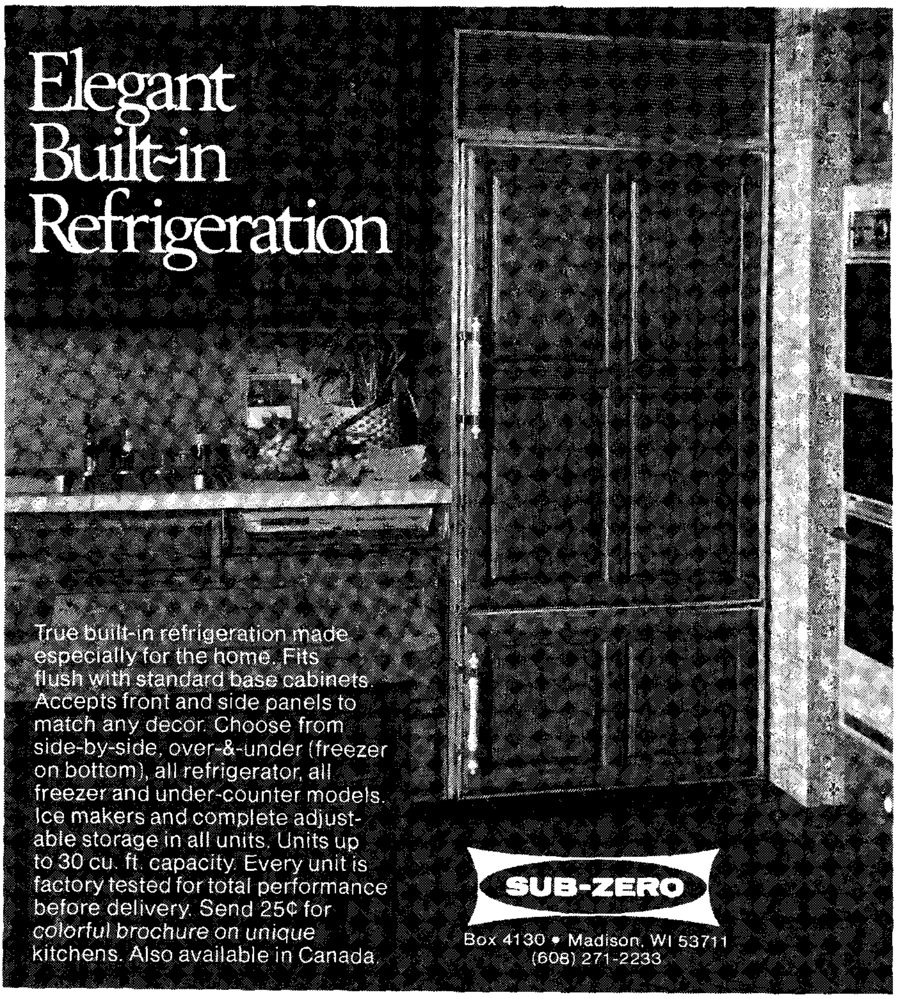
flimsy—a concoction to fill out an evening in the theatre. Olon-Scrymgeour has included versions of two crucial Dickens chapters—Chapter 38, the interview between Miss Havisham and Estella, and Chapter 49, the last interview between Pip and Miss Havisham—and by including them he draws attention to the central theme of the novel: the self-knowledge, understanding of others, and compassion that come not only to Pip and Estella but also to Miss Havisham herself. But in invoking that theme without developing it, in surrounding it with theatrical effects, and in letting it all lead back to a mad Miss Havisham as finale, he has made "Miss Havisham's Fire" seem empty, unsatisfying—a mere entertainment. "Great Expectations" is a beautiful and moral book. One can understand that in an opera there might be no room for Dickens' impassioned indictment of a society where "justice" is something that must be bought with money, and of a city of terrible contrasts, where the rich may waste in an hour what the poor labor a year to win, where the powerful and greedy flourish while poverty and despair drive their victims to crime. In an opera, there might not be room for Dickens' intricate ironies. (The haughty, ladylike Estella is the daughter of a convict and a murderess; Pip, so ambitious to be a gentleman, becomes one only when he is ready to return to the humble life he strove to escape from.) Or for the elaborate symbolism represented by Wemmick and his divided life and divided loyalties between Walworth and Little Britain. Or for the playful counterpoints to Pip's progress represented by Mr. Wopsle's career. All the good characters of the book—Dickens' affirmation that even in this wretched world some people find it possible to live a decent life—have been omitted. But in a full-scale opera where Miss Havisham, Pip, and Estella loom large there should have been room to show that these characters develop at last from coldness, cruelty, and self-absorption. I find Olon-Scrymgeour's libretto lacking in humor, human richness and warmth, and moral vision. Argento's music does not go very far toward supplying those qualities (except in one aria). But, on a lower level, it does supply an evening of arias, ariettas, and ensembles that, as I said, are easy and attractive to listen to.

THE title role was originally intended for Beverly Sills. In the event, it has been divided between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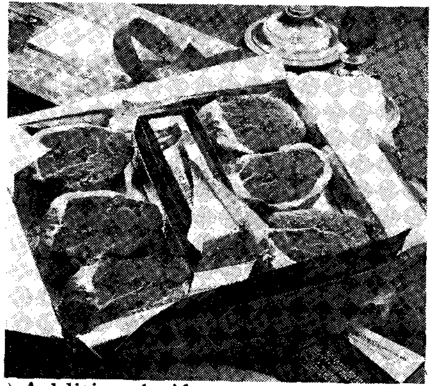

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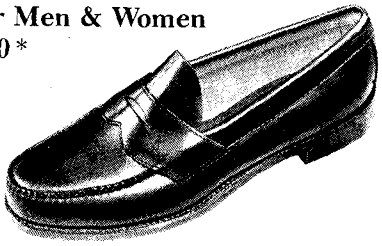

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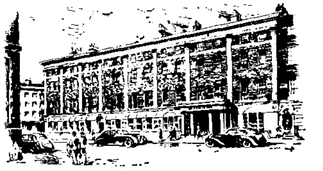

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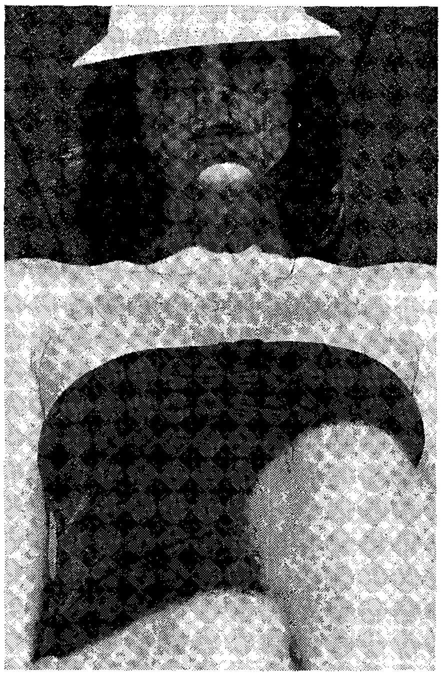
Gianna Rolandi, who plays Miss Havisham on her bridal day, and Rita Shane, who plays the mad Miss Havisham. Miss Rolandi has a joyful, brilliant D-major aria, "The sun has risen," reminiscent of Jenifer's coloratura music in Tippett's "The Midsummer Marriage." She sings it brightly, buoyantly. She acts the impetuous young bride well, and makes poignant the moment when she is stricken. Miss Shane has a tremendous role—a series of arias, duets, and dialogues culminating in what is surely the longest "mad scene" in all opera—and she gives a stunning account of it. Her voice tells at every level, across a very wide range. Her coloratura is accurate, powerful, and dramatic. Her words remain audible even when the writing is high, and she uses them effectively. It is a virtuoso performance, resourceful, vivid, subtle, and varied. Alan Titus gives a romantic account of Pip as a young man. (His principal aria, "One memorable day," opens with the memorable oboe phrase from the "Abschied" of Mahler's "Song of the Earth.") Robert Sapolsky, who plays the boy Pip, sings extremely well—though he gives the appearance of being rather more of a little gentleman than the child Estella does of being a young lady, which disturbs the plot. Susanne Marsee, as the grown Estella, is aptly cold, clear, and beautiful. Others who deserve special mention are Elaine Bonazzi, as Nanny Broome; RoseMarie Freni, as Sarah Pocket; and Paul Ukena, as Old Orlick. The cast is without serious weakness. Most of the playing is keen and intelligent. Most of the singing is highly accomplished. Even the smallest roles—the two maids who assist the young Miss Havisham to dress, the brief appearance of Orlick as a young man—are excellently sung. The production, like that of "Street Scene" last fall, shows the company at uncommon strength. Only Mr. Jaggers and the Examiner are disappointing, for they do not sing meaningful English.

The easiest way of describing Argento's music, which is tonal, and largely tuneful, is to say that it often recalls Britten's. The spiteful Sarah Pocket seems to be a new version of Mrs. Sedley, in "Peter Grimes." When Nanny Broome sings "Orlick, it's Nanny . . . come to take you home," the rhythm, the texture, the very notes of Ellen Orford's "Peter, we've come to take you home" are remembered. The textures of the "Grimes" mad scene—the pedal points, the unaccompanied fragments, the bitonal oppositions—are



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frequently brought to mind. And Britten is a good model. So is Verdi: the luminous octave play of the "Aida" Nile scene opens Argento's second act. Argento's lines sing well. His orchestra is picturesque. He uses offstage choruses and semichoruses skillfully to provide color, atmosphere, and emotional scene setting. In Dickens, there is a blacksmith's song, "Old Clem," which Pip, Joe Gargery, and Orlick sing at their work, and which Pip then sings to Miss Havisham. It catches her fancy; she, Estella, and Pip sing it at Satis House. Argento has found a good, catchy tune for "Old Clem," and builds his first finale on it. In Act II, there is a ball scene at the assembly rooms where Estella and Bentley Drummle meet. For this, Argento has devised a kaleidoscope of dance-tune fragments. The scene is irrelevant to the main drama—it seems an intrusion, too obvious an attempt to provide variety, to escape from Satis House for a moment—but it is cleverly composed. The finest passage in the score, I think, is Miss Havisham's aria "I see you in a looking-glass." An underlying, limpid diatonicism seems to reflect her returning grasp on sanity and reality. Each change of harmony corresponds to a new effort at understanding on her part. But sudden flights of chromatic coloratura disturb her mind again. The words are largely from Dickens, and here one gains an idea of the Dickens opera that Argento might have composed. So one does elsewhere from time to time, but in no sustained way.

THESE impressions I formed after attending the opera twice. The second time, I heard more in it and admired it more. By any reckoning, it is a not inconsiderable achievement. In "A Water Bird Talk," there is, I think, a happier match of form and content, of matter and means, and in Argento's "Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe" a stronger, stranger fancy is at work. But "Miss Havisham's Fire" is more clearly shaped than the Poe piece, and I imagine it has a future. The last performance of the season is on April 29th. (It will be broadcast, on WNCN.) The staging, by H. Wesley Balk, the designing, by John Conklin, and the lighting, by Gilbert Hemsley, contain some strokes of high imagination. The problem of getting the members of the inquest on and off has been too simply solved: a curtain is lifted and a wagon advances or recedes. Julius Rudel conducts an expert performance.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

GRASS

At this range, it's really monumental—
Tall spears and tilted spears, most
Blunted by the last mowing.
A few cloverleafs (leaves?)
And infant plantains fight
For their little plot of ground.
Wing nuts or boomerangs, the maple seeds
Try to and really can't take root.
There's always more going on
Than anyone has the wit to notice:
Look at those black ants, huge,
In their glistening exoskeletons.
Algebraically efficient,
They're dismembering a dragonfly—
Goggle-eyed at being dead
And having its blue-plated chassis,
Its isinglass, delicately
Leaded wings put in pieces.
When you get right down to it
The earth's a jungle.
The tough grass grows over and around it all,
A billion green blades, each one
Sharply creased down the spine.
Now that I've gotten up to go,
It's nothing but a green background
With a body-shaped dent left behind.
As the grass stretches and rises,
That will go, too.

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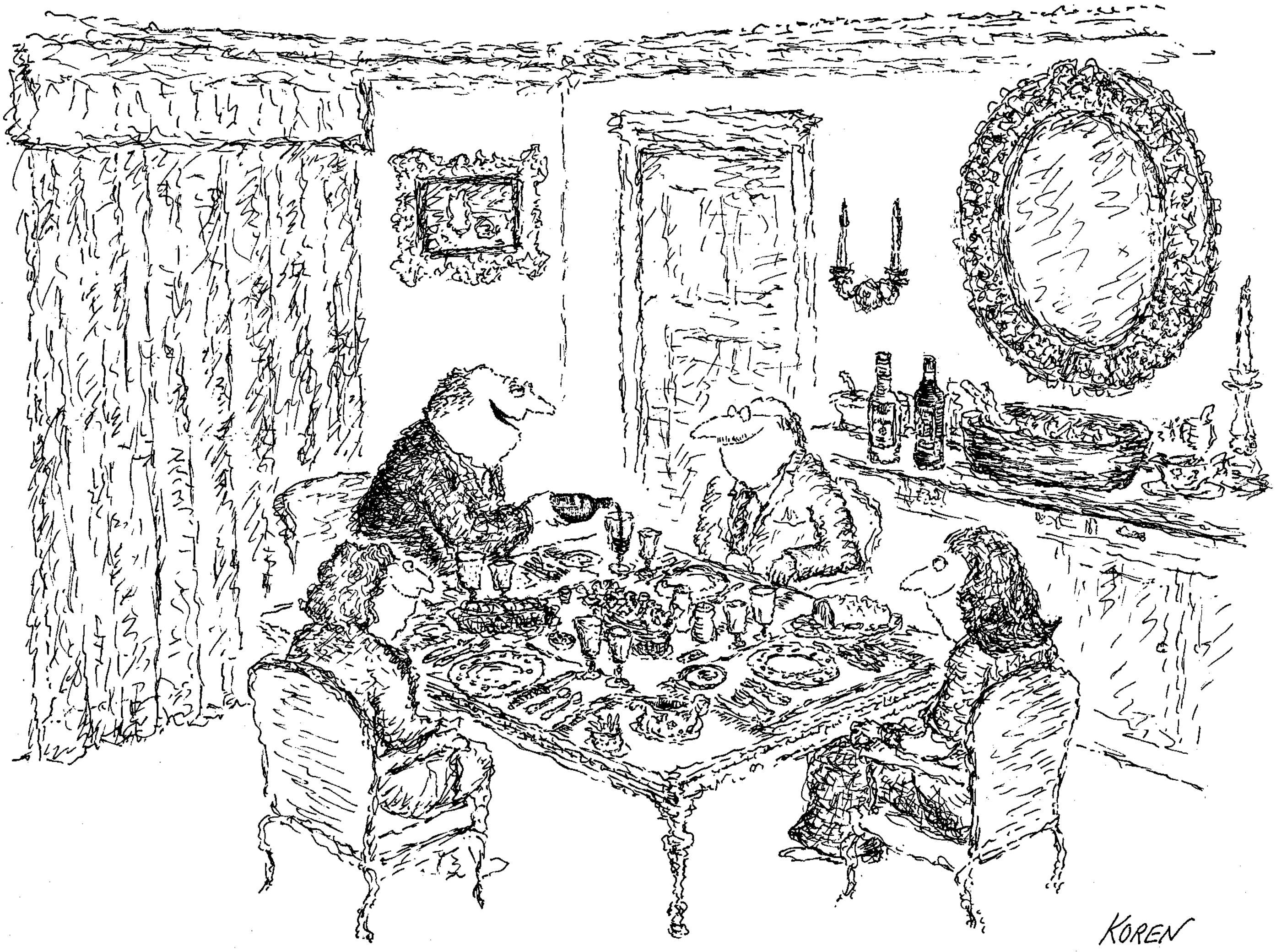
Truffaut has a deep affinity with Jean Renoir. Renoir wanted to perpetuate in his films the distinctness of being a Frenchman: what it was to have a certain bottle of wine, a certain Brie on the table, a certain window opening onto a courtyard where a child could be heard practicing the piano and people were muttering just out of earshot across lines of washing. Again and again, he managed it, this great man, with a density of detail which describes his country forever with love and prodigality. He has left us a Mozartian bequest in his films. François Truffaut is his true heir. Renoir's secretary was called Ginette Doinel: Truffaut realized this only after he had done a good deal of work on his Doinel series.

"Love on the Run" is full of flashbacks to the earlier Doinel films. The picture is complex but not confused; Truffaut is anything but a confused man. It is the rare sort of film which is perhaps analogous to literature: which takes pause, which turns pages back, which knows its debt to what has gone before. It brings us to the point where Antoine Doinel, who was once a juvenile delinquent and has been devoted to solitude with a solemnity that cloaks humor, gets a divorce by consent from Christine (Claude Jade). Their son, Alphonse (Julien Dubois), stands by while his mother over the telephone reminds her debonair husband, with whom she will clearly remain on terms of great friendship, that they have an appointment at court to be divorced in two hours. This is presented as the



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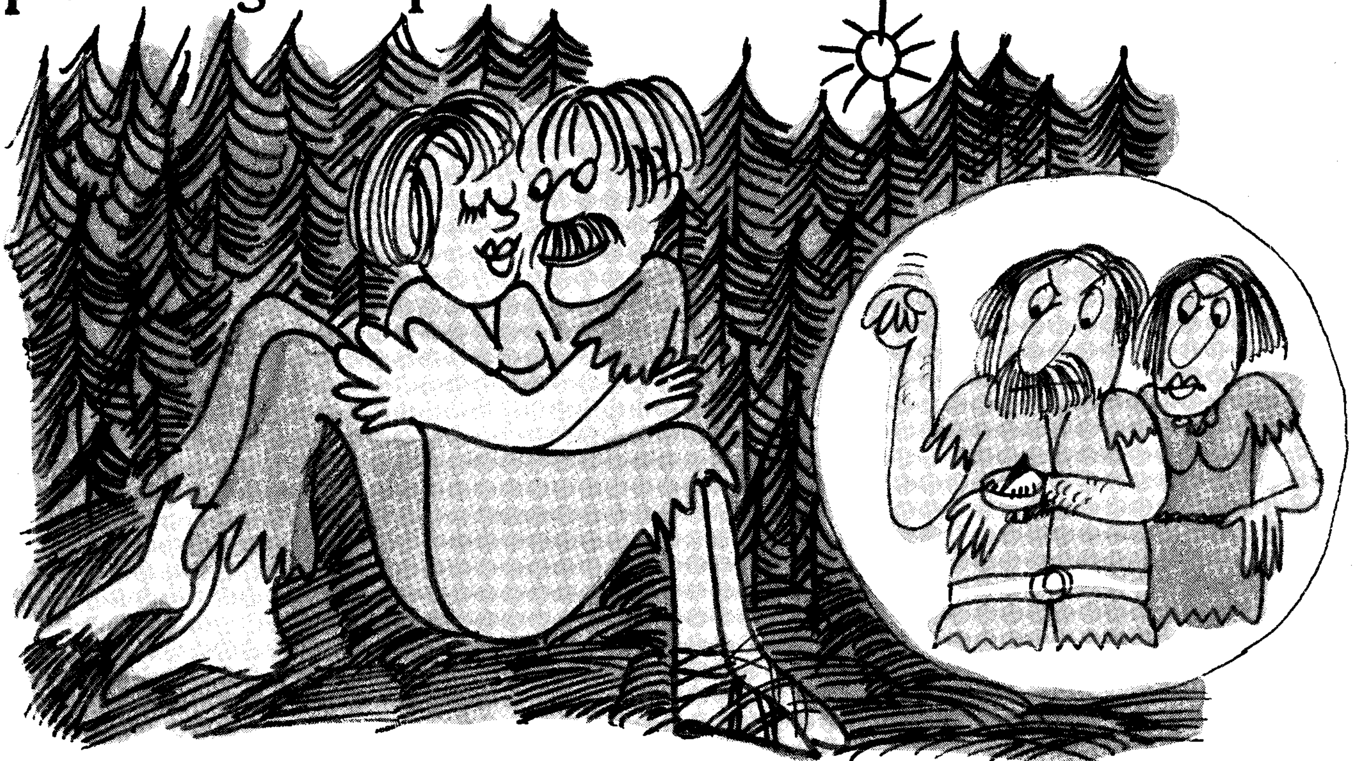

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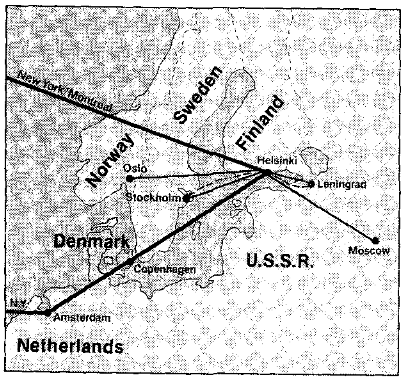

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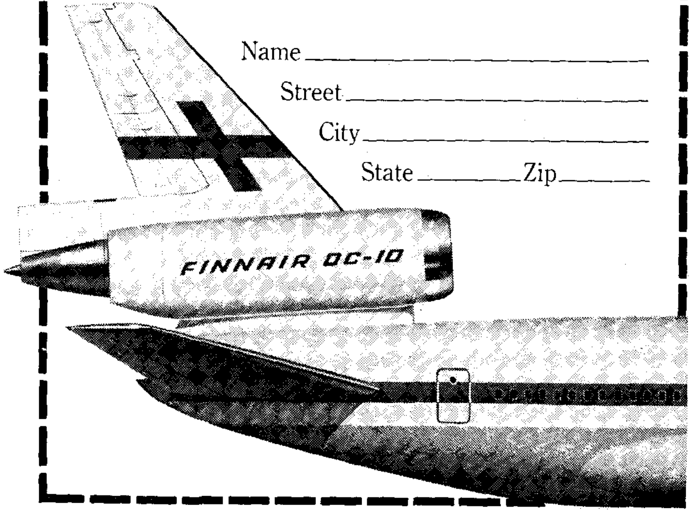

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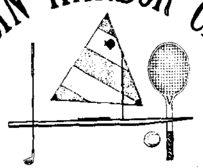

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first mutual-consent divorce decree in France. The case is heard by a beautiful, dark-haired woman judge (Marie Henriau). One feels she could almost be one of the many women whom Antoine loves: she has the sufficient substance and good nature. Antoine wanders to the courtroom window and thinks. All the time—because this film is about a continuing process in the life of Antoine—one has in the back of one's mind the thought of Alphonse, who has been brought up by separated parents who both love him, and who is already, at a very early age, out on his own, as his father was, supported by literature.

The film, written by Truffaut, Marie-France Pisier, Jean Aurel, and Suzanne Schiffman, and finely photographed by Nestor Almendros, is filled with references to the history of music (on the sound track), to feeling for past loves, to the history of cinema. It has Truffaut's characteristic droll feeling for alliances between laconic people. It has his dislike of ambition and power play and politicking. No point in going further into the plot: this is not a film of plot but a salute to the inheritance of being French and educated. We have here a film of gaiety, common sense, imagination, and splendid maturity. Not only does it cause us to recall the other Doinel films; it also makes us remember the scene in Truffaut's "Fahrenheit 451" in which—at the end, after a burning of the books—people movingly walked around in a snowfall repeating the words of great novels so that they would not be lost. As long as human recollection exists, as long as care for the past exists, says the film, such works will not be lost. Books matter. It is not for nothing that "Love on the Run" is also the title of a novel that Antoine has written. Again, it is not for nothing that he works in a printing plant. "Love on the Run" is a picture in honor of what we, in this wretched audiovisual time, are in danger of losing. In itself, it is a legacy. It also expresses a profound feeling that the artistic accomplishment of the past must not vanish. What a good, mindful, commemorative film.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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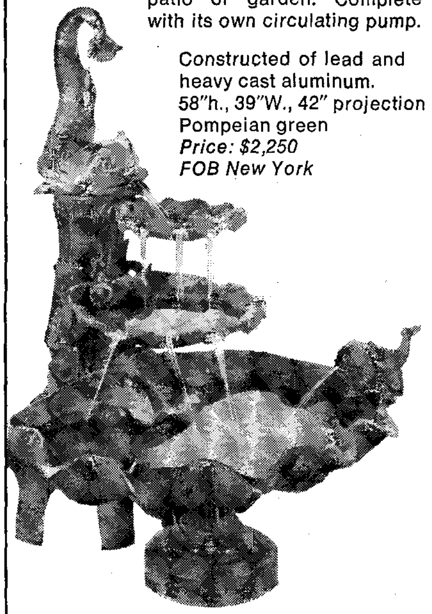

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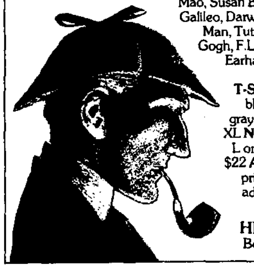

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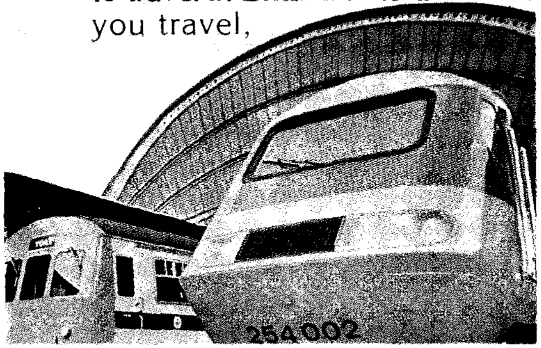

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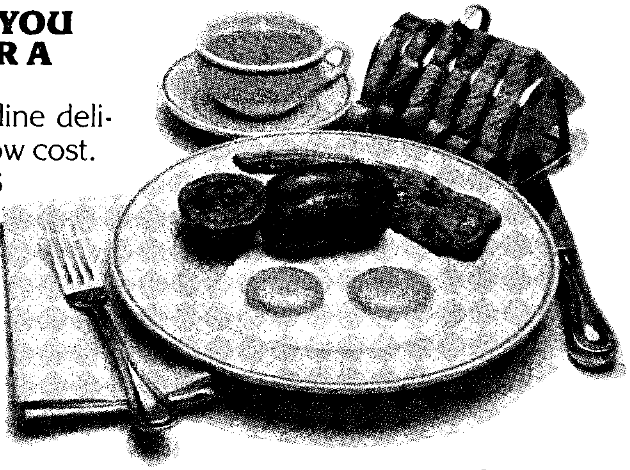

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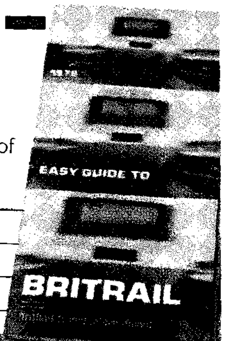

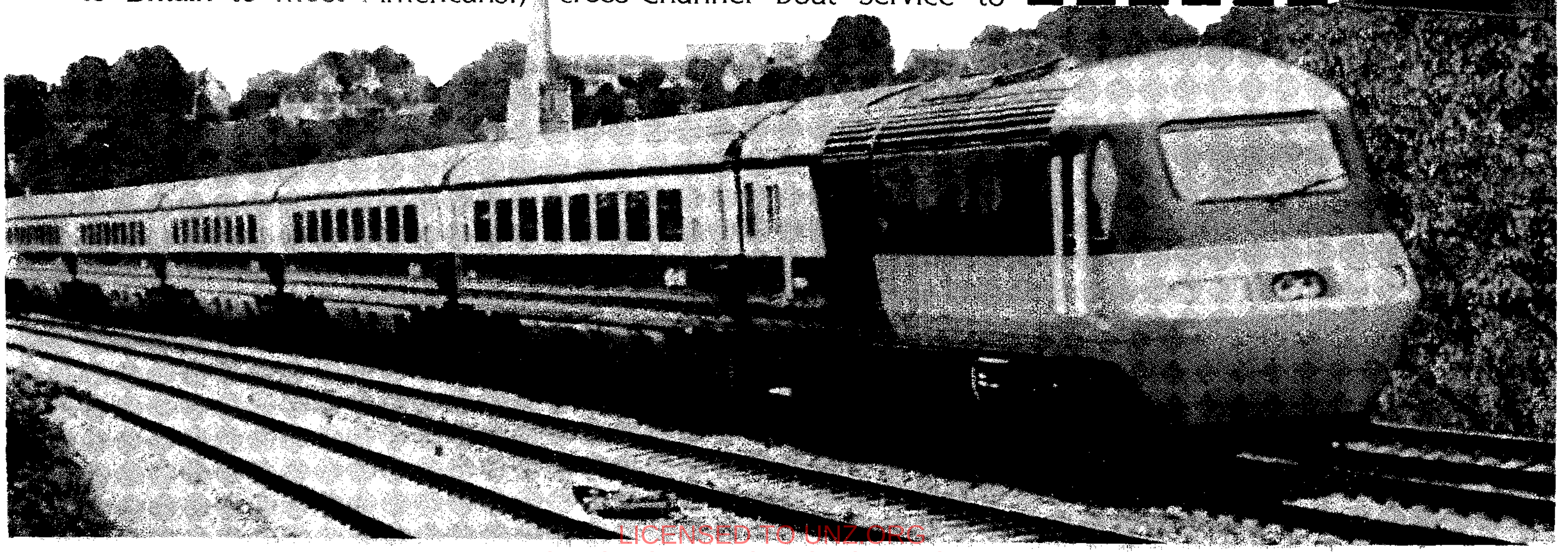

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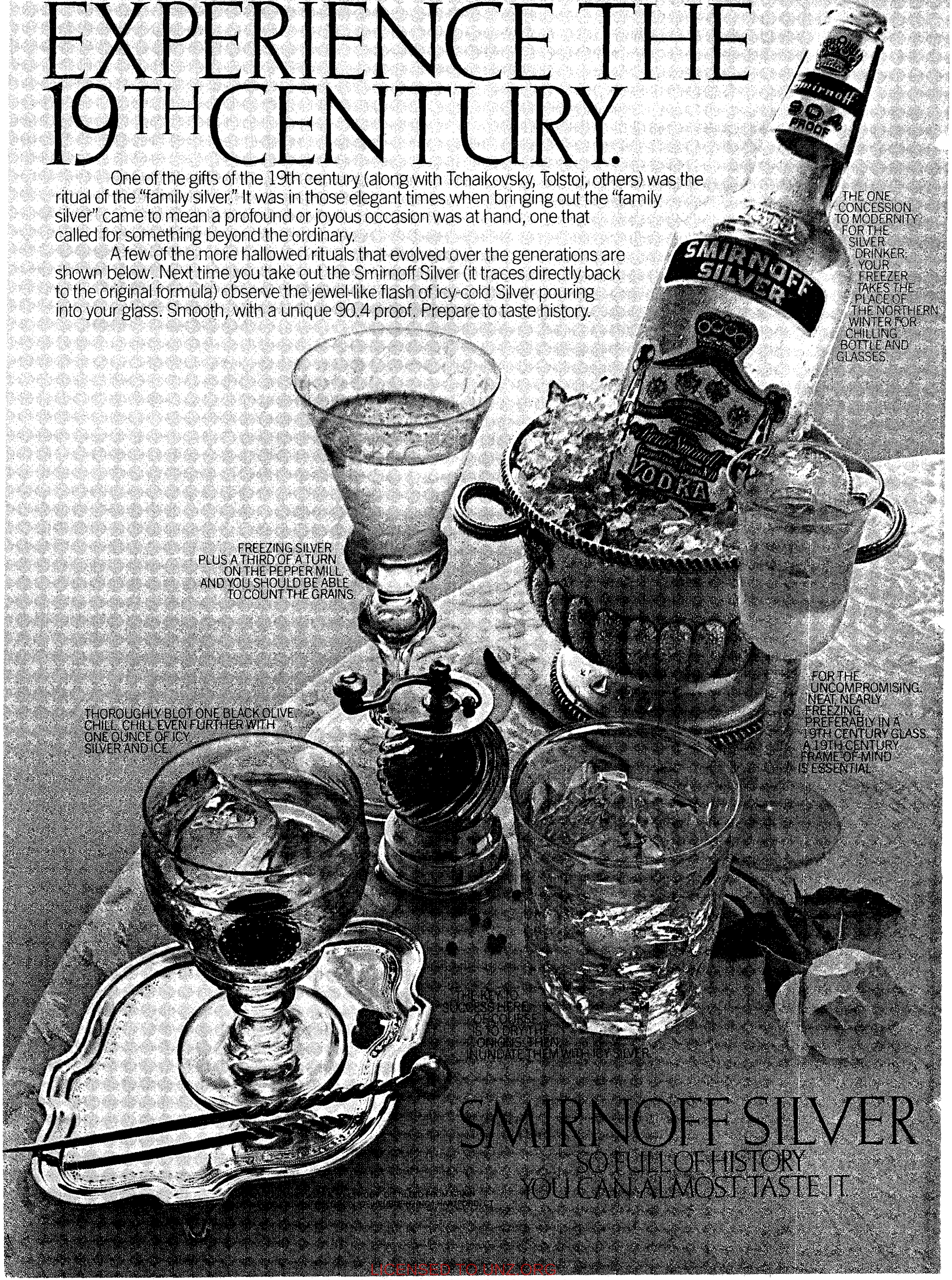

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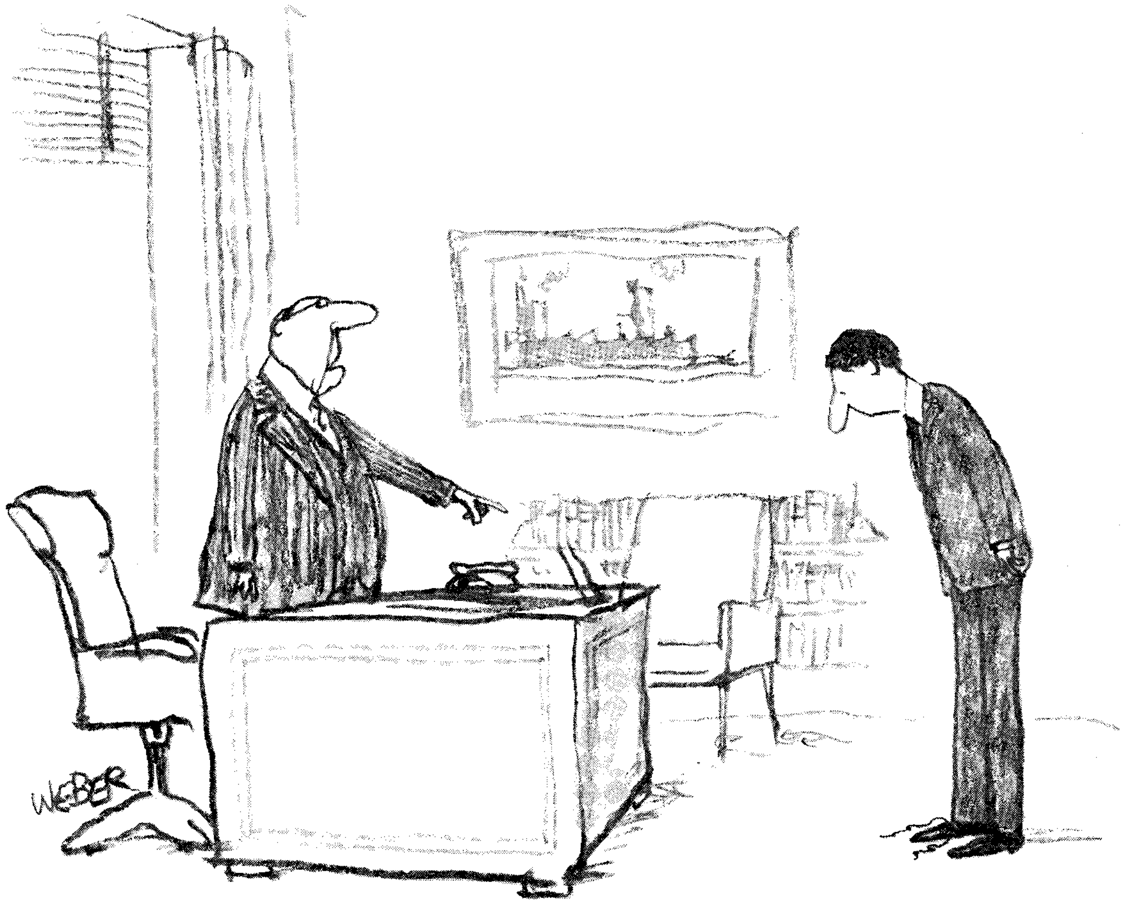
THE AIR

The Lame Deer

THERE are some dismal weeks when there seems to be even less than usual of interest on the TV screen, and little point in being a so-called critic of television programs, and, indeed, slight social value in the fact of television itself. Should one, after all, waste time and paper on composing a polemic against "Hello, Larry"? Or attempt a Jungian analysis of "Fantasy Island"? Or pay sullen homage to the BBC? Or none of the above? None of the above, I thought a few days ago, and went off instead—there being intimations of spring in the air—to spend a day or so with friends in the country. These friends I have known for fifteen years or more. Bill is a sculptor of considerable renown, at least among the art departments of Southwestern banks and Latin-American universities. His wife, Mary, is a smart, sinewy woman who once climbed Mt. McKinley in her youth (when, she says, it was not so steep), and who has since raised three children, two of them now off at school and college, and also found time to develop an innovative instructional program at a nearby school for the deaf, where she teaches. They are fine people, at once gentle and stubbornly uncompromising, and I suspect that, despite temperamental differences, we have liked each other well over the years because we somehow fill up, or complement, the blank spaces in each other's sensibilities.

That is, Bill and Mary are irredeemably rural, in the modern manner (their new wood-burning stove, I have noted slyly, stands beside what must surely have been the Shah of Iran's private collection of stereo equipment): partial to all things natural, at ease with animals, and moderately tolerant of, or at least entertained by, my soft and superficial city ways, and certainly by my occupation of television critic, which they try to be kind about, though as one might be in the case of a once promising friend who had gone to medical school only to end up as a dealer in patent medicine. And I, for my part, while irredeemably citified, am always warmed by their hospitality and made to feel, after even a brief stay on their Connecticut hillside, ever so slightly more in touch with those blessed "basics" that have been eluding me all my life and that I know will be snatched away again, presumably by the Triborough Bridge toll attendant, as soon as I try to reënter the city.

Indeed, the area of western Connecticut that they live in is as lovely, it seems to me, as any spot in New England. It is a place of small dairy farms, and old wooden fences, and roads without signposts which keep taking you in circles, and villages where the postmaster sells candy bars and potato chips on the side, and streams that look as though they might be fun to fish in if only one liked to fish. Above my friends' house, there is a broad, rough field belonging to a nearby farmer in which for years a half-dozen large, ancient swaybacked horses have shuffled about like elderly out-of-work stevedores. Below the house, there are some woods: not dark, impenetrable, depressing woods, such as one finds in Maine or in the serious parts of New Hampshire, but green and leafy woods—in summer, that is—full of birch and maple and such, where animals, small and not so small, rustle about, in and out of sight. On the whole, except for Mr. L——, a half mile down the road, who owns a power saw that he exercises on Saturday morning, and Mr. and Mrs. McK——, who board a large male youth, possibly a son, who owns a Kawasaki motorbike of stupefying resonance, it has been a region of relative isolation and tranquillity, where raccoons and porcupines forage in the underbrush and deer occasionally appear right out on the hillside, once barren, that now each springtime blooms with Mary's tulips. Bill and Mary (he from a suburb of Boston, she from Grand Rapids) have become good conservators and groundskeepers. They are proud of their wildlife, of their shared place in the ecology of the hillside. They have become learned about the birds—the permanent constituency as well as the transients. For years, they have bought hay each summer from one of the farmers in order to feed the deer in winter. Sometimes, when the deer have



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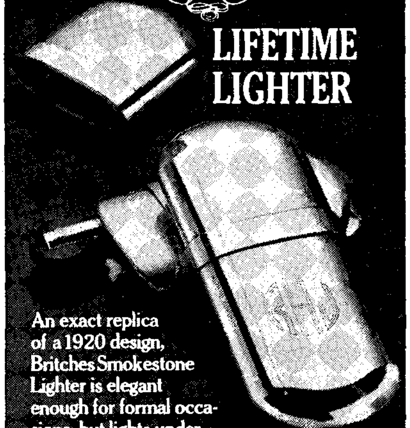

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then trampled or eaten too many of the tulips, there has been mild grumbling, followed by inconclusive discussions about wire fencing, but it is clear that Bill and Mary would rather have the deer than the tulips. The deer, as one or the other of them has periodically remarked, were there first, before the house and long before the tulips. The deer are a part of their lives and of their children's lives; in fact, it was largely so that their children might have what they describe as "this natural relationship with wildlife" that my friends moved to their hillside twelve years ago—the real countryside rather than the artificial suburbs.

But, alas, in recent years, and especially in the past two or three years, even this remote corner of the state has experienced changes—the usual changes: first, a blue, windowless factory for manufacturing filtration systems, three miles away; then a shopping center down near the crossroads; then a traffic light on North Street to replace the old flashing yellow beacon, and, of course, more traffic; and then a new "access road" to Route 22, so that the new traffic might have access. To be honest about it, the past few times I have visited Bill and Mary I have noticed a change in their place, too: not so much on their actual property—for their hillside has yet to be "improved" by new construction—but in the feel of the place. What not so long ago felt wild now feels less wild. Last August, for instance, the green and leafy woods were there, as always—to be looked at and listened to and roamed around in as their eight-year-old Jimmy chased after squirrels—but one was aware, through not entirely extrasensory means, that not so very far away (though technically invisible) was rapidly a-building an apparently quite elegant "condominium village" for senior citizens, on the other side of the trees.

This month, when I came out, the condominium village seemed to be completed. Hawthorne Estates is what it's called, perhaps in honor of the famed novelist, who unfortunately died too soon to live there. On the surface, Bill and Mary professed to be taking their new neighbors in stride. "I think they really tried to be careful about the environment," said Bill, and Mary said, "Even a community like this one has to have growth." But clearly their hearts were more than a little broken. We were standing together just outside the kitchen door, looking at the first buds and thinking our various thoughts. I remarked that, from the

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sound of things in the underbrush, the raccoons and porcupines were as plentiful as ever. "For the time being," said Mary. The number of migrating birds had noticeably lessened, she thought, and one species had simply not appeared.

"Maybe they're late," I said.

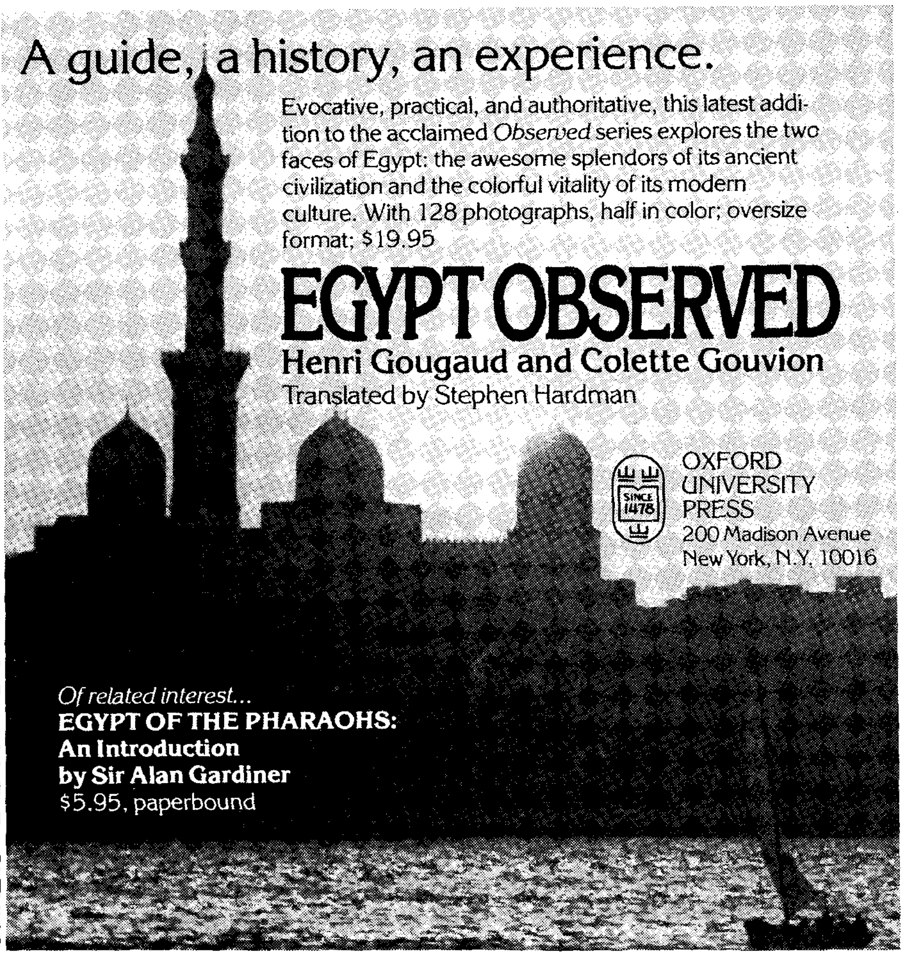
Mary said, "They're not late. They had a haven here, a safe place, and people spoiled it, as they usually do—people and their machines and their technology."

What made them saddest of all was what seemed to be happening to the deer population. All winter long, Bill and Mary had put hay out, but only a few deer had shown up, and for one long stretch of three weeks none had shown up. "The senior citizens probably shot them all," said Bill.

Mary said, "That's not funny. You know, we always used to speak of them as *our* deer, even though I knew they weren't our deer. But now that they're gone, or nearly gone, I feel we've all—especially Jimmy—lost something that *was* ours, and was priceless."

We went back inside the house—into the large, old-fashioned kitchen, where Mary had some things she was getting ready for dinner. Outside, the light was fading from the sky, now thick with gray-white clouds that hung heavily above the treetops: an autumnal sky. We all felt in need of cheering up. Bill disappeared down the stairs to the basement in search of beer. Mary was slicing carrots with a deft, rhythmic stroke. Suddenly she said, "Look! Look!" I peered with her through the window above the sink. At the edge of the tree line, perhaps two hundred feet away, quite motionless, stood a solitary deer. Then its small, fine head turned, sniffing the air. It took a few short, tactful steps parallel to the tree line, seeming to limp a little as it did, and then stopped. "It's the lame deer," Mary said, in a whisper. "I thought we'd lost it." Then, "Bill, go get Jimmy!"

Bill was still out of sight and hearing, rummaging for beer, so, thinking the moment was an urgent one, I went myself in search of Jimmy. I found him where I thought I might: in what is called the ironing room, watching television. Bill and Mary, I should explain, while not entirely disapproving of television in recent years—at least, not to the extent of refusing to let it into the house—have nonetheless managed to maintain what I suppose is a certain degree of perverse integrity on the point by permitting only an antiquated, sixteen-inch Zenith (certain-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ly not part of the Shah of Iran's collection), which they have stuck into the small, austere chamber, just off the washer-dryer alcove on the second floor, where Mrs. Cooney sometimes hangs out of a Tuesday or Thursday afternoon, reading the paper, drinking coffee, folding an occasional item of laundry, watching "All My Children," but definitely not ironing. Thus, whenever members of the family wish to eat of the forbidden fruit (be it "The MacNeil/Lehrer Report" or "Great Performances") they must do so in the same dour circumstances—a Presbyterian approach to worship which, as I have vainly pointed out, only emphasizes the basic spirituality of the occasion. "Jimmy," I now said in what I meant to be a sincere voice, "the lame deer is outside on the hill."

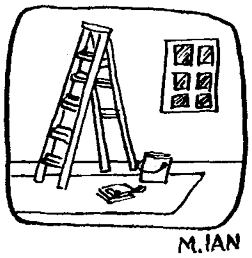
Jimmy swivelled his head, as if on ball bearings, and cast a bleary eye at me. "There's sea elephants fighting here," he said.

And so there were. On the Zenith's small and fuzzy screen, two hefty walruslike creatures were battering each other, with noisy grunts, against a picturesque background of rocks and ocean. A narrator's voice, cultivated and slightly European, intoned, "Once again, the age-old ritual of dominance is reënacted among the larger bulls."

"There's a deer outside in the field," I said to Jimmy.

"I've seen the deer," said Jimmy.

And so, together, we watched the sea elephants. Now dozens of them, flopping and waddling around on the beach. "Ungainly on the land," the distinguished-sounding narrator observed, "they are nonetheless uniquely streamlined for life in the ocean." Now babies: strange little blue-black things shaped like Marisol sculptures. "This baby must find a cow willing to nurse him or face certain death," the narrator said gloomily. Now a baby flopping about in the surf. "A baby sea elephant not more than a day or two old struggles to stay afloat," said the narrator.



"Oh, look at that!" said Mary, who had just come into the ironing room. "What are they doing to it?"

A good question, for at that moment two men, each with a beard and a woollen hat, appeared on the beach and started to wrestle with the baby sea elephant. "Members of the expedition spot him and move in to help," said the narrator as the two men carried the baby sea elephant from the water and dumped it into a group of sea elephants on the sand. "The milk the pups consume—estimated at half a gallon a day—is extremely rich in fat," said the narrator.

Mary said, "Imagine that."

And so it went. The sea elephants, both small and large, waddled and flopped about on the beach. Some grunted. Some swam in the water. The distinguished-sounding narrator—a learned but invisible presence on the remote and rock-strewn beach—spoke to us with a subtle mixture of charm and scientific detachment.

"This old bull swims with an apparent lack of effort, yet he is capable of diving to a depth of one thousand feet and can suspend breathing for five minutes before coming up for air."

"That's extraordinary," said Bill, who had also come into the room, carrying a six-pack of beer.

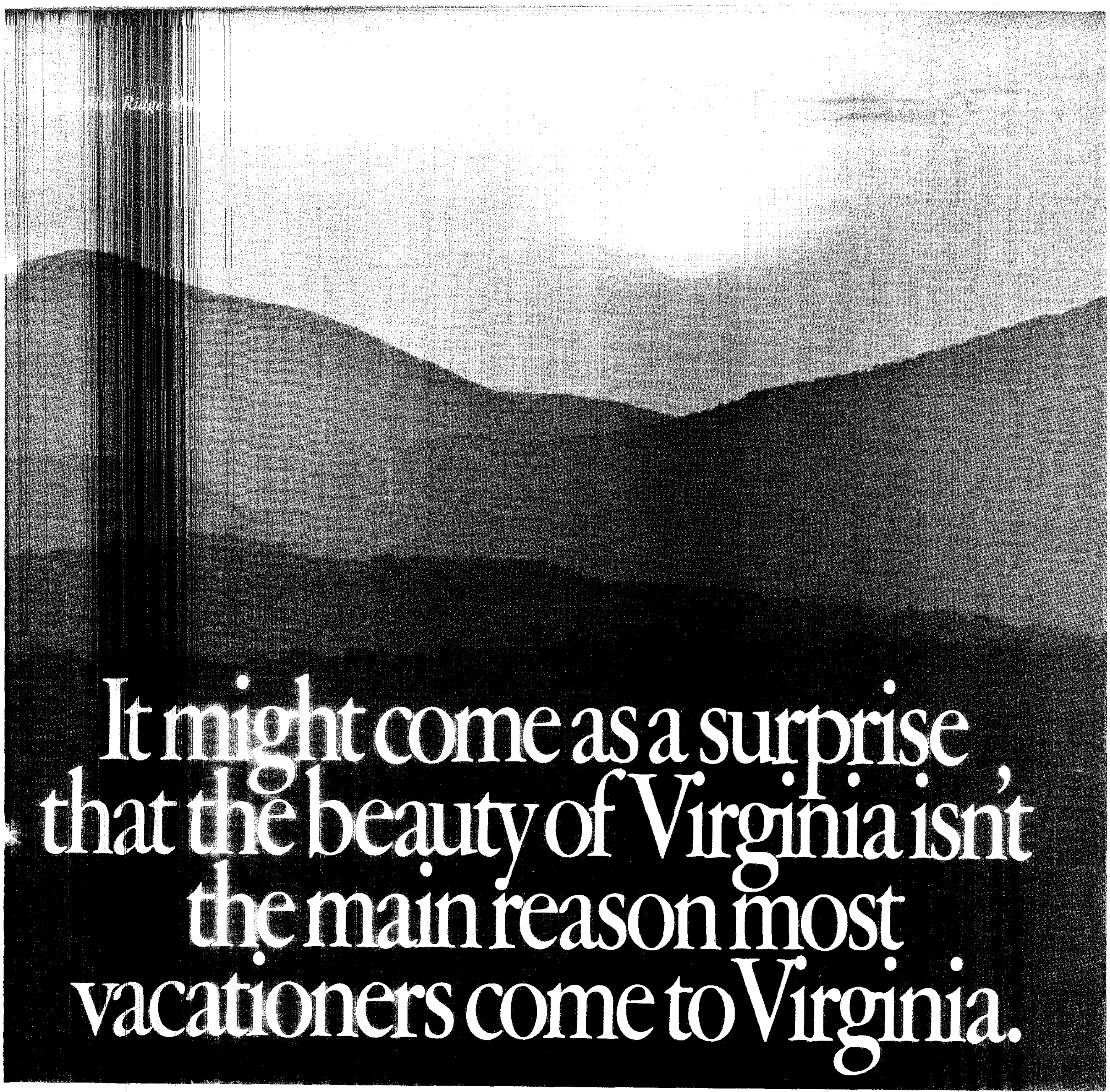
"Five minutes isn't long," said Jimmy. "The humpback whale can stay down for forty-five minutes."

The assembled sea elephants now grew even noisier. "Responding to the seductive calls of the females," said the narrator, "a bull heads into the frenzy of mating."

Enormous sea elephants now crashed and bumped about on the bench. One huge creature, doubtless a bull, slumped peacefully over a rock, looking something like a beanbag chair.

In the half-darkness of the room, I was aware of the three other faces watching the television screen. At first, I was struck by a certain obvious irony in the situation. Here we were, after all, gathered in this windowless room watching filmed scenes of distant animals while actual animals wandered about in the fields below, begging for attention. I wondered what had happened to the lame deer on the hillside, and guessed the unbeguiling answer: it had vanished as quickly and discreetly as it had arrived; nor, it occurred to me, had it been exactly begging for attention. I thought, In any case, there will be other deer coming to the hillside, to eat the hay or the tulips, to visit, to be part of Jimmy's priceless heritage. And then I thought, Perhaps not, or perhaps not for long—certainly not forever.

I remembered, long ago, as a child of more or less Jimmy's age, visiting, with my mother, some of her kinfolk who lived in the French countryside. There was a large, cold stone house;



It might come as a surprise that the beauty of Virginia isn't the main reason most vacationers come to Virginia.

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Of course, the main reason vacationers come to Virginia is because this is where their country grew up. Here you can walk with the giants of American history through Williamsburg, Richmond, Mount Vernon, Monticello, Jamestown, Yorktown, Alexandria and Appomattox.

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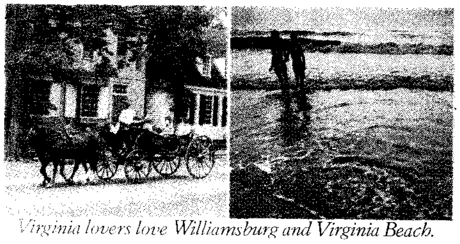

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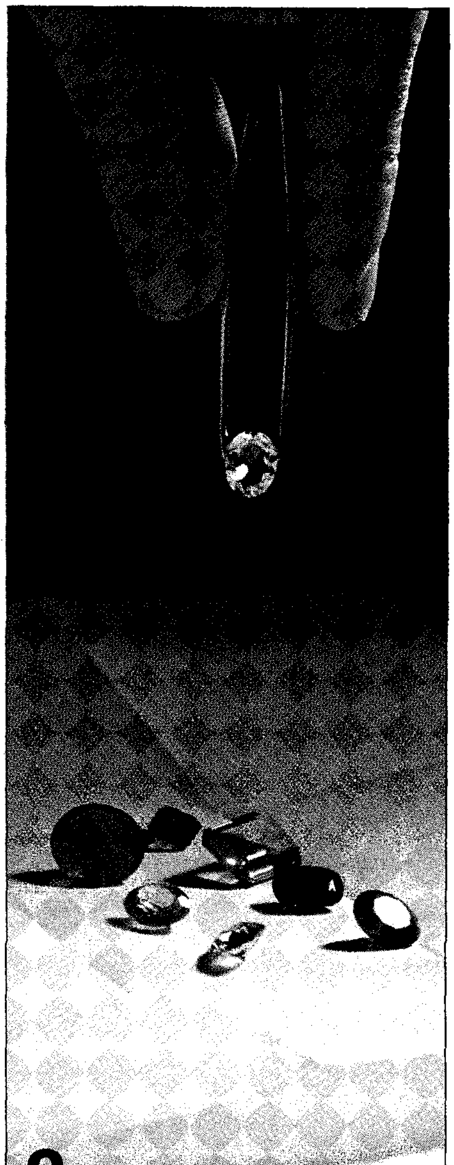


Q. True or false. Diamonds are an investor's best friend.

A. *False. According to* Business Week's 1979 Investment Outlook colored gemstones like garnets and topaz have been increasing in value a sparkling 10-20% a year. While diamonds are over priced.

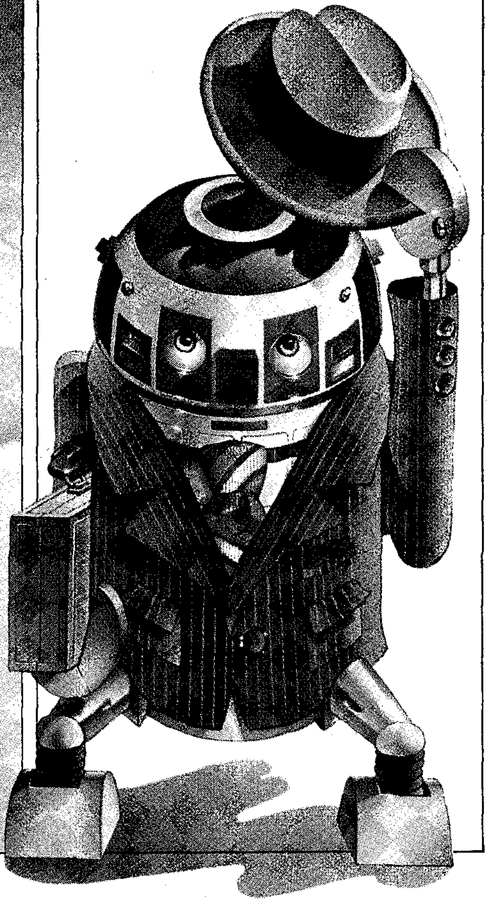
(And Business Week reports other good investments include Victorian furniture, antique dolls and toys and even collectibles like stamps.)

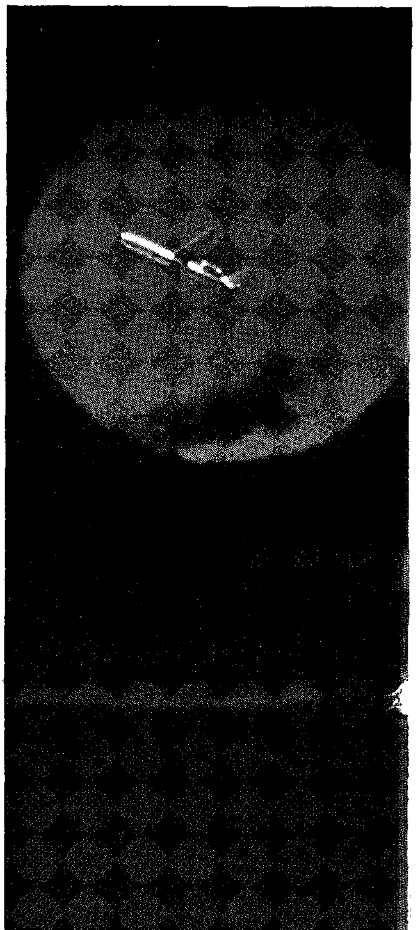
Q. Which magazine is number one in computer and data processing equipment advertising?
a) Business Week b) Fortune
c) Forbes

A. (a) Business Week. In 1977, and the first half of 1978, Business Week carried three times as many computer and data processing equipment ad dollars as its closest competitor among the five leading magazines in the category.

(In fact, Business Week carried over 55% of the computer and data processing equipment ad pages in 1977 and in the first 10 months of 1978.)

Source: PIB B-311 Computers and Data Processing Equipment, January-December 1977, and January-October 1978.





Q. True or false. The two aspects of air travel rated most important most often were
1) on time performance and
2) schedule convenience.

A. True. Business Week's brand new report "Recent Air Travelers" shows that as many business executives made their own reservations as those who had a secretary or travel agent make them.

(The study also noted that the more people travel, the more they care which airline they fly. 60% of those with the choice of airline on a route expressed a preference. For those people who took 2 or more round trips the percentage jumped to 68%.)
If you'd like a free copy of "Recent Air Travelers", ask your Business Week representative

siness I.Q.

Q. Multiple choice. To combat scalating operating costs and eclining enrollments, many U.S. rivate colleges and universities ave been forced to a) conduct multi-illion dollar fund drives, b) increase uitions up to 10% a year, c) cut back n faculty, d) buy fewer library books.

A. All of the above. According to usiness Week, the 1980's will mark a urvival era for America's educational nstitutions as inflation strains once re-able resources to the cracking point.

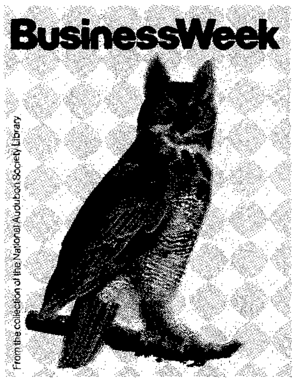
Business Week's well-educated readers take special interest in Business Week's Education ection.)

Q. Yes or no. With the abrupt fizzling of the post-war baby boom, and the trend among couples to have fewer children, retailers of maternity wear have been plunged into gloom.

A. No. Not at all. Today, many working women who postponed childbearing while pursuing careers need, want and can afford more, and better clothing. The unprecedented affluence of this group is allowing the industry to prosper in an essentially nongrowth apparel market.

(Business Week reports that first births accounted for 38% of the total births in 1970 and have now risen to 42%. Predictions are that this segment will soon reach 44% of all births.)

How wise of those many corporate, business, travel, and consumer products advertisers to put Business Week to work for them. So many, in fact, that for the fourth year in a row Business Week was number one in advertising pages among all magazines. The reason is simple: Business Week speaks with authority to a bright, affluent audience of over four million business leaders. Which, of course, is a fundamental reason why we say Business Week is the smart place to advertise. Or, as our feathered friend would have it, the wise place to advertise.



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fireplaces and fires; snow on the fields and trees. One afternoon, it must have been, my grandfather and I went on a jaunt together, up the hill back of the house, across endless fields, through woods where pine branches spilled snow on our heads. He was a tall, white-haired gentleman of few words, and wore knickerbockers, as I remember, and immense boots. At last, we came through the woods and into a clearing. The sky was piercing blue. There was another stand of dark trees on the horizon, about a mile away. On our journey, some snow had got in between my socks and my boots, for the boots were borrowed from a cousin and were much too large, and now I tried to squidge my feet around inside the boots without attracting attention. I felt my grandfather's hand on my shoulder and stopped squidging my feet. He was pointing across the clearing, to the right. Perhaps two dozen deer were crossing the snowy field: dark, delicate animals with spindly legs. And now, breaking off from the herd, a large stag came toward us. It seems to me he stopped not far from where we stood. I remember him as huge, with flowering antlers; he seemed to float above the snow. He stood there for I don't know how long, staring, it seemed, at my old grandfather, and my grandfather stared at him, and then the stag moved away, drifting back to the herd, and led the herd slowly across the clearing and into the fastness of the woods, and then my grandfather turned me about and we trudged home. Ten years later, after the war, with my grandfather dead, and the woods cleared to make way for an Army supply depot, and with the old stone house sold to an executive of a nearby chemical company, we went back there briefly to pick up some things—what things I can't recall. I remember my grandfather's hunting trophies—mounted heads of deer and mountain sheep, and even one water buffalo—lying in a jumble on the floor of an empty room. "He loved hunting," my mother said. "He could have taught you a lot about it." I was eighteen at the time and full of sensibility, and those dusty animal heads seemed to me quite horrible and wasteful; I felt ashamed for my grandfather. But in due course a stronger memory took over: a residue of the emotion I had been aware of in that long-ago winter between the old hunter and the stag, standing in the snow. It was nothing, I imagine, so sentimental as love of wildlife, for there

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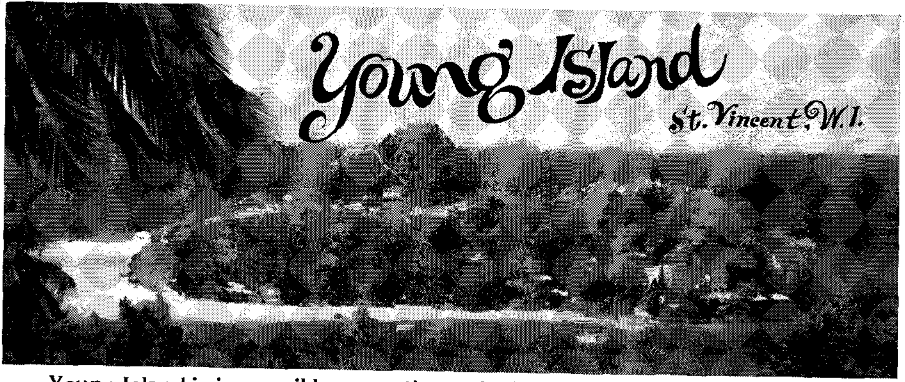

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had been too much killing for much love to have survived, but, rather—so I like to think, anyway—the mysterious fellow-feeling (that doubtless does not exclude either love or fear or wonder) of one earthly species for another.

In fact, in the end, it seems to me that it is this deep fellow-feeling that transcends all the obvious and commonplace ironies of man's recent relationships with animals, whether the relationship occurs nobly or murderously (depending on one's current point of view), as it is said to occur between hunters and their quarry; or awkwardly and trivially, as generally happens when a city parent takes a city child to observe the despondent inhabitants of the local zoo; or somewhat pompously, in a manner redolent of utilitarianism and scientific superego, as in the current vogue for subjecting animals to scientific study on behalf of humankind. It is as if man still could not get rid of animals from his soul, though he has killed them for his food and exploited them for his work and made amusements of them for his sport, and steadily reduced their territories through the growth of his own territories, and implacably reduced their population by the enlargement of his own population. Each step along the path that he has taken in his push to reduce the wilderness seems to have brought with it a counter-step, so to speak—never, of course, adequate to what has been taken away but expressive, often in bizarre and unlikely ways, of the guilt and loss he appears to feel for the "others." For instance, after the Americans had stripped the buffalo from the plains (as Neil Harris has pointed out), they created a strange modern totem to the power of the vanished beasts in the form of Buffalo Bill Cody and his hugely popular Wild West show. And, at a time when the white man was beginning to impose his will in earnest upon the "dark continent" of Africa and its wildlife, the totemic figure of Tarzan was created, speaking to us of a land whose animalism was supposedly so potent that it could transform an English gentleman into an ape (or, at least, half ape) in a few years; and, later, King Kong, whose primitive power was supposedly nearly equal to that of a modern state (at any rate, minus its air force). And all the while there has continued the strange, haunted, sometimes brutal, sometimes well-meaning process of the ghettoization of wild animal life. First, as the advanced peoples cleared their own territories of wildlife, came the zoos and menageries and animal shows

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of the last century. Then, as the advanced peoples pushed farther into remote territories, notably into Africa, came the segregation of the animals in areas where they might be hunted. Then, as the number of huntable animals was dangerously reduced, and as the number of transportable, nonhunting, animal-interested tourists increased, came the establishment of photo-safari ghettos. Indeed, many, perhaps most, nations, recognizing the impossibility or inadvisability of wild animals' continuing to run wild, have erected their own animal ghettos, be they, as in this country, large and government-operated, like Yellowstone National Park, or small and commercial, like Sea World or Marineland. There are ghettos now for waterfowl, for alligators, for elk, for sea otters—although, as in the case of human ghettos, many of the animal ghettos are under increasing pressure from the rising numbers and commercial demands of the surrounding populations. According to recent reports, for instance, the clam-diggers in California are up in arms against the protected sea otters off Pismo Beach; in Kenya, farmers, both black and white, are putting pressure on the government to do something about the obstreperous elephants in the Tsavo game park, which have been breaking out of the park and trampling farmland underfoot. Thus, finally, it seems, not so much owing to his wisdom (which is not greatly to be relied on in these matters) as perhaps in response to these age-old and never-ending stirrings in his soul, man, who apparently cannot do *without* wild animals and cannot live *with* them, has devised the last zoo: the television zoo.

Or so I thought, watching the sea elephants cavorting on Bill and Mary's television screen, and so I have thought since, remembering the beauty and oddity, however "distanced" by camera lens or electronic transmission, of the many images of wildlife that I have seen on other television screens. In some ways, doubtless, it is not such a great accomplishment. Man has killed off most of the wildlife on the planet, so now he dispatches little bands of TV explorers to remote islands or far-off rain forests, from which they return with images of wildlife, which they can bring to us. We stay home; the zoo comes to visit. Still, in other ways—and not unimportant ways, either—the new process, or system, seems but another link in what one rather hopes is a never-ending chain of man's attempts to deal with not just his presence but the implications of his presence on this

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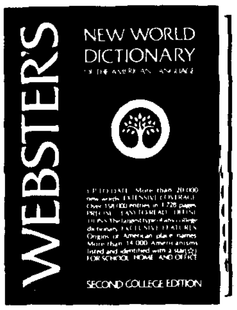

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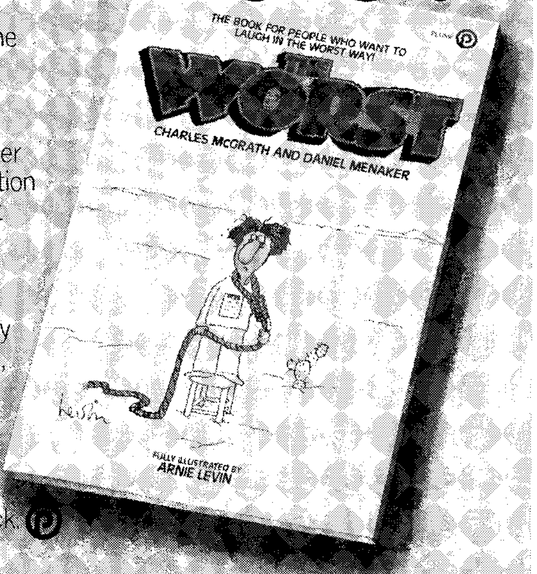
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planet. I even thought—mindful that in the stern temple of the ironing room such a thought might be construed as close to blasphemy by my hosts—television itself, despite its frequent trashiness and steady banality, may perhaps be already serving as a socializing (dare one say civilizing?) force, in ways that modern peoples can so far scarcely imagine.

At any rate, on the rocky island of the sea elephants, our TV explorers were winding up their activities, and trying to have the last word, as usual. One of the bearded and wool-hatted men advanced along the beach, carrying a loudspeaker that was emitting sounds that seemed to be driving the sea elephants into the water. "The noise of the loudspeaker is regarded as a threat by the bulls," explained the distinguished narrator. Then there were some beautiful sequences of sea elephants swimming underwater: giant Marisol sculptures gliding through the deep. Then, above water, a parting shot of the rocky island and of the sea elephants once again flopping around in the surf, as the narrator, no stranger to the poetic impulse, declaimed, "We salute you, our ancient cousin of the sea." Soon afterward, the zoo closed for the night.

Somebody switched on a light in the room; it had grown dark outside.

"I want to see the deer," Jimmy said.

"The deer left," said Mary. "But don't worry—he'll be back."

"I wasn't worried," said Jimmy, who may even be right, for the time being.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

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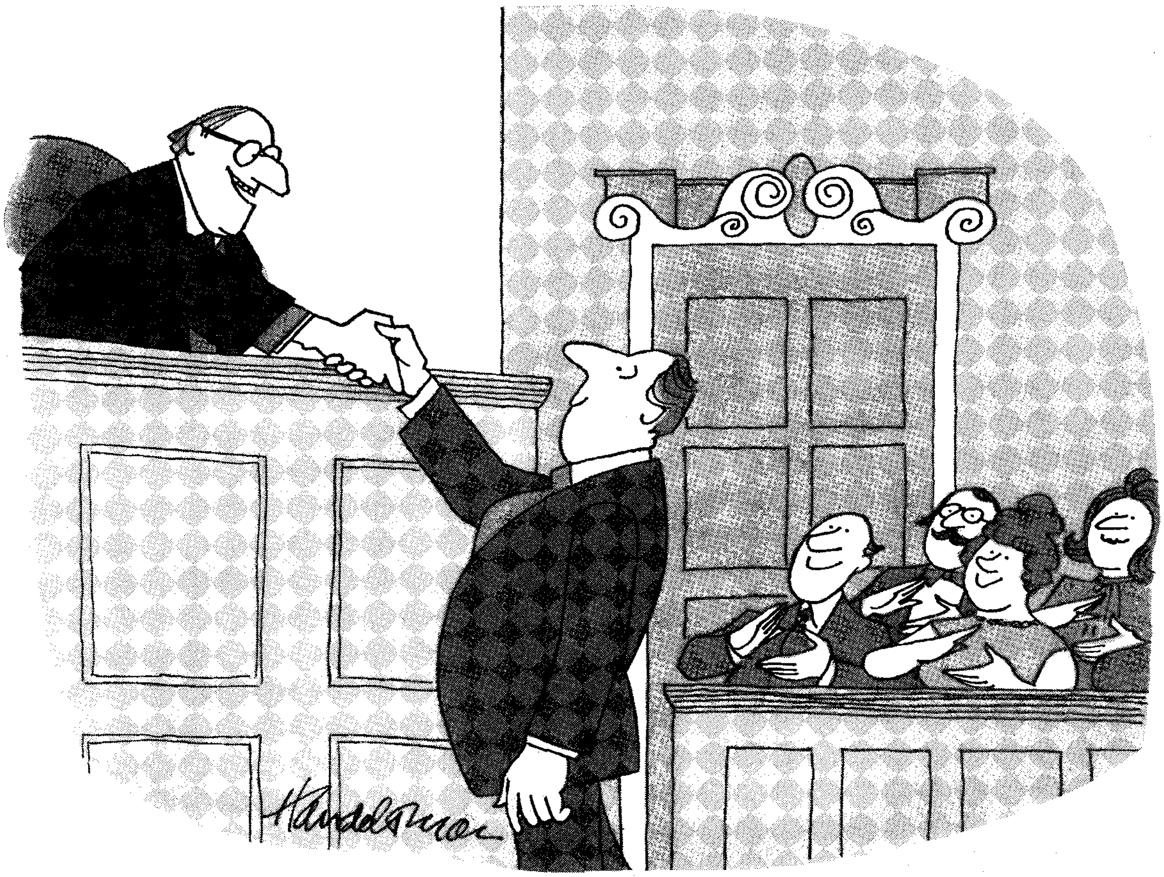
ALTHOUGH many modern choreographers have worked closely with composers, this hasn't been an age of notable dance music. The choreographer-composer collaborations that we've known outside the ballet seem to have sprung up on the understanding that the music would be secondary to or entirely separate from the dance. It was easy to see the sense of this arrangement in the days when, as Merce Cunningham noticed, so much choreography was nothing but journalism—reporting on what the music was already saying. But to get music to accept a secondary or independent position in a dance work, something had first to be done to it to stop our hearing it as dance music, and this is where John Cage came in. Music, or what most of us recognize as music, quickly became nonexistent. In the work of Cunningham and of the generation that followed him, dances have been more often accompanied by noise, by silence, or by speech. The motive for this wasn't entirely aesthetic; electronic scores succeeded for the most part in replacing orchestral ones because for hard-pressed dance companies in the sixties there was no choice. The choreographers who, like Paul Taylor, continued to draw on the existing orchestral repertory often could not afford to have the music played live. Nothing is as deadening to a dancer's musical instincts as having to perform constantly to tapes. (I mean, of course, recordings of scores, not scores originally composed on tape.) Taylor's company was among the few that were aware of the hazard. In fact, it was Taylor who sought and maintained a standard for musical choreography when all about him were losing theirs in the welter of sonics. Now that music is coming back, it's principally Taylor we have to thank.

The big turn was executed early in this decade by Twyla Tharp, with "The Fugue"—a musically structured work danced in silence. Actually, this was the first of two half turns. Almost immediately afterward came the dances that were set to music—"Torelli" and "Eight Jelly Rolls"—and the counter-revolution was made. Tharp's audiences were prepared for "The Fugue" not only by earlier experiments of hers but also by the sense of a musical order in many of Cunningham's works, which, as his Events show, does not often concur with the sense of his musical (or nonmusical) accompaniment. It has taken the rest of the seventies for other choreographers to find their own way back to music, but again they may not have been entirely aesthetically guided. Choreography as a serious vocation is not economically the rough road it used to be—though it is still far from safely paved—and one can almost account for aesthetic developments by the growth of an audience and the increased availability of government and foundation grants. It's significant that although no directives were issued along with the grants, many of the recipients have chosen not only to work with music—in some cases for the first time—but to deal with original scores. It does seem evident that for choreographers to flourish they have to become rich enough to pay composers as well as musicians.

Viola Farber was one of the first of Merce Cunningham's dancers to go out on her own and choreograph. Although she has used traditional, non-Cagean music before, she has usually been ironic about it. Not until the past year have I noticed a lyrical purpose in her work. As far as I can tell, Farber doesn't really choreograph to music—she sidles up to it, ponders some momentary correspondence in it that reaches her ears only, and gallops off. The next correspondence will be one we'll hear; then it's her turn again. "Local" had a cheerful bal-musette sort of score, by Alan Evans; every now and then it sounded stuck in a crack. The dancers, wearing bluejeans, walked in wide strides, jumped hugely, and seemed famished for space. Their customary big-scale attack made the Dance Gallery, where the première took place, look even more confining than it is. But the remarkable thing about the piece was how un-



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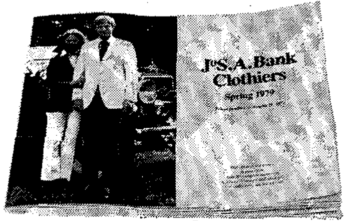

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aggressive it was. Without reducing the scale of her work, Farber had purged it of violence. "Local" is a holiday for the dancers. In "Private Relations," a New York première, the mood is again unusually gentle and subdued, but bit by bit, as the work moves on, its intensity accumulates some of the old oppressiveness. This time, there were many more direct correspondences between the dancing and the music—a tape of the Tapiola Children's Choir of Finland. Those high, sweet, keening voices, breaking from time to time into distressed outcries, were singing what sounded like a folk Mass. I have a perhaps irrational bias against dances with sacred implications—dances by Western choreographers, that is. They make me feel like a Druid. "Private Relations" made me feel like a Druid in arrears at collection-plate time. Somehow, even the thought that this was Farber's most coherent, most beautifully developed, let alone most temperate choreography in years seemed irreverent. The piece sustains a slow, even, legato pace against flurries of quick movement, twitches of panic. In the first ten minutes, the dancers feeding one by one out of the dark and into a path of moonlight were like disturbed children tossing in their sleep. After that, the atmosphere became more claustral. Partners struggled in attempts at mutual aid; a messenger from the outside brought no relief; fights broke out. These are "incidents" that can be read rather easily, I think, in the choreography—or, rather, in between the choreography and the music—but I don't want to suggest that there's some drama being played out. Farber's style is allusive rather than descriptive. After about thirty minutes, there's an epilogue that wants to spread hope, but it doesn't quite work. "Private Relations" may be Farber's "Kindertotenlieder;" its emotion, however, is untransferable. Perhaps such emotion always is. As a formal composition, though, it is an admirable piece of work.

In its steady legato flow and use of music as an atmospheric soundtrack, "Private Relations" reminded me of a Merle Marsicano work. But, seeing a Marsicano concert last weekend at the American Theatre Laboratory, I realized again that nothing is like a Marsicano work. She uses music not really as atmosphere but as parallel suggestion, the way Cunningham seems to at his best, and it is always very low in volume. In "Fragment for a Greek Tragedy," a solo performed on this program by Julie Fraad, the Morton

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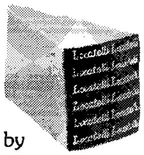

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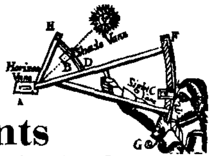

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Feldman score sounds like someone playing slow organ chords at night in a basement two houses away. With "The Garden," a new work, we overheard some pieces by Webern of the same delicacy and precision as the choreography. But there's a uniquely volatile, almost ectoplasmic relationship between Marsicano's dances and her chosen music. You never can tell what each is going to discover in the other. The Webern underlined the movement's fineness of detail, yet against that tiny figured ground the five women dancers looked as enormous and weighty as Picasso's classical nudes with the sea air hard as porcelain around them. It's an effect I'd noticed in Marsicano's work before—the simultaneous delicacy and deliberation that create a poignant contradiction in appearances—but never had I seen it so systematically exposed as in "The Garden." Another constant wonder is the way the dancers can weave an emotional spell even though they're presented with the clarity and neutrality of figures in a landscape. In "The Garden," as the spell deepens melodramatically, the modelling becomes vaguer, lightly brushed in, as if following the outline of memory. The ending, a very beautiful mannerist figment, depicted the various poetic selves hoarded from the private theatre of childhood. Marsicano's work leaves the paradoxical sensation of a ponderous smoke bubble. It may be the most economical yet the most luxurious dance theatre we have.

Kenneth Rinker's concert at the A.T.L. consisted of a dexterous and witty full-evening piece—the first group piece of his I'd seen and the first to be done in New York. Rinker, who used to dance with Twyla Tharp, has been running workshops for young dancers, and his newest piece reflects something of workshop practice, beginning with Rinker himself arriving early, changing his clothes, setting his stopwatch, and running through some preliminary material. The other dancers, who have arrived in their hats and coats, execute the phrases they already know. Then they, too, go to the coatrack, and talk while changing their clothes. What we then see looks like a rehearsal, complete with rest and lunch breaks, and it culminates in a section called "Footlight Suite," in which everyone wears black and all the movement we've seen is laid out in performance format. Rinker, like Tharp, is interested in the exposition of a process. We don't have to understand the process to enjoy it, but then we

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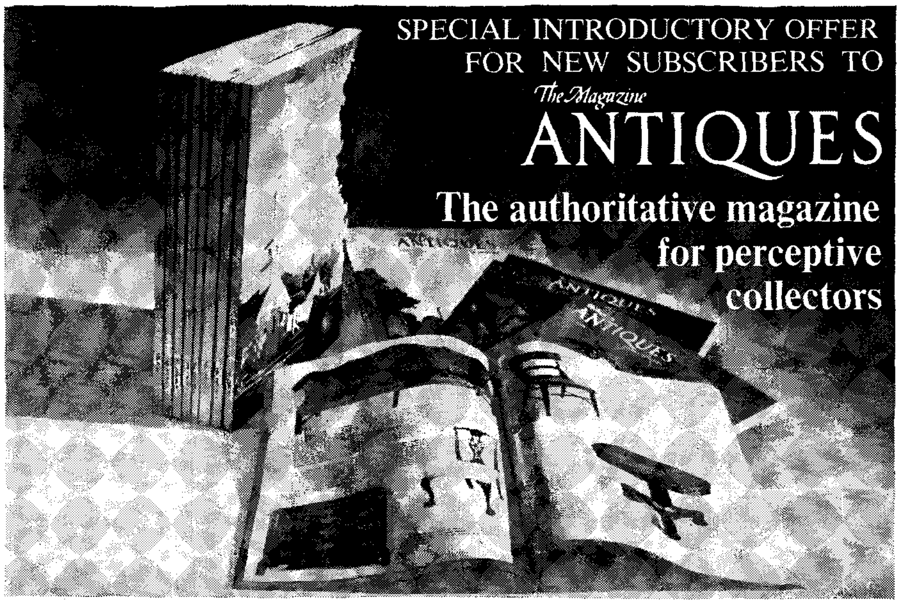

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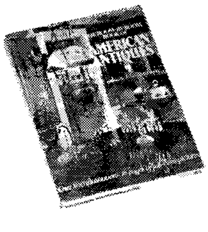

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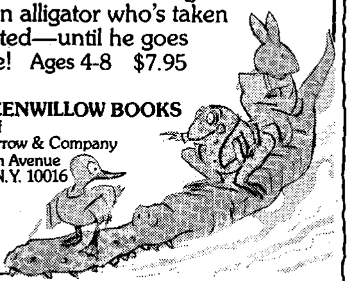

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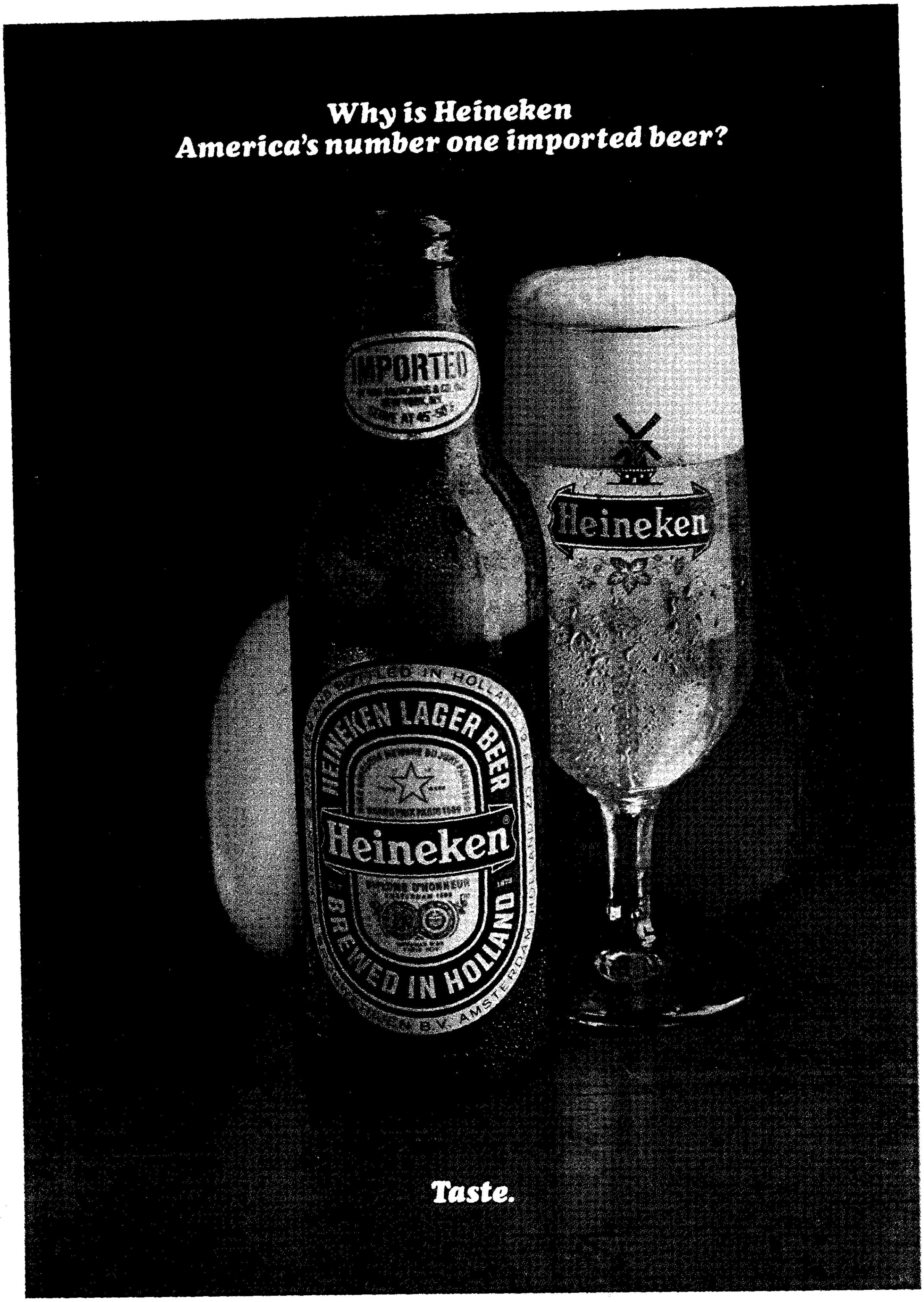
feel the reality and the seriousness of it very differently from the way the dancers feel it. Rinker charms us by being very intent on process and good-naturedly refusing to care that we're finding him and not it the whole point.

The highly inventive setting for the dances, composed by Sergio Cervetti, is a set of variations on "Forty-second Street," the old tap-dancer's song. Cervetti's process, involving various keyboard instruments and synthesizers, is as complicated as Rinker's, and I won't attempt to describe it, either, but it is not at all complicated to listen to, and, like the dances, it is a great pleasure. It strikes me that Cervetti does the opposite of Rinker, in that he magnifies a pop song into an evening-length score whereas Rinker condenses the personalities and styles of thirteen dancers into a single organism. But both artists are craftsmen of the baroque. A good subtitle for the piece—which is called "40 Second/42nd Variations"—might be "Busby Berkeley Meets the Baroque."

One of the recent converts to music is Judy Padow, a minimalist choreographer who has worked with Lucinda Childs. In a concert at the Brooklyn Academy's Lepercq Space, Padow and her group performed dances in silence and dances set to music of various kinds—classical, folk, jazz, and country. The demonstration showed that music of any kind makes Padow's simplified movement—walking, skipping, rolling—look elementary in a way she may not intend. A solo in which she did some minimal stepping and swinging of her arms to a Chopin waltz (Opus 34, No. 2) could scarcely be different, as a dance experience, done without the music. The choreography certainly answers no need of the music, and why minimize Chopin? Like progressive exercises in composition, other dances added more devices—canons, retrogrades, and the like. The suites done to Bartók folk dances were choreographically the most developed of all. But as the technique brightened, a strange thing: the whole motivic pattern of the dances tended to disappear. We were back to basic Bennington movement, and I'd thought it was against that R.O.T.C. of dance that the minimalists were rebelling. Judy Padow shares with the propagators of dance officialese the idea that rhythm is metre. Her dances stick to the beat, so they're rhythmically lifeless, silent or not.

FOR me, the best thing about a Goodspeed revival of an old musical is the choreography of Dan Siretta. If "Very Good Eddie" was a double scoop of homemade peach ice cream, Siretta's dances were the crystal dish it was served in. His staging of "The Tickle Toe" was certainly the bright spot in the deplorably campy "Going Up." Siretta's work never gives way to condescension, and when everyone else is working on the same level of serious enthusiasm—as in the current "Tip-Toes"—we have a bonny show. "Tip-Toes," now at the Brooklyn Academy, gives us the most expansive view of Siretta's talent to date. He uses every opportunity to set the small stage (of the Helen Carey Playhouse) flowing with rhythms and cross-rhythms, and he always keeps the show's period in focus. The production is an especially faithful one: many of the original musical arrangements are used; there is only one interpolated number ("Why Do I Love You?"); and the chorus reappears for the "Sweet and Low-Down" encore carrying kazoo trombones, as in the original production. But not only can Siretta reproduce known effects; he can project himself into the fantasy life of the past. I was expecting a lot from him in "When Do We Dance?," and I got it, in a sequence of sustained versatility. Siretta accounts both for the still active influence of Vernon and Irene Castle and for the eruptive impact of a wild new dance, the Charleston, without ever confusing our sense of period style or making a muchness of the transition. The year of "Tip-Toes" was 1925, the country was in a ferment of change, as it always is, and the ferment is what Siretta captures; he doesn't foist on us the specious drama of "eras," with the tango standing for one thing and the Charleston for another—it's all one revel, but it's not an undifferentiated revel. This is history precisely understood. By the end of the twenties, show dancing had a leaner, harder look, and Siretta mirrors this in his don't-mean-maybe tap dances for "Whoopee!" (at the ANTA Theatre). I accept without question the darkening implication here—that show dancing, which had all along been evolving into a tributary of the mainstream of social dancing and growing ever more specialized, had at last cut itself off. At the same time, of course, it was producing stars whose specialties were truly spectacular. The new "Whoopee!" has in Eddie Cantor's role a young comedian, Charles Repole, who is Cantorishly monotonous and beguiling in the way that Cantor became only after he'd been in movies awhile, and who has no specialty of his own to weight his presence. (It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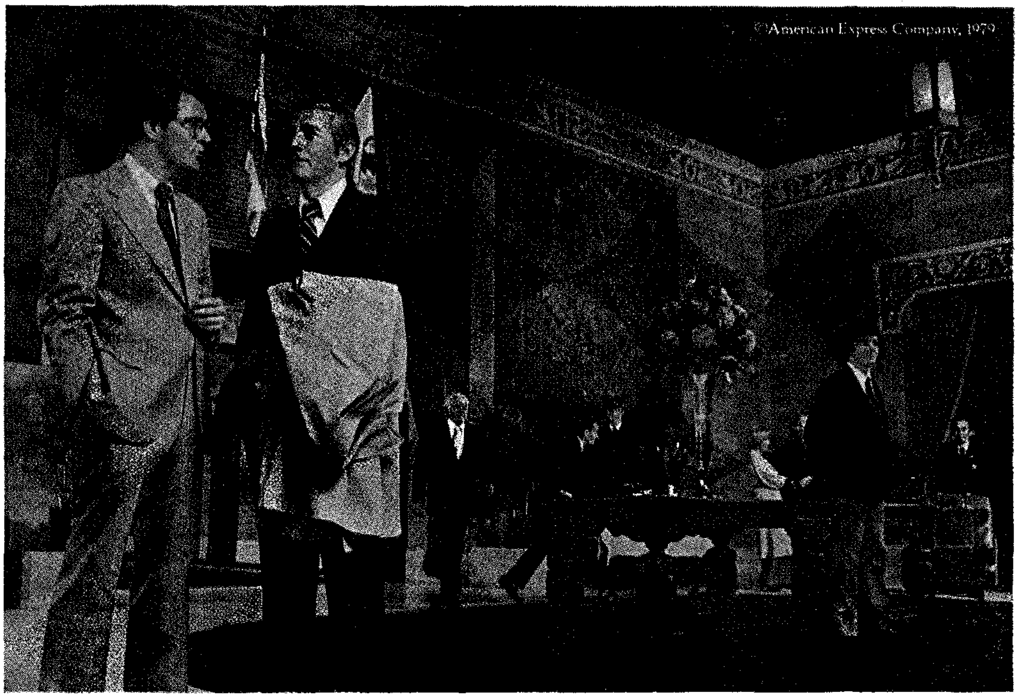

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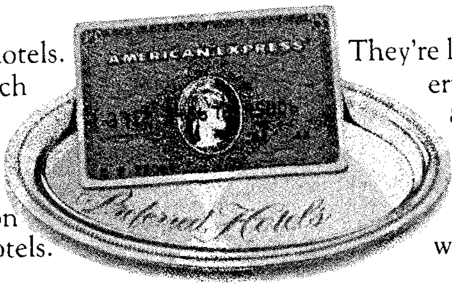

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might be nice if he were a better dancer.) This "Whoopee!" falls by default to the supporting cast, which, luckily, is very strong and very funny.

The comics in "Tip-Toes" are only about as funny as their material, and the starring role was written for a dancer—no getting out of it. (Queenie Smith, the first Tip-Toes, evidently danced the closing production numbers on point.) Georgia Engel's tap-dancing lessons began with this show. She's far less professional than Mr. Repole, but she triumphs, because she reminds us of nobody but herself. We are persuaded that if Georgia Engel had been around in 1925 this would have been her role and she would have been trained to it. As it is, she fits into that tiny select category of star-amateurs which includes Audrey Hepburn in "Funny Face." Her dancing is only intermittently impressive (as in some smooth spot-turns); Siretta's staging and a typically lively Goodspeed chorus do the rest. Russ Thacker, who looks like his name, is Miss Engel's partner—experienced, tactful, an able performer in his own right. He has a more iconographic identification with the twenties; we don't quite believe he's real. In his big romantic duet with Miss Engel to "That Certain Feeling," the two of them swoop about with their knees bagging in the approved manner of present-day ballroom-dance champions. It's Siretta's one anachronism, and it's far less assimilable than the quotation from Astaire and Rogers with which he ends the number. Astaire and Rogers are only ten years too late for "Tip-Toes;" if Miss Engel had learned something of Ginger Rogers' buoyant carriage (it began in her instep), we'd have been spirited right through to the thirties. The Goodspeed time machine breaks down now and then. But it still gives us moments of clear vision—many more than, in our deprivation, we have any right to expect.

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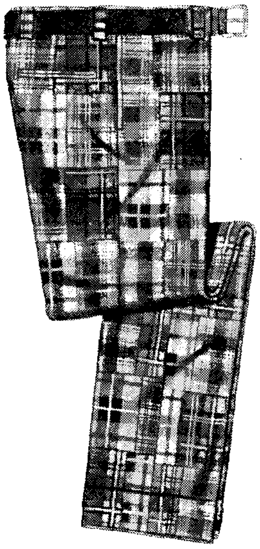

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BOOKS

McGuane Again

"PANAMA," by Thomas McGuane (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $7.95), is a short, loose, melancholy novel, recounting the misfortune and faint expectations of an "I" by the name of Chester Hunnicutt Pomeroy. The land of the title is only an image of bygone hope, and the book is set in Key West, Pomeroy's home town, where he is a refugee from vanished celebrity and a loser at true love. Cutting a Byronic figure, Pomeroy broods over his past and his problematical future, observes with loving disgust the change and decay all around him, and sidesteps the opportunities for solace with instinctive eccentricity. He pretends that his father is dead, and nails his own hand to his fugitive wife's door. He is filled with teleological anxiety:

> We want a little light to live by. A start somewhere. Little steps for little feet. Or even something commanding, scriptural or mighty. I myself am discouraged as to finding a hot lead on the Altogether. Like every other child of the century deluded enough to keep his head out of the noose, I expect God's mercy in the end.

With his assorted heartaches, his bad teeth, and his affection for boats, firearms, and cocaine, Pomeroy takes after previous McGuane heroes—his immediate predecessor, for example: Thomas Skelton of "Ninety-two in the Shade." He and Skelton share, among other traits, an obsession with the tie between father and son, their angle being filial.

> Now here is what Skelton wondered: was there a connection between himself and these two male forebears? And if there was, what was he being steered toward?

The unanswered question of "Ninety-two in the Shade" emerges in "Panama" as a remote chance for deliverance. Meanwhile, Pomeroy pounds the transcendental beat with the sharp wits and eye for detail that can be expected in a man of McGuane's creating:

> Two dogs I knew, Smith and Progress, stared at us from the breakwater. Shrimp boats were starting to roll in from the night with their trawling booms swaying to the same rhythm as they passed each other in the channel going to different basins. A panhandler appeared from behind the warehouse and dismissed us. I was beginning to sense that the night had written a check that daylight couldn't cash.

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A McGuane man has yet to meet his match in a McGuane woman (a kind of Penelopean whore at her idealized best)—not an uncommon flaw in even the finest male literature. Still, there is a secondary character in "Panama," named Marcelline, who serves usefully more than once to revive the reader benumbed by an overdose of Pomeroy's self-absorption.

> Marcelline popped in.
>
> "Two dudes outside want to know if you'll back them in the far-out tie-tack business."
>
> "No."
>
> She stepped outside and called, "No."
>
> Then she came back in and rubbed up against me.
>
> "Got time to feed it in?" she asked.
>
> "No."

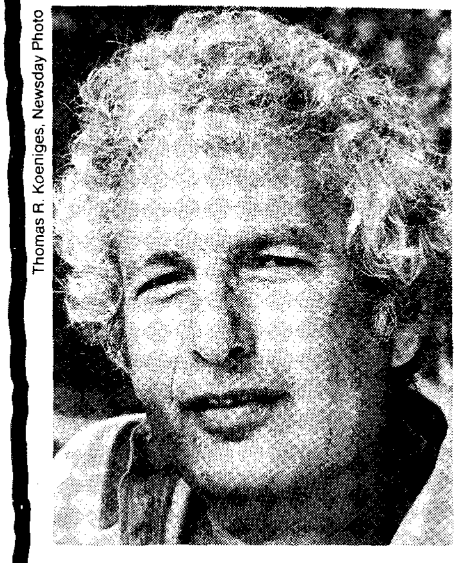
"I was transfixed," Pomeroy says, in the course of an early encounter with Marcelline, "all my general views gone, everything withering to make room for the present, the furious rifle vision which riddles everything, that madhouse of what seems like a good idea at the time."

The madhouse outlook makes it hard to pull away from McGuane's prose for sober comment. What distinguishes the style, beyond its succinctness and eclectic diction, is the constant, unpredictable motion of vivid and often garish combinations of words and phrases. In "The Bushwhacked Piano" (1971), there is a mesmerizing account of a motorcycle ride, introduced as a memory of months "isolated" to a single morning:

> Firing up the motorcycle, he went spinning down Overlook Road toward the ocean rim of the mesa, straight toward the wall of fog at the cliff. Shy of the edge, he swung down onto Terrace Road and dropped quite fast through the eucalyptus and cedar, really as fast as he could go, through repetitive turns, the smells by-passing his nose to go directly to the lungs, the greenery overhead sifting and scattering shadows, the dips in the road cupping sunlight, the banked turns unfolding his shadow, the whole road flattening out, gliding . . .

In "Ninety-two in the Shade," McGuane described heavier traffic:

> Over the low crown of hill in the gleaming road, the smeared yellow lights



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mounted and dropped toward him out of a canyon of useless small businesses and franchised outrages. When you were down and out in Hotcakesland, there were always monuments of smut upon which to rest the mind.

In "Panama":

> The silver roofs extended from my window in a fractured line under a sky which displayed a small but ineffably shiny cloud to the west. The radio was playing "Volare" by Dean Martin, the notorious companion of Frank Sinatra.

It is true that McGuane is not infrequently swept away by a gust of heavy thought that carries him into the realm of the abstruse, where (from "Panama") "all the world seems to contain a hollow wailing moan, long and drawn out, as though purgatory understood the meaning of not knowing what was next." And it struck me that during the composition of "Ninety-two in the Shade" McGuane had been momentarily seized by the spirit of Murray Kempton:

> Skelton lit a powdery Dutch cigar and listened in a swoon . . . a swoon that was as much as anything a part of his more than trifling instinct for some kind of topographical perspective upon his own life, as against a vision of cycling chemicals in a closed system that somehow never explained the attrition of things that ail you.

Despite egregious digressions, McGuane never loses his sense of direction, always finding his way through the fog back into a more specific gloom.

In the five-year stretch between "Ninety-two in the Shade" and "Panama," McGuane served time as a screenwriter and as the director of a fine, approximately faithful version of the former novel. Maybe as a result of the experience, he has added to his store of apprehensions some dismal views of fame and the idea that life is a circus performance. Pomeroy, who ascribes his personal notoriety to an outrageous act involving a frozen elephant, among other props, mentions occasionally drinking with a writer "who had had some success and broke down or burned out":

> The writer said, "I'm not going through with it, this work of mine. No one believes in it, least of all me. You're a mess too." I told him it was the age.
>
> "Well," he said, "the age is breaking my balls. I'm going home."

McGuane himself appears so far equal to the age, though possibly convinced, like Pomeroy, that his position is precarious. "This is the first time I've worked without a net," Pomeroy says at the start. "I want to tell the truth." Then, having planted his feet above the crowd, he proceeds to establish his credit as a calculating daredevil. Whatever risk McGuane may have sensed in attempting a fourth novel with a simultaneous plunge into first-person narration, the feat proves successful. The audience is left dazzled by the ingenuity of his turn, somewhat aghast at the swagger, hungry for more.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SOLDIERS OF '44, by William P. McGivern (Arbor House; $10.95). Gun Section Eight (a jeep and two heavy trucks) of D (Dog) Battery—a fifteen-man U.S. Army unit under the command of a Sergeant Buell Docker—is one of the many Allied forces caught and isolated in the last-gasp German counter-offensive of December, 1944, which became known as the Battle of the Bulge, and its adventures during that harrowing period are the subject of this long, straight-up novel about the military experience—in battle and at the bureaucrat's desk. It is told, as is usual in the genre, in short, punchy takes. Mr. McGivern is keenly interested in the men who compose Section Eight, as well as in a few others with whom they come into contact, and although they do not entirely escape the familiar (there is the deserter, the religious nut, the Irish drunk, the Jew, the lunkhead, the sensitive diary-keeper), they emerge a cut or two above the stereotype, and the Sergeant is an interesting, full-length figure. The result is an effective, and an affecting, depiction—a first-class melodrama. It should be added that Mr. McGivern was himself a sergeant in 1944, and a participant in the Battle of the Bulge.

IN GUILT AND IN GLORY, by David Hanly (Morrow; $10.95). Mr. Hanly is Irish, and this novel (his first) is an Irish novel: the four opening chapters introduce us to his four leading Irishmen, and each comes before us apparently suffering from a hangover. But Mr. Hanly is a contemporary Irishman, just thirty-five, and the Ireland he shows us, by means of an escorted tour of the western counties taken by an American television team (a black woman reporter, a Jewish producer, a homosexual cameraman), is contemporary Ireland moving rapidly into the modern world. It is an Ireland whose youth are "Seamus McKojaks," an Ireland that both hails and deplores "a Fujikawa factory spread over the Bay of Killala," an Ireland of stately homes now owned by best-selling American hack writers, an Ireland of which one of Mr. Hanly's spokesmen asks, "Tell me, when Yeats feared the rough beast slouching towards Bethlehem to be born, tell me, reassure me, that he had something more substantial, more gritty, in mind than the mess we have all about us today." Mr. Hanly is a substantial writer, a gritty writer, he is witty and wise, and his novel is a total success.

NOTE: "I Know Your Heart, Marco Polo," a collection of four stories by Henry Bromell, all of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Knopf ($7.95).

GENERAL

ADVENTURES OF A BYSTANDER, by Peter F. Drucker (Harper & Row; $12.95). The author, who is best known as an economic and political expert, here indulges himself and his readers by assembling a gallery of men and women he has known, most of them diverting eccentrics so odd that one must believe in their reality: no one could have made them up. Drucker, writing with artful vivacity, takes us (for example) to Vienna's most eminent salon between the two wars, run by a couple whose ungraciousness was as notable as their entertainments; another group portrait gives us the partners of a private investment bank in London—men who among them displayed a variety of astutenesses and, by company custom, shared the same mistress. Drucker's intelligence is, as ever, alert, and (when appropriate) he draws our attention to useful ideas. Yet the frolicsome chapters outweigh the sober ones.

THE U.S. CRUSADE IN CHINA, 1938-1945, by Michael Schaller (Columbia; $14.95). An inquest, the coroner being a young American historian who examines the corpse of American China policy and comes up with several villains, the most notable being the late Patrick Hurley, who, as President Roosevelt's trouble-shooter and, later, as the American Ambassador to Chungking, developed an unwarranted devotion to Chiang Kai-shek and an obsessional hostility to anything and

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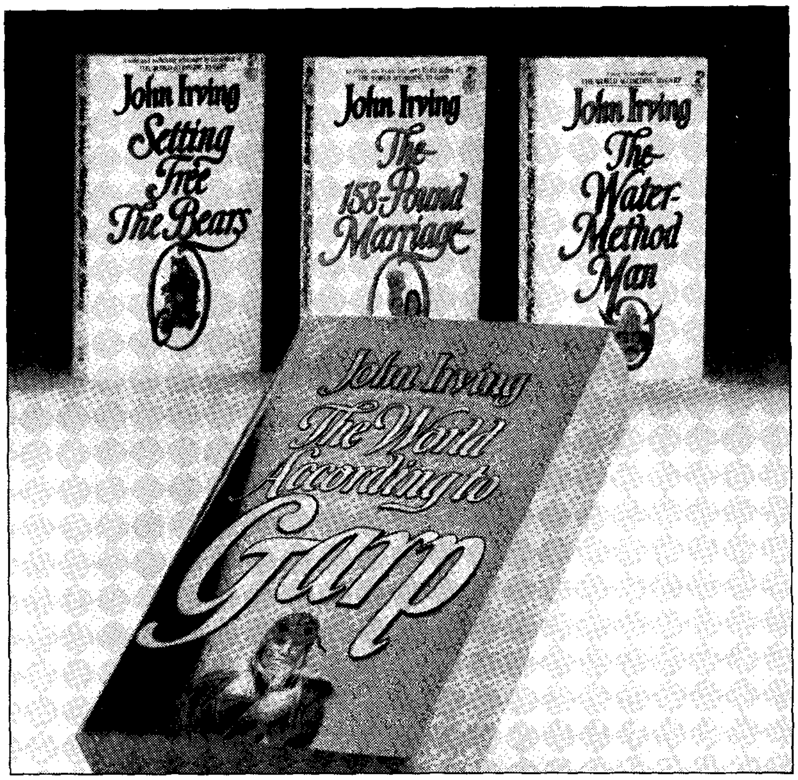

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anyone called Communist. With a few exceptions, American soldiers, diplomats, economic specialists, and all-purpose meddlers ineptly followed up an excellent intuition—F.D.R.'s hunch that China was bound to be a great power and that we would be better off working with it than against it. How and why the United States eventually picked the loser is only one part of Schaller's tale, for he also blames our China venture for setting a number of unfortunate precedents, among them for the underground, underhand operations of the C.I.A.

THE DEVIL'S HORSEMEN: THE MONGOL INVASION OF EUROPE, *by James Chambers (Atheneum; $11.95).* The Golden Horde—the rapacious thirteenth-century Mongol force that penetrated to the very outskirts of Vienna—was indeed golden (it had gathered in the entire wealth of eastern Europe), but it was far from being a horde. In fact, as Mr. Chambers fascinatingly demonstrates in this first comprehensive study of the invasion initiated by Chingis (or, more commonly, Genghis) Khan and powerfully furthered by his grandson Batu Khan, it was a rigidly disciplined army, tactically and strategically well in advance of its time. "The Mongol army," Mr. Chambers notes, "was a 'modern' army, and the differences between it and the armies of the twentieth century can all be accounted for by progress in science and in technology, but not in the art of war." And yet, as he also makes clear, it was only an army. The Mongols left nothing behind them but devastation: a Russia, a Hungary, a Poland rendered comatose for generations to come, and a Bulgaria driven for as many generations into the grip of Turkey. Mr. Chambers writes well (or well enough), and he seems to have read everything reasonably related to his subject. His learning is, in fact, his only fault, for it results in a generosity of detail—a meticulous examination of every military engagement, of every slippery political alliance, of every imperial intrigue—that lies a little heavy on our patience. Illustrated with contemporary art and with four maps.

THE COLLECTED WRITINGS OF FREDERIC REMINGTON, *edited by Peggy and Harold Samuels (Doubleday; $19.95).* The editors, dealers who specialize in the art of the American West, tell us that Remington (1861-

1909), one of the stars of their specialty, began writing articles—travel and local-color pieces—as a way of selling his illustrations. He subsequently became almost as busy with prose as with painting, and this book includes two novels, along with short stories, war reporting, and opining. Remington's writing is forthright, accomplished, and tinged with the sentimentalities of his period. And its prejudices too: he was a racist, and he detested immigrants, unions, Congress, the Indian Bureau, the War Department—in short, at least a quarter of his government and a third of his countrymen. The effect of the book is slightly to devalue Remington as a painter—the hundred and forty illustrations would look better, somehow, if we did not know that their vigor was allied to thoughtlessness.

LITERARY LANDSCAPES OF THE BRITISH ISLES: A NARRATIVE ATLAS, by David Daiches and John Flower (Paddington; $12.95). With the aid of maps, photographs, etchings, and excerpts from poems, plays, and novels, a critic and a cartographer scan some of the best-known places in English literature: the local vistas that Charlotte Brontë and Thomas Hardy remembered, and revised to accord with their literary schemes; London, expanding and rearranging herself to become a new city for each generation of her portraitists, from Chaucer to Virginia Woolf; the entire British nation, as Dickens saw it utterly transformed during the Industrial Revolution. This tour of scenes from these writers' lives and their works should be forgiven some awkward transitions from topography to criticism. Less haphazard, but also less interesting, are the chapters on the Romantic poets in Italy and on Joyce's Dublin: the recitation of itineraries does not make for inspiring reading, and most of the information herein has been presented more thoroughly elsewhere. The atlas, gazetteer, and index at the back of the book appear to be thorough, but several errors in the text make one hesitate to cite this guide as an authoritative source.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

AT BUTTON'S, by Garry Wills (Andrews & McMeel; $8.95). There is much to admire in Mr. Wills' first novel. The title is the name of a club, or coterie, formed by American academics whose common enthusiasm is the life and literary works of

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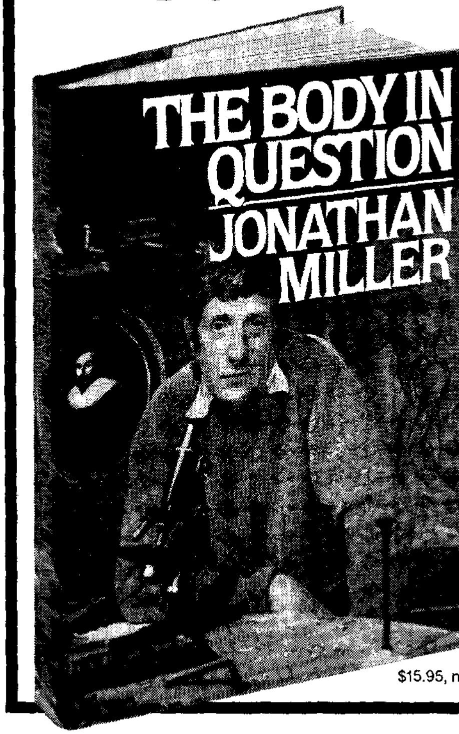

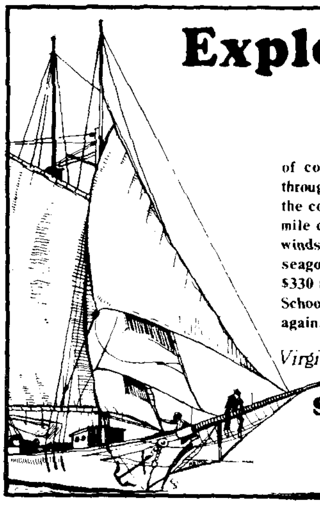

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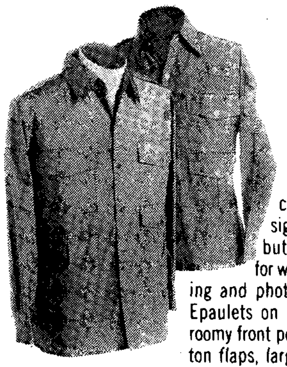

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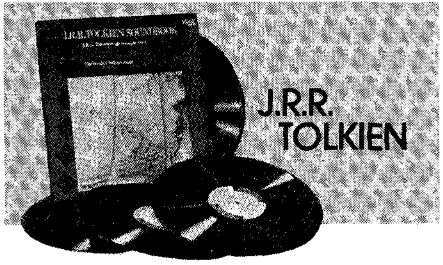

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Joseph Addison, and its members, all but one of them male, convincingly act and talk like academic enthusiasts of the eighteenth-century style. (Counselling patience, one advises another to "wait upon the eloquence of events.") So far so good. But then Mr. Wills outrageously reveals that At Button's is not merely what it seems. Many, if not most, of its members (including the woman) are also active operatives of the C.I.A., or worse, and the eighteenth century is abruptly left behind. We are caught up in the misfortunes of one of the few nonagents and carried away on a surge of twentieth-century mischief—a mugging in Cambridge, a slugging in New York, killings in Wisconsin, Washington, and New Orleans—and despite all Mr. Wills' skill, despite all his intellectual insouciance, his story is as silly as Mother Goose.

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT, by Stanley Ellin (Random House; $8.95). Every now and again, the new and the exotic tend to pall—even Sudanese cooking, even loft jazz, even conceptual art, even the most scatological spoof of the crime novel—and one turns gratefully to something more comfortable, more familiar: to a lamb chop and a baked potato, to Earl Hines, to Edward Hopper, to Stanley Ellin. Mr. Ellin is always satisfying, always original within his standard of craftsmanship, always effortlessly in charge of our attention, and this new novel is one of his very best. A group of people (mostly cinema folk) are assembled by a Florida billionaire for a houseparty, anonymous notes appear that threaten the imminent death of a member of the company, a confidential agent is called in to probe and protect—it is almost as if Mr. Ellin were picking the oldest horse in the stable just to show us what it can do when he is in the saddle.

•

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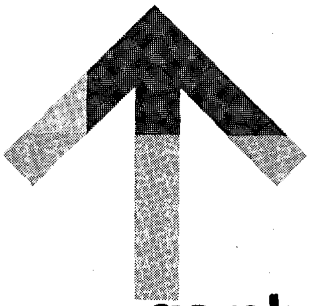
Anyway, those kids are in the right school.



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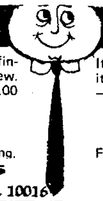

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